April 30, 1990

# THE NEW YORKER

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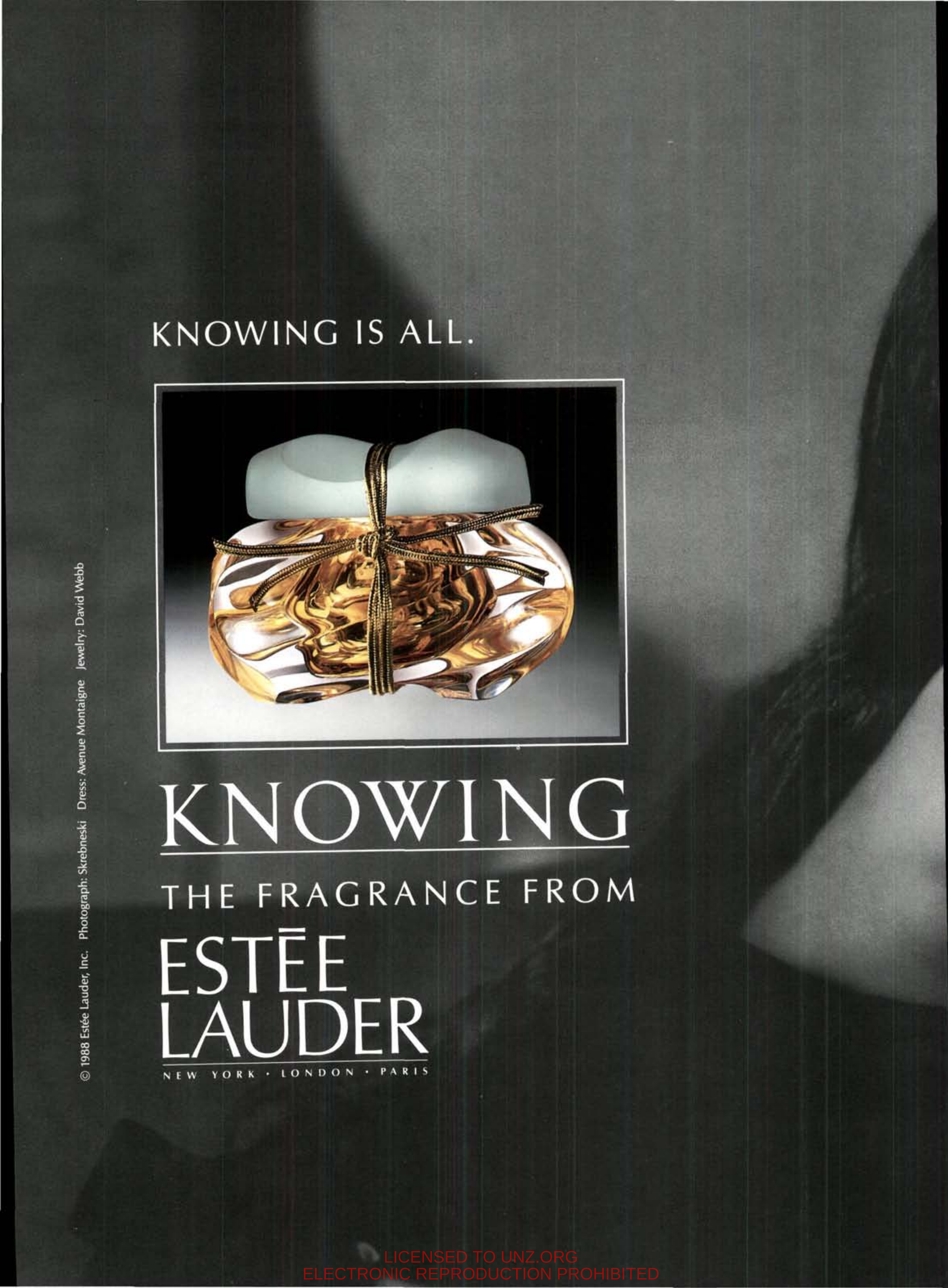

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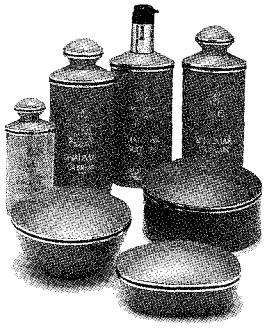

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

Charles Ludlam's parody of the Wagner "Ring" cycle, "Der Ring Gott Farblonjet," which opened April 12 in a new Ridiculous Theatrical Company production directed by Everett Quinton, lasts two hours and fifty minutes. The Metropolitan Opera's production of "Siegfried," which opened April 13 under the direction of James Levine, lasts about five and a half hours. "Siegfried" begins at six, which means that, theoretically, you ought to be able to see the first act of the production at the Met, duck out at intermission, cab it down to Sheridan Square for the Ludlam, and still make it back up to Lincoln Center in time for the end of the big scene between Siegfried and Brünnhilde in Act III. That is, assuming you don't get too *farblonjet.*

The word *farblonjet*, for those whose Wagner is better than their Yiddish, means "lost," but not just lost physically: lost in a sort of existential sense. Leo Rosten—who defines *farblonjet* as "lost (but *really lost*), mixed-up, wandering about without any idea where you are"—seems anxious to point up this distinction when he writes that the word "refers not simply to being lost, but to having-gotten-way-the-*hell*-and-gone-off-the-track." To be sure, that is how many people claim to feel while attending performances of Wagner; and, since no one likes to think that an antipathy to high culture is his own fault, some have gone so far as to suggest that Wagner himself, in composing the "Ring" cycle backward, got a little *farblonjet.*

Still, it's easy to see what makes Wagner suitable material for the sort of drag parody that the Ridiculous specializes in—particularly "Der Ring des Nibelungen," with its emphasis on the importance of jewelry, and with its protagonist, Siegfried: a man who doesn't know the meaning of fear, because he has never looked at a woman closely.

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

**Accomplice**—A comedy-thriller by Rupert Holmes, with Jason Alexander, Pamela Brull, Michael McKean, and Natalia Nogulich. Previews through April 25. Opens April 26 at 6:45. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

**A Change in the Heir**—A musical by George H. Gorham and Dan Sticco, with Brooks Almy, Judy Blazer, and Jeffrey Herbst. Previews through April 28. Opens April 29 at 6:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

**Further Mo'**—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by Vernel Bagneris, the man behind 1979's "One Mo' Time." In previews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

**Ground People**—A play by Leslie Lee, with Ron Richardson and Frances Foster, and staged by Walter Dallas. In previews. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

**Hamlet**—Kevin Kline has directed and stars in the thirteenth production of Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Marathon. Dana Ivey, Brian Murray, Diane Venora, and Josef Sommer are also in the cast. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

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**Ice Cream**—A play by Caryl Churchill, first seen last year at London's Royal Court Theatre. **HOT FUDGE**, a new work by Ms. Churchill, is the curtain-raiser. Both with Jane Kaczmarek and Margaret Whitton. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**—A production presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. Preview on April 26. Opens April 27 at 8, and will run through May 13. (Intar Stage 2, 508 W. 53rd St. 279-4200.)

**Once on This Island**—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score). Directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

**Tales of the Lost Formicans**—Dan Butler, Lizbeth Mackay, and Rosemary Prinz are among the cast members of this play by Constance Congdon. Opens April 24 at 8. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 627-3624.)

**Village Light Opera Group**—Presenting a brief engagement of **KISMET.** Music and lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest; book by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis. Opens April 28 at 8, and will run through May 6. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200.)

**The Waves**—A music-theatre work based on Virginia Woolf's 1931 novel. Adapted by Lisa Peterson and David Bucknam and presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. Previews begin April 27. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

**What a Man Weighs**—A play by Sherry Kramer, with Richard Cox, Christine Estabrook, Harriet Harris, and Katherine Hiller. Directed by Carole Rothman. Previews begin April 25. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

**Zoya's Apartment**—Bronson Pinchot, Linda Thorson, and Robert LuPone in Mikhail Bulgakov's farce. Staged by the Soviet director Boris Morozov. Previews begin April 27. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

### NEW THIS SEASON

**Aspects of Love**—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. With Michael Ball. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**Away Alone**—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being pretentious. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

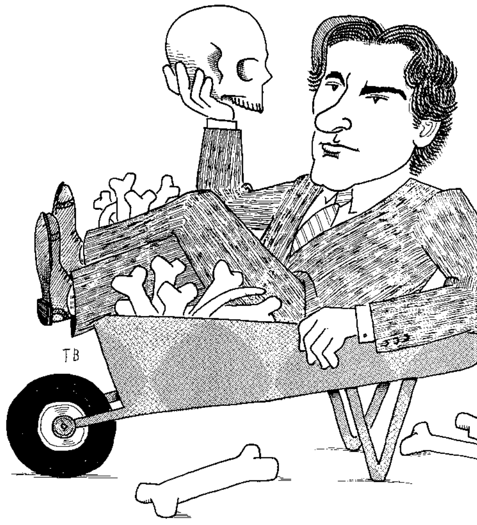
**By and for Havel**—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

**Carbondale Dreams**—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest began life as a pair of one-acts entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third, "Arnold," has since been added.) "Beth" is so full of Jewish self-loathing and hostility toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. Perhaps Sater needs to be reminded that the best revenge is living well, not writing poorly. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. With Charles Durning and Daniel Hugh Kelly. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

**The Circle**—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

**City of Angels**—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)



*Kevin Kline in "Hamlet"*

**Closer Than Ever**—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

**The Crucible**—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1953 drama, with Justine Bateman, Gordana Rashovich, and Randle Mell. Directed by Gerald Freedman. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes May 13.)

**Der Ring Gott Farblonjet**—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in a revival of Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. Directed by Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

**A Few Good Men**—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's

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direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Grand Hotel**—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

**The Grapes of Wrath**—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

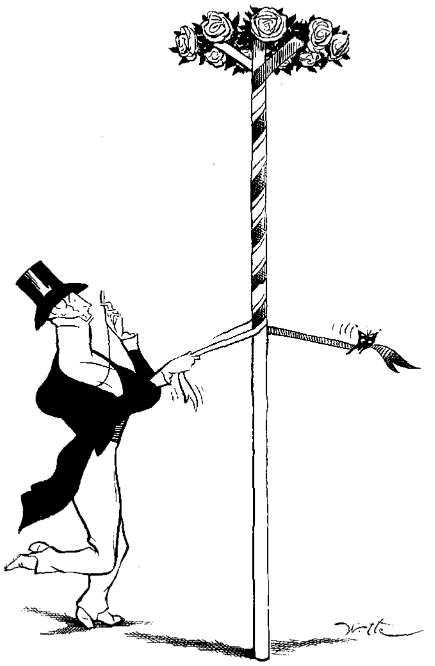
**Gypsy**—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

**Jean Cocteau Repertory**—Presenting two works in rotating repertory: **THE PRINCE OF HOMBERG,** by Heinrich von Kleist, in a translation by Douglas Langworthy (through May 25); and Eric Bentley's version of Brecht's **A MAN'S A MAN** (through May 6). (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

**Lettice & Lovage**—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

**Mama, I Want to Sing/Part II**—A new musical by Vy Higginsen, Ken Wydro, and Wesley Naylor. The show plays Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 2 and 8, and Sundays at 3. The original **MAMA, I WANT TO SING** plays Saturdays at 5. (Heckscher, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. 534-2804.)

**Meet Me in St. Louis**—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)



**Mountain**—Len Cariou is Justice William O. Douglas, and Heather Summerhayes and John C. Vennema play multiple roles as the people he encountered every step of the way, from his boyhood, in Washington State, through his thirty-six-year term on the Supreme Court. Though perhaps a bit over-reverent, the play, by Douglas Scott, is as interesting as the history it portrays. The acting is fine; Mr. Vennema's thumbnail Nixon is especially striking. (4/23/90) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Presenting **LIFETIMES ON THE STREETS,** which was written by Gus Edwards. (4/13/90) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

**The Piano Lesson**—Charles S. Dutton in a new play by August Wilson, which is directed by Lloyd Richards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

**Prelude to a Kiss**—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

**Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll**—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. Through May 20. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

**Some Americans Abroad**—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**Spunk**—George C. Wolfe's adaptation of three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston. Danitra Vance and Reggie Montgomery head the cast. Mr. Wolfe directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

**Tru**—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Truly Blessed: A Musical Celebration of Mahalia Jackson**—A new musical written by and starring Queen Esther Marrow. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

## LONG RUNS

**BLACK AND BLUE:** An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes April 28.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty next month. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's plays looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes April 29.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

# DANCE

WE live in a time when young dancers and choreographers seem to have been born with their ambitions set on fast forward. So when one of them, a native New Yorker named Ira Bernstein, talks about himself using such words as "apprentice," "craft," and "tradition," it gives one a start. Mr. Bernstein is a step dancer, a clogger, and a tapper; he is also a stickler for precision offstage as well as on. "I'm not a traditional dancer but a person who dances traditional dances," he told us recently. "Still, I never want to look *only* like a Jewish kid from Long Island doing someone else's dances. The tradition means a lot to me. The fact that I can do several styles is representative of my era, though. I can go to different places and learn from various masters; today's travel conditions make that kind of learning possible. The fact that I can *choose* to apprentice myself to this material is also possible only in modern times. I definitely think of myself as a product of the moment in which I live."

For the past couple of years, Mr. Bernstein has organized one-night-only concerts of percussive dancing at Symphony Space that have been memorable for the taste and imagination of the programming as well as for the individual performances by virtuosos of flamenco, Irish stepping, clogging, and tap. This spring, Mr. Bernstein's New York evening—on Friday, April 27, at P.S. 41—will showcase his own expertise in English and Appalachian flat-foot clogging, in French-Canadian step dancing, and in tap improvisation, all performed to live tunes by the musician Pete Sutherland, performing on the fiddle, piano, banjo, harmonica, and synthesiz-

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er. Mr. Bernstein will also dance a jig with one of his teachers, Jo McNamara, who will do a vaudeville turn on her own. At the age of six, Miss McNamara started to learn step dancing in her native Dublin; she soon picked up tap, and was performing on Irish stages by the time she was nine. We ran into her recently at Manhattan's Irish Arts Center, where she now teaches and often performs, and we asked about her and Mr. Bernstein's ability to learn several kinds of percussive dance with little fuss. Referring to a devilish jig, she said, "You have to have what the Irish call 'the treble in your feet.' "

**New York City Ballet**—Opening performances of the season, which will run through July 1. April 24 at 8: "La Source," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "La Source," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 28 at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "La Source," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ April 29 at 1: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ April 29 at 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: "Square Dance," "Duo Concertante," and a preview of "Fearful Symmetries" (a benefit performance). . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—April 24 at 8: "Arden Court" and "Speaking in Tongues." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Of Bright & Blue Birds & the Gala Sun" (première). . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Snow White," "The Sorcerer's Sofa," and "Danbury Mix." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "Of Bright & Blue Birds & the Gala Sun." . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "Polaris," "Minikin Fair," "Split Whiskers" (première), and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ April 29 at 3: "Esplanade," "Arden Court," and "Minikin Fair." . . . ¶ April 29 at 7:30: "Arden Court" and "Speaking in Tongues." . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: "Esplanade," "Curbs and Corridors" (première), and "Musical Offering (A Requiem)." . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "Roses," "Runes," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through May 13.)

**Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians**—In a two-week engagement. April 24 at 7:30, and April 26-27 and May 1-2 at 8: "Dance," "Tympani," and excerpts from "Night" and "Spiral." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8 and April 29 at 2 and 7:30: "Sky Light," "Inner Circle" (New York première), and "Equator." . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "Magnetic," "Shaman II" (New York première), and excerpts from "Night" and "Spiral." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

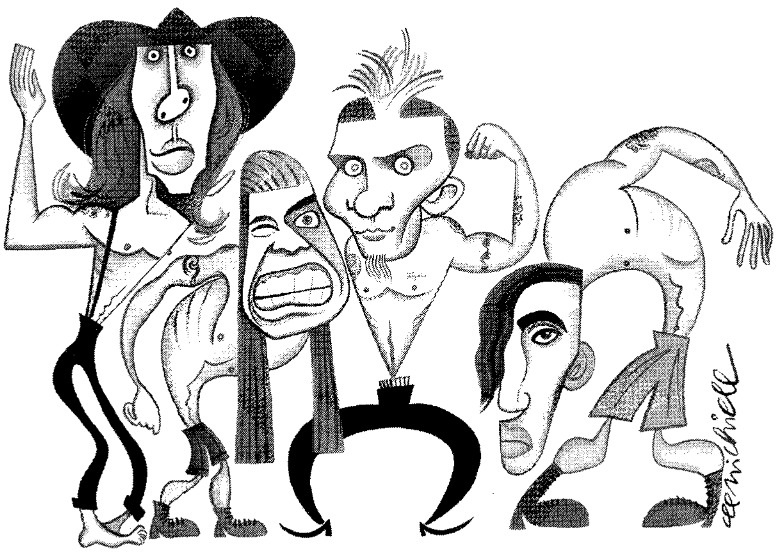
**Wendy Perron Dance Company**—In the première of "Last Forever," which was created in collaboration with the musicians A. Leroy and Mimi Goese. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 26-29 at 8 and April 27-28 at 8 and 10.)

**Ira Bernstein**—In a program entitled "An Evening of Ten Toe Percussion." With guest artists Pete Sutherland and Jo McNamara. (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. April 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

**Dance Theatre Workshop**—Neil Greenberg in "Branches, Swords, Flowers, Spears, Ribbons," April 25-28 at 8 and April 29 at 3. . . . ¶ Monica Levy in "Someone Else," April 27-28 and May 4-5 at 11. . . . ¶ Marta Renzi in "Since Last We Met," May 1, and the following three Tuesdays, at 8. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

# NIGHT LIFE

LATE last December, we offered some night-life suggestions for New Yorkers on New Year's Eve. Sufficient time has now passed for us to admit that, after having recommended a number of uptown and downtown resorts, *we* in fact spent the hours before midnight holed up in our smokeless, uncrowded apartment, dancing to music from Michelle Shocked's latest record, "Captain Swing."



*The Red Hot Chili Peppers at the Ritz*

Our fondness for Shocked, who'll be at the Ritz on April 28, is based partly on the fact that she dropped out of the puffed-up folk revival almost as soon as she entered it, and recorded this wonderful, punchy, more-is-more album of big-band blues, Dixieland, and swing. We also like the fact that Shocked refers to her home town, in the Lone Star State, as "Dollars, Taxes"; that she says she's the daughter of a "Tammy Bakker type" and a "hippie atheist type"; that she says of her high-school years, "I had to teach my government teacher how to pronounce 'bourgeoisie' "; that she's lived in abandoned buildings in San Francisco, on a women's commune in Italy, and on a houseboat in London; that she's been arrested for public obscenity (at the 1984 Republican Convention) and for conspiracy to block a roadway (outside the digs of a defense contractor); that she recorded her first album on a Sony Walkman; that PolyGram offered her a hundred-and-thirty-thousand-dollar contract but she wouldn't take a penny over fifty thousand; that she once said, "I don't particularly want people to go out and buy my records," and that she said it in *People;* that there's some confusion about how old she is; that she almost always wears that hat; and that she doesn't mind admitting that her mother had her institutionalized twice, but if an interviewer asks her about her love life she'll say, "Who wants to know?" Forget what we told you about New Year's Eve—you should have been at our place.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ *Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.*)

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**TOVAH FELDSHUH,** whose trophy case is well stocked thanks to her Broadway stint as Yentl and her performance in the TV series "Holocaust," is currently making her cabaret début in the recently revamped Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays and Wednesdays at nine, and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Birdland,** 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the upscale bar crowd, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. A tribute to Count Basie takes place April 26-28, in celebration of the club's second anniversary. The Basiephiles include **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON, BUDDY TATE,** and **FRANK WESS.** Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

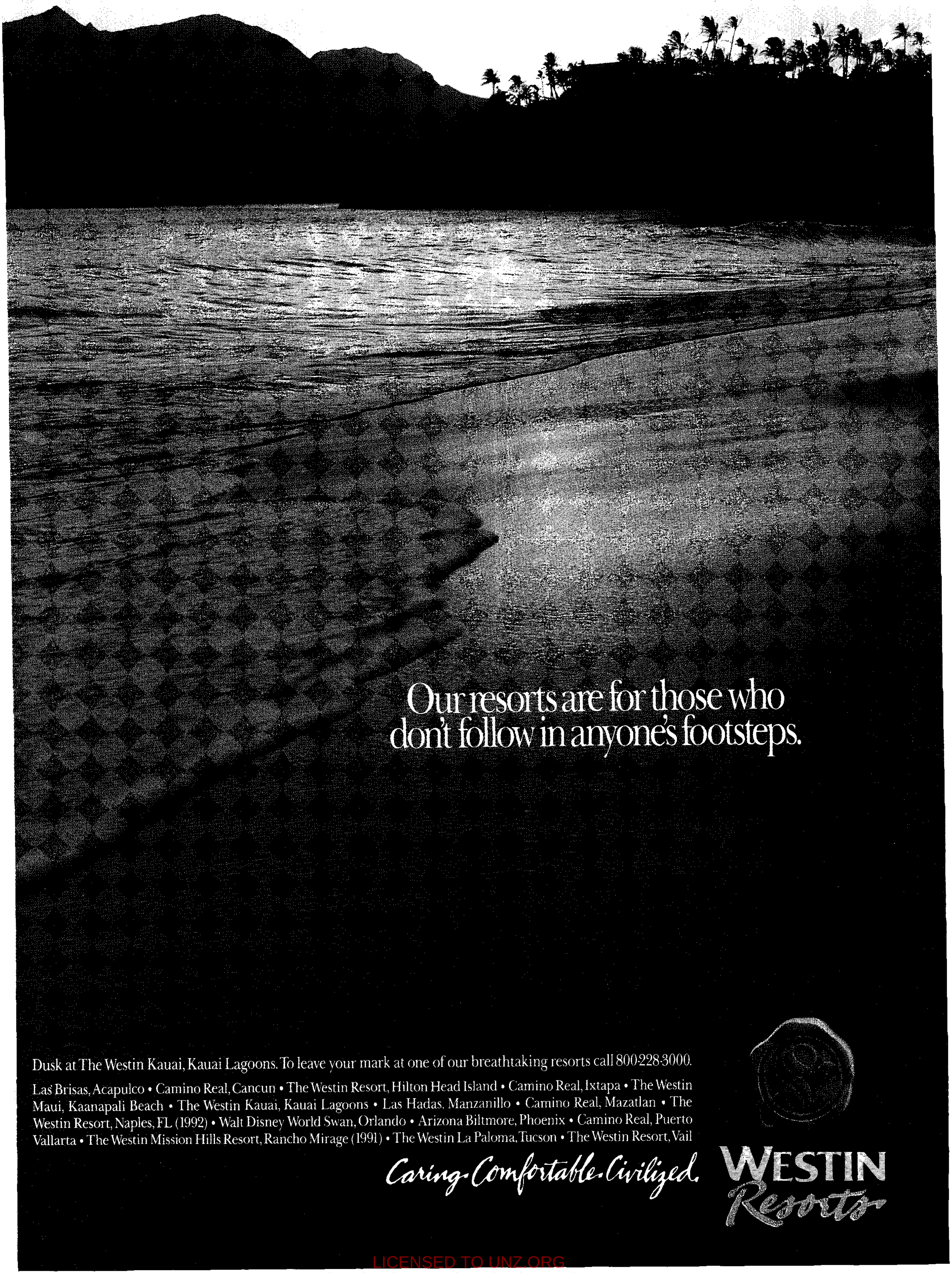
**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. There was a time when **GARY BURTON** kept out of night clubs—"I'm a daytime person, and I don't like late hours," he told one reporter—but April 24-29 he can be found here with a "reunion" group. Among the musicians will be **PAT METHENY** (whom Burton discovered when the guitarist was still a teen-ager tooling around Missouri), **MITCH FORMAN, PETER ERSKINE,** and **MARC JOHNSON.** The brassy, New York-born singer **CARMEN MC RAE**—who was sixteen when Billie Holiday covered her song "Dream of Life"—starts up on May 1. First set at nine. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **RICHARD BARONE,** the former Bongos singer and songwriter, who has been flying solo for a few years now, will perform on April 25. **SPECIAL EFX** lays claim to April 27-28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of **RALPH MOORE, JOHN HICKS,** and **PETER WASHINGTON** is here through April 28; a trio led by **JAMES WILLIAMS** begins work on April 30. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **DIXIE CARTER,** a TV actress and songbird who performs music by a rather diverse cast of songwriters, including Cole Porter and Bob Dylan. Ms. Carter's engagement ends on April 28; on May 1, **BOBBY SHORT,** no stranger to this room, settles in for the long haul. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**Condon's,** 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The **HARPER BROTHERS,** a young, hard-swinging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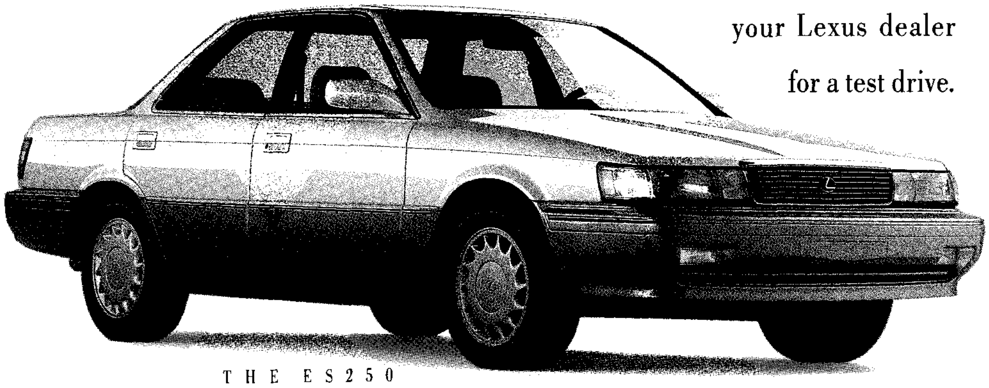

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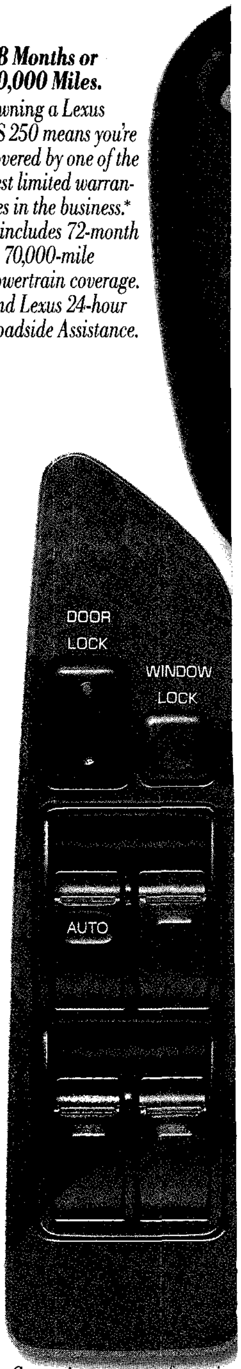

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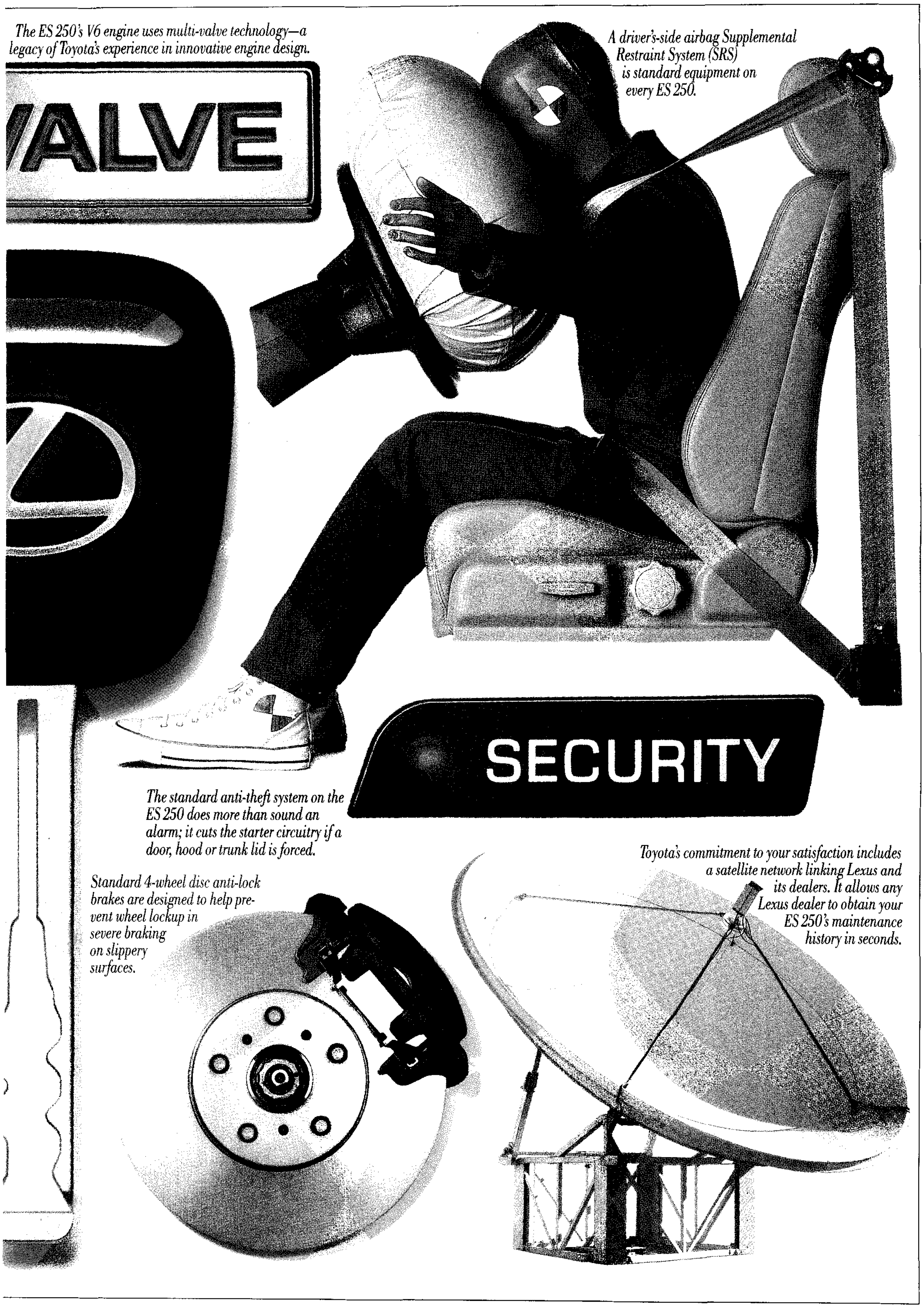

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aggregate knee-deep in fifties and sixties jazz, will be here April 24-29. A trio led by pianist RAY BRYANT starts work on May 1. Music after ten.

**Delta 88,** 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, and zydeco, R. & B., and other stuff the rest of the week. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—HANK JONES, the pianist from Pontiac, Michigan, who, beginning in the late forties, recorded with most of bebop's leading lights, brings his trio to this basement haunt April 24-29. The MINGUS DYNASTY BAND plays the music of the late Charles Mingus beginning May 1. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor LES PAUL, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

**Fortune Garden Pavilion,** 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Pianist RICHARD WYANDS and bassist MAJOR HOLLEY perform April 24-29, except on April 26, which belongs to guitarist BUCKY PIZZARELLI. Pianist BARRY HARRIS, who will be leading a trio here as of May 1, was influenced by a few rather well-placed colleagues: Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, and Thelonius Monk. In an effort to return the favor, he's been teaching all his life. "It started when I was a kid," he has said. "Maybe I was a little bit ahead of the next cat, so I taught him something." Harris ran the Jazz Cultural Theatre, on Eighth Avenue, until it closed in 1987. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

**Indigo Blues,** 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. BOBBY (BLUE) BLAND, the Memphis blues and R. & B. singer, whose long career has included a stint as B. B. King's valet, will be in action April 26-28.

**Knickerbocker,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. Pianist FRED HERSCH, who has been known to work a little body English into the act, will be performing with bassist SCOTT COLEY April 24-28; CAROL BRITTO and MAJOR HOLLEY start up on May 1. Music from nine-thirty.

**Knitting Factory,** 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. YO LA TENGO, the simmering avant-rock trio, steps in on April 27. Music after nine.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. SID CAESAR & IMOGENE COCA are currently in residence, reviving routines they made famous on Caesar's fifties TV series "Your Show of Shows." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

**Ritz,** 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some worthwhile rock bands. OINGO BOINGO, an oversized L.A. group that makes a virtue of wackiness, headlines on April 25. The RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, a young punk/hard-core band whose passions include tattoos, golf, Hendrix, and taking their clothes off onstage, will be here April 26-27. MICHELLE SHOCKED comes in on April 28, with POI DOG PONDERING and John Wesley Harding. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

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**Savoy Grille,** 131 E. 54th St. (593-8800)—A little nest off Lexington for young people on their way home from Madison. The restaurant and bar have a yellowish light that's easy on the eyes; a small dance floor, which love-struck patrons dash to between courses; and earnest waiters who stop just short of acting out the menu. BOBBY COLE, a swinging jazz pianist and a singer with a ragged, after-hours sort of voice, leads a trio here through April 28; Cliff Corman's Brazilian Odyssey begins a two-week engagement on April 30.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. April 25-26 belong to the WAILERS, and the Haitian outfit TABOU COMBO claims April 27. ASTRUD GILBERTO begins a run on May 1. Closed Sundays. Dining.

**Spo-Dee-O-Dee,** 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A night club in a part of Chelsea the real-estate agents don't show you. It's a modest-sized space with a dance floor, a stage (there's live music seven nights a week), and a pell-mell décor: Victorian-style chandeliers, movie-theatre drapes, murals of Cotton Club-era dancers. At peak hours (late), you'll get an eyeful of waves, perms, teased and sprayed locks, lip gloss, pumps, fishnets, fringed jackets, leather pants, and designer-outlet new-wave apparel.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. STEVE LACY, a thoroughly modern master of the soprano saxophone, who left this country for Europe twenty years ago and rarely comes back, will be here with a sextet as of May 1. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, the not-so-trendy disco Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. NATHAN & THE ZYDECO CHA CHAS will be here April 26-28.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. JACKIE MC LEAN, an alto saxophonist adept at bebop and free jazz, heads up a quartet April 24-29. The explosive jazz-rock drummer TONY WILLIAMS brings in a foursome beginning May 1. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—The COUNTSMEN, a faith-keeping Basie-alumni group formed in 1972, will be swinging here April 26-28. Music from nine.

## EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ON the night of April 16, with four Sky Tracker klieg lights scanning the heavens and with traffic on Eighth Avenue backed up for ten blocks, one might have thought Jacqueline Onassis, Jodie Foster, and Barbra Streisand were starring in a revival of "The Philadelphia Story." But, coming from downtown, by 28th Street one could discern that the search beams were not, in fact, adding much-needed glamour to Broadway but were emanating from just below 34th Street. In New York, even tax deadlines can be media events: the General Post Office, near Penn Station, had become the city's spotlighted epicenter.

*Transforming the G.P.O.'s granite* steps into an amphitheatre, hundreds of people clustered in front of three enormous prop boom boxes for a battle of the FM bands: on the north end, Hot 97 blasted out Jane Child refusing to fall in love; in the center, Seduction wailed about their "Heartbeat" on Z100; and from Power 95's position on the southern end Madonna begged everyone to "Vogue." (A nearby dancing Excedrin bottle was eager to comply.) TV reporters combed the steps, searching for filers who had maintained a sense of humor. But a woman stationed at the top of the steps, beside the central revolving door, garnered the most attention. Wearing an "I'M HAVING A MAALOX MOMENT" T-shirt, she handed out samples as if they were twenties.

Inside, it was as if no one had bought a stamp since Christmas. An ambitious budding tax accountant could have made enough money to buy a Saab 9000. The only calm soul was a postal clerk standing by four makeshift mail bins. "Why are all those people waiting on those lines?" one man asked, in desperate fear that he had done something wrong. "Do I have to send this certified, Express Mail, special delivery? What? What do I do?" "Just drop it in the box, honey," the clerk drawled. "Mine's right there. No one's comin' after you. They's just scared."

Not everyone had filing on his mind, however. Outside was a homeless man going on about how he had been displaced from his customary perch on the steps. He waved his fist, demanded peace and quiet, then suddenly doubled over with stomach cramps. We quickly offered him our Maalox samples. The man clutched them in his fist, slowly opened his palm, and looked at us. "Are these sugar-free?" On nights like these, such a perspective is noteworthy.

## IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

**The Circus**—Final performances of the hundred and twentieth version of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey three-ring show. (Madison Square Garden. Through April 29. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)

**P.S. 122**—April 26-29 at 9:30: Ain Gordon's "30 Stories." . . . ¶ April 27-29 at 8: Jane Comfort and dancers. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

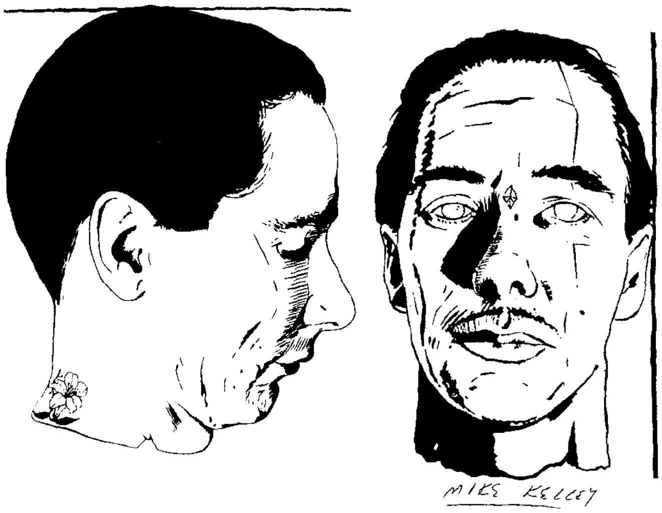
# ART

Mike Kelley's show at Metro Pictures (150 Greene Street) is temporary shelter for some of the homelier found objects in America. Your visiting eyes will immediately rest on afghans crocheted in colors to evoke the daydreams of colicky infants, and on blankets with a texture like that of one-minute oatmeal slightly undercooked. Your wandering thoughts will wrap themselves around stuffed animals and yarn toys of the sort handmade for charities by the elderly and the blind. The bed throws are mostly strewn on the gallery's main, ground-level floor, where the ambience is of an abandoned foundlings' ward in which shabby playthings, now animated, have taken over. The blankets and afghans, referred to as "arenas" by the artist, function as playgrounds for toy tableaux. On them or under them, Baby's bedmates may be observed playing, or merely being, or haplessly humping some invisible friend.

Downstairs, in wall reliefs such as "Four Sock Dolls," "Double Flaccid Cat," "Short Worm, Long Cat," and "Turtle/Girl," the yarny critters—arranged in pairs or groups, sewn together à la Siamese or en masse—fully realize their destinies as fetishes and objects of psychosexual parody. With two black-and-white photographs that conjure a scene from an F.A.O. Schwarz version of "Salò," Kelley makes the kitsch subcontent of these horrid toys utterly and obscenely explicit. The photos are a perfect and perfectly nasty coda to Kelley's brilliant display of mock innocence. The toys themselves, in their original states, pandered to infant and senescent lusts. Kelley, however, is a hotly pursued grownup artist, and this show is an inspired challenge to the collecting drives of adults.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Folon's Folons" is the blissfully self-explanatory title of a slim, simple show of works—fifty-odd watercolors, plus about a dozen found or transformed objects—made and owned by the well-known illustrator Jean-Michel Folon. Through June 3. . . . ¶ Twelve windows, as well as lamps and chandeliers, are among the seventy objects by the studios of Louis Comfort Tiffany on view. . . . ¶ Thirty-two dyed-alpaca, four-cornered hats, worn by men in Andean regions of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile and dating from the fourth century to the twelfth, are on display in the South American Gallery. . . . ¶ A small gathering of works by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, the mid-eighteenth-century painter of genre scenes that wag a moral finger. "The Broken Eggs," for instance, refers to a young girl's lost virtue, and "Aegina Visited by Jupiter" may reflect the artist's desire, as he once said to Diderot, "to paint a woman completely nude without offending modesty"—the resulting puff of smoke and makeshift G-string are both comic and moderately obscene. Through May 6. . . . ¶ The best Greuze on view at the museum, "Head of an Old Man," is in a show of master drawings from the collection of Ian Woodner, a real-estate developer, architect, and painter whose extraordinary procession of European works on paper extends from the fourteenth century to the early twentieth. The sections devoted to the German and French schools are especially strong. "Hare Beneath a Tree," by Hans Hoffmann (1530-1591/92), for instance, and the assortment of drawings and pastels by Odilon Redon are first-round knockouts. Through May 13.



*Self-portrait by Mike Kelley*

(Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist in Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-one black-and-white photographs from the thirties and forties by John Gutmann. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes, on April 29, to complete its restoration, visitors can see about a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry LeVa, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, a small and intense exhibition of recent drawings by Roni Horn, Charles Ray, Jim Shaw, and Michael Tetherow. The level of pictorial and conceptual intelligence runs unusually high in this selection. Tetherow's drawings are quite beautiful and Shaw's have an arresting, wistful, yet gonzo humor to them, but Horn's incredibly dense chromatic realizations and Ray's strangely ardent metaphysical paradoxes pack an especially tight, hard punch. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Two multi-panel works from 1986 and 1987 by Komar & Melamid are on view in the lobby. Through June 4. . . . ¶ A show that documents African-American life as represented in American art (portraits, genre scenes, history paintings) between 1750 and 1940. Included are works by Joshua Johnson, Thomas Eakins, and Jacob Lawrence. Through June 25. . . . ¶ "The Blue of Jingtai," a display of thirty-five Chinese cloisonné vessels, mostly from the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1912). Nineteen-twelve is also the year these pieces entered the museum's collection. . . . ¶ "Czech Modernism: 1900-1945." There are some electrifying paintings in this show and a healthy and welcome selection of drawings, prints, and books, all of which give a strong sense of a vital, nearly volcanic exchange of ideas—the artists and painters of Prague seem to have devoured every kind of modern art that came their way. Many of the works are peculiar hybrids: Cubo-Expressionism (one fractured fellow knifing another), Expressionistic primitivism (the merger of Munch and Rousseau). Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

**American Craft Museum,** 40 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred weavings by Lenore Tawney, including pieces with feathers, shells, and paper, from the fifties to the eighties. Through June 17. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**Bronx Museum of the Arts,** 1040 Grand Concourse—A show of paintings that attempts to look at the parallels between artists of African descent in the United States and Brazil, two formerly slave-dependent nations that abolished slavery at roughly the same time. The most moving part of the exhibition is a display of various grotesque iron shackles from Brazil, reproductions of old prints of slaves wearing them, and the startling statistic, printed on a wall label, that six per cent of the African slaves were shipped to the United States and sixty per cent to Brazil. Mel Edwards' "Lynch Fragment" series of sculptures, which is installed nearby, is the richer for this historical material. Through May 28. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An examination of the Danish porcelain industry from 1760 to the present, including vases, figures, and original pieces from the first Flora Danica table service, on loan from the Danish Royal Family. . . . ¶ Fabrics designed by large textile companies or by individual artisans in the past decade are presented on a grand scale—floor-to-ceiling lengths of cloth, for instance, and dramatic walk-through environments. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show from Düsseldorf of paintings and drawings by German artists whose works protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of more than a hundred illuminated manuscripts from fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Holland that indicates the influence these works had on later painters. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Pen-and-ink and chalk drawings from the Renaissance by the brothers Taddeo and Federico Zuccaro. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Queens Museum,** Flushing Meadow Park—Cynthia Carlson's engaging, playful, and smart show consists of re-creations of many of the site-specific installations she made throughout the eighties. Most of the works are structured around patterns—thick painted flowers, wood plaques of architectural details, delicate drawings of weeds, a wall of painted fish. There's an elusive, sombre quality behind the decorative playfulness, an aspect amplified in the most recent works: an installation of curved-edge drawings of monumental tombstones that manages to be memorial rather than funereal, and an especially pene-

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**Callie Mitchell**
**Senior Supply Representative**

**Ron Richards**
**Manager, Environment Affairs**

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**Carol Triebel**
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trating wall drawing with reliefs inspired by the makeshift shrines left at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, D.C. Through May 27. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—This show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within a society. It does not, however, enrich our understanding of contemporary Africa, nor does it present a set of issues, visions of stirring beauty, or a window onto a world about which Western artists have fantasized throughout the century. Some of the nine artists—from Ghana, Zimbabwe, Senegal, and elsewhere—were educated in European traditions, but, according to the exhibition catalogue, many of the painting and sculpture methods they use are rooted in African culture. Whatever its intentions, most of the show looks familiar, and not compellingly so. Exceptions include the work of Tapfuma Gutsa, from Zimbabwe, who takes on Western sculpture much as the Cubists took on African tribal artifacts—he puts Brancusi and the Venus of Willendorf to good use. And Rosemary Karuga, a Kenyan, makes charming figurative collages out of colorful bits of cut-up magazines. Through May 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

**Gregory Amenoff / Georg Baselitz**—Recent paintings, made of pure pigment and rabbit-skin glue on board, several with quasi-religious Mexican themes. Because of his medium, Amenoff's colors are individually rich, but his sense of color is actually quite routine. Nothing really bounces out at you here. Likewise, his compositions are carefully wrought but as fixed as cement without ever being exactly iconic. Although many find Amenoff to be a very good painter, that may be because his work is at once formally self-important, unemotional, and easy to grasp. / An engaging group of works on paper: sixties cows and early-eighties upside-down figures. Through April 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

**Vincent Gallo**—Paintings on found metal, with small yet monumentalized bowls of fruit lovingly, romantically, and somewhat violently scratched into the surfaces of the distressed-metal sheets. Through May 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**Jackson Pollock** (1912-56)—Eight large "black enamel paintings" and a group of works on paper, including notebook drawings, constitute an extraordinarily good show. For one thing, it is an enormous relief to walk into the gallery and not find drip paintings. The enamel works, all from the early fifties, are full of speeding calligraphic lines, blotches, Tachiste stains, action, and, yes, drips. But they are also implicitly figurative and specifically psychological (anxious, fraught, valiant, and probably paranoid), and in their compositions we immediately sense Pollock's deep admiration for and involvement with the tradition of history painting from, say, David and Delacroix up to Thomas Hart Benton and Orozco, with whom Pollock worked during the W.P.A. era. Through June 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Larry Poons**—A selection of paintings from the sixties on, most of them from the eighties and the immediate past. In many of Poons' more recent works, color is downplayed and the old two-dimensional, elliptical dots have become real rubber balls, discernible under globs of seemingly masticated and upchucked paint. These may be ugly, or not. "Over and Up" (1983), for instance, contains a surprisingly delicate, dawnlike passage at the upper left, and may remind some viewers of paintings by André Masson; and "Rattled" (1990), with its tomtom rhythm and assortment of different-sized balls, is a funny and rambunctious work, despite its heavy poundage. Through April 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

**Short List—hans arp,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through June 2); **reeve schley,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 28); **aaron shikler,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through April 28).

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## AND THEY'RE OFF

*Visitors to the eastern side of Brooklyn's Prospect Park will notice that the old carousel house is empty. All fifty-one of the merry-go-round's dilapidated horses, as well as its lion, giraffe, deer, and two dragon-powered chariots, have vanished. The missing animals are not, however, being held captive by a sadistic Grinch. Instead, they're staying awhile in an old zoo building—a former zebra house—that has recently been transformed into a sort of carousel-rehabilitation center.*

*Will Morton VIII, a sculptor from Denver, moved to Brooklyn last fall to head up the Prospect Park Alliance's carousel-restoration project. His job is to make all the wood animals look exactly as they did in 1912, when they were carved for a carousel on Coney Island. He answers the door of the zebra house with the sobriety of a doctor whose patients are very, very sick. Horses are everywhere; those waiting for repair lean against the bars of the zebra cage, seemingly exhausted. Others, limbless and completely stripped of paint, lie sideways on top of tables. Half a dozen are newly covered with white primer and stand in rows like a Greco-Roman stampede. A few are finished: dappled and glossy, their nostrils flare, their pink tongues dangle; their glass eyes stare. When the restoration is completed, in October, the carousel will be splendid and just a little scary. The figures, though made of wood, will never quite seem inanimate.*

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## GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Dennis Adams**—In this show, the artist—best known for creating bus shelters that contain large photographic transparencies—has established a fascinating dialogue between representations of the simultaneous overthrows of two repressive regimes. On one side of the gallery, Adams has hung two teller's windows, each backed with a transparency of a Romanian martyr that is best seen reflected in the mirror installed a few inches away. The images, with their coffinlike presentation, are so potent and still that the implied link between revolution and finance slips away. On the other side of the gallery, four unadorned bus shelters stand before a photomural of Noriega's destroyed bunker. The show is supplemented by an excellent book, documenting some of the artist's most pungent political works. Through May 8. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Arneson**—Very edgy paintings on paper, drawings on canvas, and ceramic sculptures. One sculpture, titled "Chief Executive Officer," is a highly charged and immediate portrayal of a street-tough black man with piercing, hostile eyes; the other depicts a white-bread nerd and is titled "Rapist & Drug Dealer." Through April 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Deacon / Thomas Schütte**—Recent sculpture by this master of the heavy-metal seam: welts, screws, bolts, etc. are the erogenous zones in most of Deacon's work. Mixed metaphors—wherein, for instance, the organic is apt to seem mechanical, and vice versa—form part of their driving intelligence. Here, among other things, we find a fascinating shape, in stapled copperplate, that simultaneously suggests a giant jester's cap, Pegasus' wing, and a sack of shad roe. / A group of seriocomic watercolors of this 'n' that. Many have messages in English, in the humorously blunt, not-quite-fluent style that is the fashion today among satirically inclined German artists. Through April 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Red Grooms**—Strictly sideshow stuff. What this clever entertainer can do is carve chunks of wood into grunting musclemen; assemble a massive construction of Red Square with a jet-filled sky of shooting orthogonals; paint an offhand portrait of Gorbachev and frame it with a jewelled icon casing of tooled aluminum; create monotypes of uncommon energy; even deliver a viewer-operated mariachi band—all of which, and more, he does in this show. What he cannot do, it seems, is create an art work that becomes richer—or even sustains interest—with multiple viewings. Through April 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**David Humphrey**—A strong show of recent paintings by an artist who combines a lapidary imagistic style with elements of biomorphic abstraction and a clever, kinky neo-Surrealism. Humphrey has a sophisticated understanding of the traditional relationship between (primal, dream-based) Surrealism and (effete, dandyish) connoisseurship. His fetishistic imagery is at once humorously sexual, knowingly decorative, and theatrically arch. "Esprit de Corps," for instance, with its "curtain" of actual girls' ponytails, is a minor instant classic. Through May 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Ron Janowich / James Brown**—The split-circle format so effectively introduced in the artist's last show has become programmatic in these new paintings, yet the transparent stripes and kinetic, calligraphic strokes are still masterful, if somewhat anemic. / One dark ceramic sculpture of a featureless bust has a certain forcefulness, but others, with rounded towers whose surfaces have been heavily worked in a display of great virtuosity, are little more than scatological. Through April 28. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Auchincloss, 558 Broadway, has a show of Janowich's recent monotypes.)

**Roberto Juarez / Jiří Georg Dokoupil**—Recent paintings: a series titled "Days of the Year." These light, elegant works—in tones of parchment, tan, black, and white—are variations on a semi-abstract theme. The striped, black-and-white motif suggests a costume—the clothing, perhaps, of an acrobat or a Pierrot figure. The backgrounds evoke the climate of, for instance, North Africa or southern Spain. The artist spends about half his time in Miami; Edward Albee lives around there, too, and his essay for Juarez, on a single typeset page, is a quixotic, romantic hoot. / Also, a group of sepia-toned renderings of babies' clothes by the irrepressible Dokoupil, made of honest-to-God "mothers' milk," which the artist got from a hospital and burned into his canvases—thus the caramelized color. "Dip it in, put it on, burn it," he announces on a flyer. "With the help of mothers, I tried to get gold." Through April 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Posen**—Recent paintings by an engaging artist who combines Pop imagery with a sincere, abstract, painterly style. In "Soho Stories," for instance, characters from "Krazy Kat" appear in a kind of existential picaresque—in one work they are "Waiting for van Gogh." Here and there one is reminded of Baselitz's impressionistic brushiness, of Larry Rivers' emotive scumbling, and even, in a work titled "Texas and California," of Whistler's super-aesthetic butterfly logo. Through April 28. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Pousette-Dart**—White-on-white paintings from the fifties. These pristine, labor-intensive works are exquisitely realized and include lots of minute textural detail—spidery webs of pencil lines, for instance, within filigreed architectonic structures. They bring to mind Monet's stacks of grain, cathedrals, and other serial works, and they also fit in with the neoplastic trends of their period. They don't seem particularly relevant right now, but no matter: they'll probably once again have their day. Through April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Arnulf Rainer**—A large group of paintings on photographs or on old engravings depicting scenes from Shakespeare. Rainer's embellishments, as usual, consist of abstract smears of paint over existing imagery. Many of these works have an offhand charm and, especially when it comes to the history plays and to "Cymbeline," considerable poetic nuance. Through June 2. (Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Ryman**—This painter of white brushstrokes has come to "represent" pure painting and is being treated as if he were an endangered species. But such currently pop-

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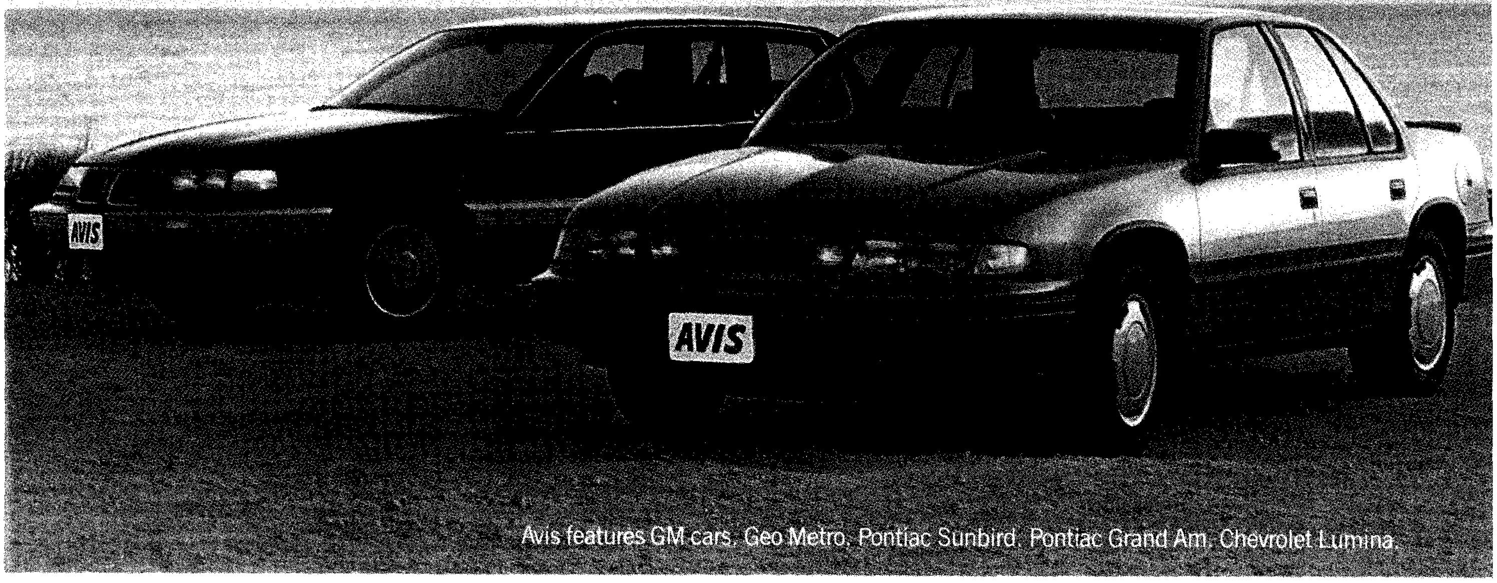

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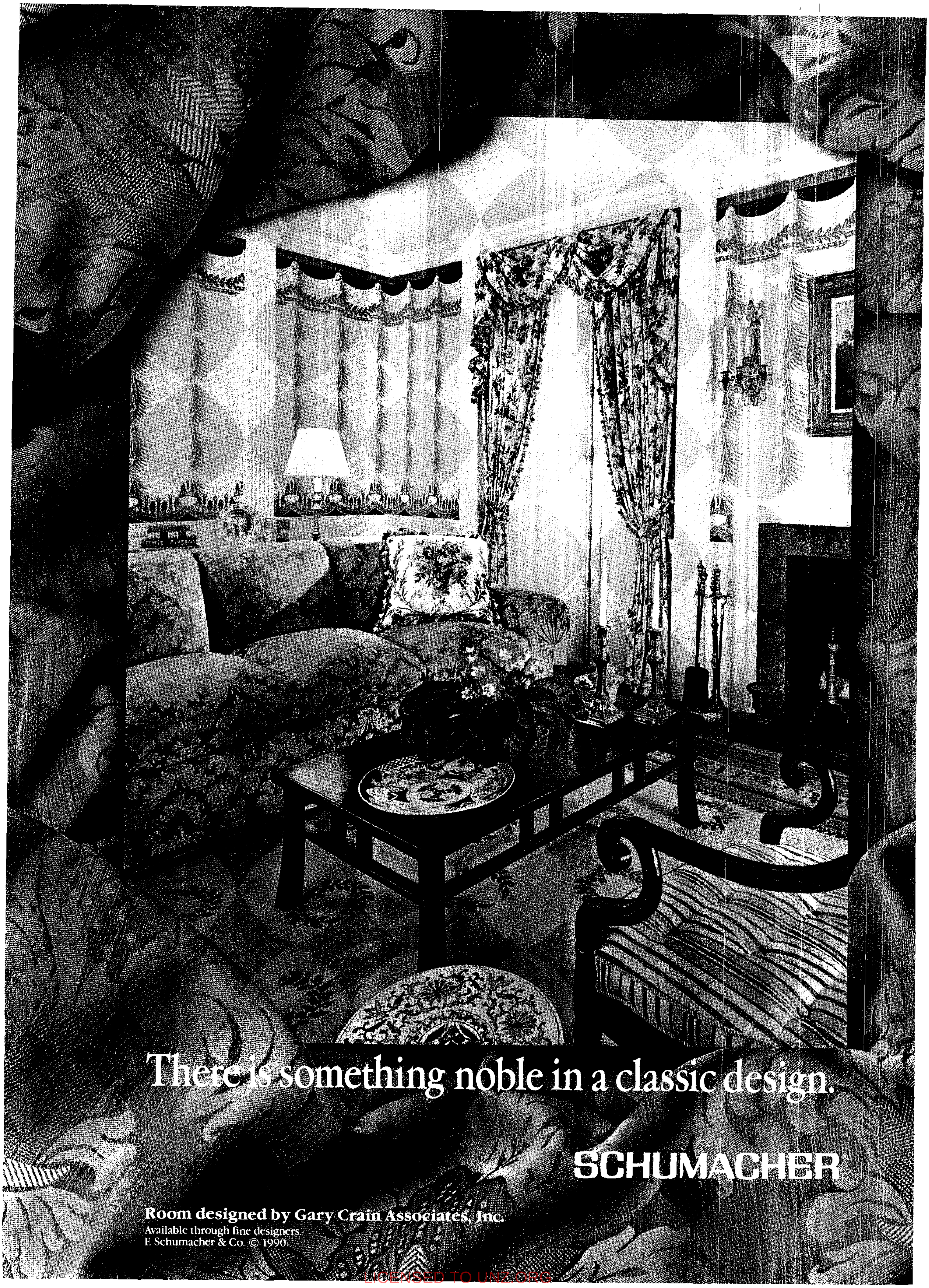
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## ART–Cont'd

ular readings miss the subtle wit of this workmanlike artist, who violates the purity of a painted rectangle by putting bolts through it or by breaking a white field with a brute, autobiographical "image," such as the letter "R" or the number "89." There are strong works here—particularly some of the large square ones—but these paintings of vaguely edged geometric shapes that ignore the strict geometry of their supports have yet to reveal their mysteries. Through May 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**"The Great Decade"**—There's no irony intended by the title of this show, which pays homage to the sixties generation of color-field artists and painterly abstractionists, many of whom the Emmerich gallery has represented for several decades. There are certainly some dynamic works here: two pieces by Al Held that explore how to stretch the rectangle while retaining it, a sideways chevron painting by Kenneth Noland, and a typical Jules Olitski from 1965 that could very well be a portrayal of breath. But the overriding spirit of the exhibition is of an art form that so totally depleted its own language that painting is still attempting to recover. Through April 28. (41 E. 57th St.)

**"Favolosi 50s"**—Italian art and design of the fifties, displayed as equals. With the exception of a Manzoni, framed in Plexiglas as if it were an alien from another planet—which in this company it is—the paintings are pure kitsch. It's the decorative items—vases, furniture, and lighting fixtures—that are elegant and refined, more sculptural than the sculpture. There's a healthy selection of the mammoth glass vases Flavio Poli designed for Seguso in rich, saturated colors; a row of sleek Inciso vases by Venini; a pair of auditorium seats designed by the wildly sublime Carlo Mollino; and even a Lambretta motor scooter. There are no really key pieces here—just a lot of good, protominimal fun. Through May 5. (Daverio, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Short List**—**JAMES APONOVICH**, Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 23); **KEITH JACOBSHAGEN**, Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 3); **ALAN JOHNSTON**, Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 28); **JOHN MARIN**, Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through April 28); **EMILY MASON** and **WOLF KAHN**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 2); **PABLO PICASSO**, Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 28).

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Richard Artschwager**—Each of these seven paintings, mostly from 1972, depicts the same Atlantic City hotel at the moment of its demolition. They have the miragelike effect characteristic of virtually all the artist's works, but in this instance the impression of smudged glass enhances the images perfectly. As a group, they are monuments to the constant recycling and remaking that obsesses our culture, and as such they describe the postmodern impulse brilliantly. Through April 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**John Bowman**—A show of hard-to-read drawings of Viennese platz scenes that are an anti-minimalist picturemaker's version of Rauschenberg's erased de Kooning drawing. The artist has created these misty perspectives by erasing portions of an even, minimalist field of rubbed graphite, from which the images emerge. The elongated horizontal and vertical views have a great sense of panorama, but they are too reminiscent of Troy Brauntuch's picturemaking, of which they are the inverse. Through April 28. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

**Futura 2000**—As a graffitist, Futura—with his highly sophisticated, atmospheric abstract style—was in a class by himself. His newest paintings no longer feature the distant explosions of smoky paint in rapturous colors that he used to do so well. Instead, his recent abstract galaxies, which include an occasional oil-rig shape, are rendered in black, white, and only one or two colors—a mixture difficult for a colorist to pull off. The paintings are still quite beautiful, but they no longer seem to contain mysteries one might understand better over time. Through May 5. (Briet, 558 Broadway.)

**Raoul Hague**—Consistency is the operative word in this exhibition of large, well-carved, but somewhat mute wood sculptures—both figurative and abstract—from 1947 to 1989. Through May 12. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

**Leonard Koscianski**—Mythic-type paintings of ferocious snarling canines, fire, and the kind of canyon one might have found on a head-shop wall. The works are very earnest, but they depict worlds that have been portrayed at least as well in B movies and on album covers and posters. Through May 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**Robert Morris**—Remakes of early-sixties minimalist sculptures that exhibit a unique psychological S & M—a grouping of three cagelike metal "Ls" are particularly engaging—and recent lead reliefs that reprocess earlier motifs from the work of this artist and others. Through April 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Peter Nagy**—The black-and-white works in this show look like prints but are presented as paintings. They are monuments to mixed signals. They engage in a discussion about the charting of history but do so in an adamantly superficial way—equating Egyptian hieroglyphs with Yves Saint Laurent logos, for example. They are graphically compelling but lack a personal touch one has come to expect from paintings. Through May 5. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

**Vettor Pisani**—A cloyingly rococo show of mixed-media works. Many of them—like a plastic rose smothered with red pigment in an elaborate plate-glass enclosure held together with red clamps—are overdesigned and over-romanticized in a way only an Italian artist can do. Through April 28. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

**Miriam Schapiro**—When this key figure in feminist art tries to aerate her paintings with Matissean expanses of color, the breath seems to evaporate. But when Schapiro fills a single canvas with more elaborate fabric, lush painted foliage, and tropical-garden colors than anyone could imagine possible, she manages to create an airy, electrifying scene. The struggle between these two paradoxical tendencies is evident here. The successful results of this tension—a painting of a majestic Frida Kahlo in her floral raiments is the true knockout—are so good that they more than make up for the unsuccessful. Through May 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

**Ted Stamm** (1945-84)—The urge to fly speaks through these mild yet skillful post-minimalist paintings, some of which contain a black Concorde-nose form on a beak-shaped raw canvas. Through April 28. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

**Hiroshi Teshigahara**—The filmmaker, ikebana master, and artist has created two canopied corridors out of arching, split bamboo. They are broad yet intimate boulevards that seem better suited to a fashion show than to an art gallery. Organic, clay sculptures placed at various points around the installation fail to impress. Through May 12. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

**Not Vital**—A somewhat zany series of poetic sculptures, ranging from a very long Tibetan horn in plaster with a pencil-point end, to a gathering of tall bronze poles capped with cast camel heads, and, quite literally, a golden calf. Through April 28. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

**Meg Webster**—Lovely primal-form sculptures. One work, a concave plywood cone whose interior is coated with a thick layer of dirt, is a luscious earth-mother image. And two standing coffins of beeswax must be the best-smelling pieces in town. But a moss-covered soil ball, which could be the female version of the "2001" monolith, is subverted by its glass, wood, and steel enclosure. Through April 28. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

**Betty Woodman**—It's always refreshing to see this ceramist's work. Her new, toucanlike vases have fanciful capes and are coated with luscious spotted and swirled glazes. Woodman's works look sculptural and painterly without ever seeming pretentious. Through April 28. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

**B. Wurtz**—The sculptural assemblages here are pleasant, but most of the other pieces—drawings, paintings on paper, and sculptures—suffer from an eternal cuteness. Through May 5. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

**Group Show**—A lightweight, back-gallery selection of new works that seem to be the products of boredom. Among the few pieces with any charm are John Currin's dreamy-focus paintings of innocent young women against minty backgrounds, which look as if they were derived from studio photo portraits. Through May 12. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

**Short List**—**DENNIS ASHBAUGH**, Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through May 12); **DOTTY ATTIE**, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through May 12); **BILL BARRETTE**, Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through April 28); **TONY BERLANT**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through May 19); **GREGORY BOTTS**, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through May 26); **DAVID BOWES**, Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through May 19); **BÅRD BREIVIK**, Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through April 28); **ALEXANDER BRODSKY AND ILYA UTKIN**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through April 28); **ALBERTO BURRI**, Ala, 560 Broadway (through May 26); **JOEL FISHER**, Cadot, 470 Broome St. (through May 28); **APRIL GORNIK**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through May 26); **CLINTON HILL**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through May 16); **LESTER JOHNSON**, Gimpel, 415 West Broadway (through April 28); **HAI KNAFO**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through April 28); **DAVID RABINOWITCH**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 30); **ARCHIE RAND**, Hanson, 415 West Broadway (through May 5); **RENE RICARD**, Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through May 23); **CHERI SAMBA**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through May 15); **JANE SCHNEIDER**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through May 5); **ANDREW SPENCE**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through May 12); **JAMES TURRELL**, SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through May 31); **MICHAEL VENEZIA**, Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through May 3); **WILLIAM WEGMAN**, Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through May 5); **MICHAEL YOUNG**, Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through May 26); **MICHELE ZALOPANY**, Audiello, 142 Greene St. (through May 19).

### OTHER GALLERIES

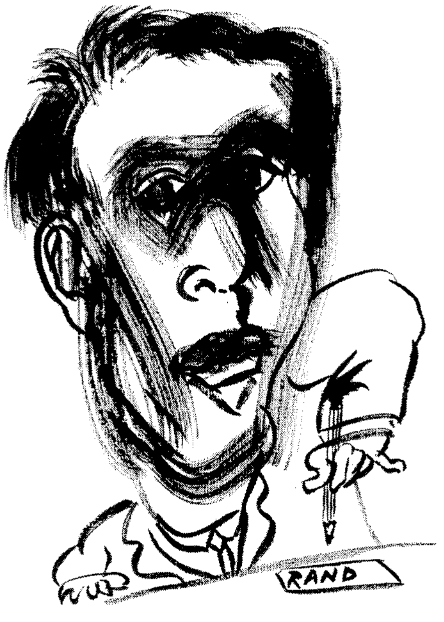
**John Chamberlain**—Low-lying, horizontal pieces from the artist's rarely exhibited "Gondola" series, among the most lyrical and animated works by one of our best sculptors—traditionally speaking. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon, Thursdays through Sundays.)

**Frank Holliday**—Very energetic, soupy paintings with lots of drips, most in periwinkle blue and pale pink, with touches of fire-engine red and lime green. Through April 28. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

**Charles Saxon** (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

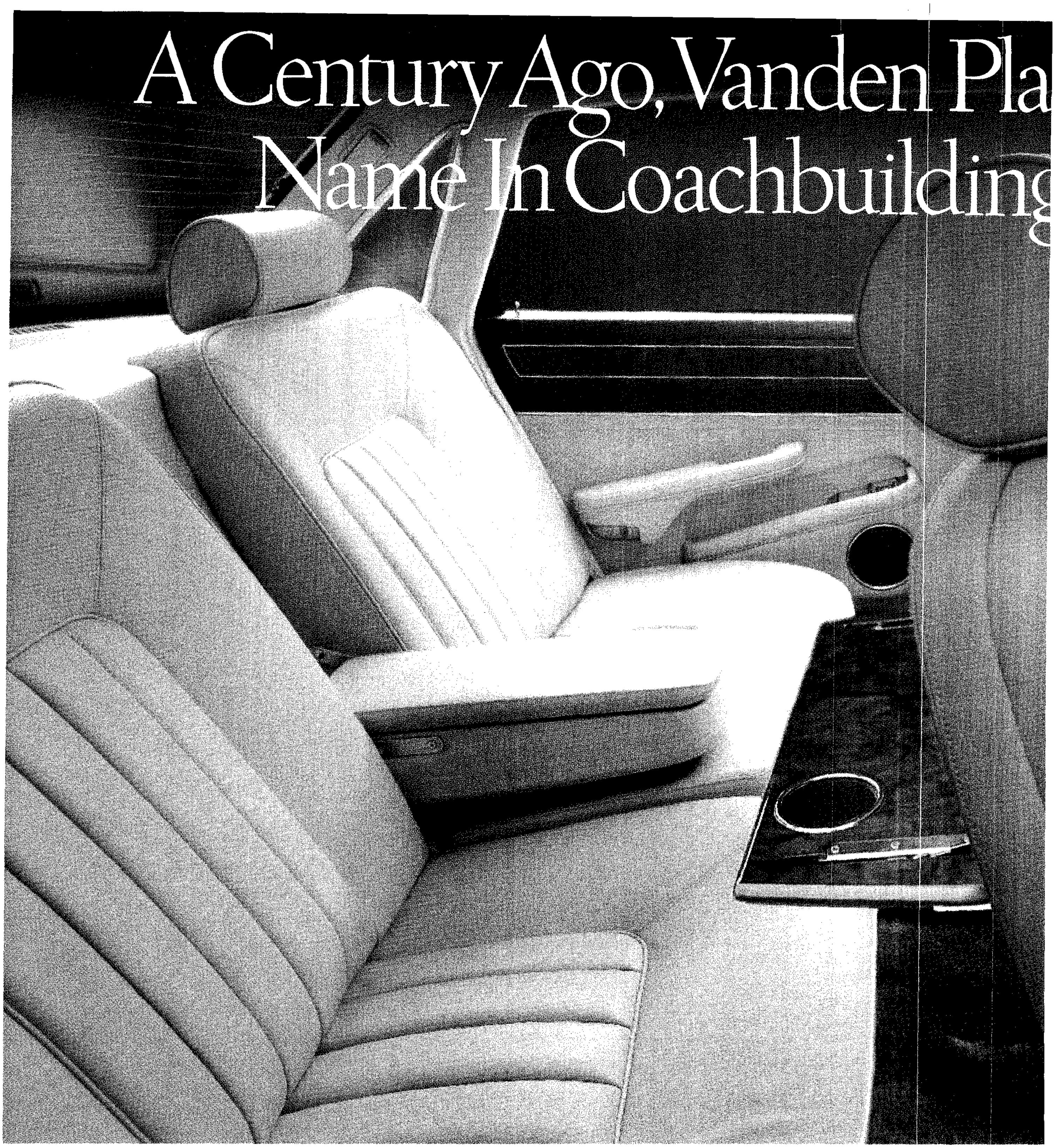
**"Brut 90"**—A large group show of paintings, photographs, and sculptures by relative unknowns that provides persistent, rambling, and sophomoric evidence of a cold, ugly world. Some sophisticated exceptions can be found, such as a quiet yet penetrating painting, by Walton Ford, depicting a tree of bottles in the center of a field where a racial attack is occurring. Through May 6. (White Columns, 142-54 Christopher St. Opens at noon, Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Short List**—**MIKE HENDERSON** and **BEVERLY SEMMES**, Artists Space, 223 West Broadway (through May 19); **ALICE NEEL**, Sragow, 67-73 Spring St. (opens at 1, through May 31).



*Self-portrait by Archie Rand*

# A Century Ago, Vanden Pla
# Name In Coachbuildin



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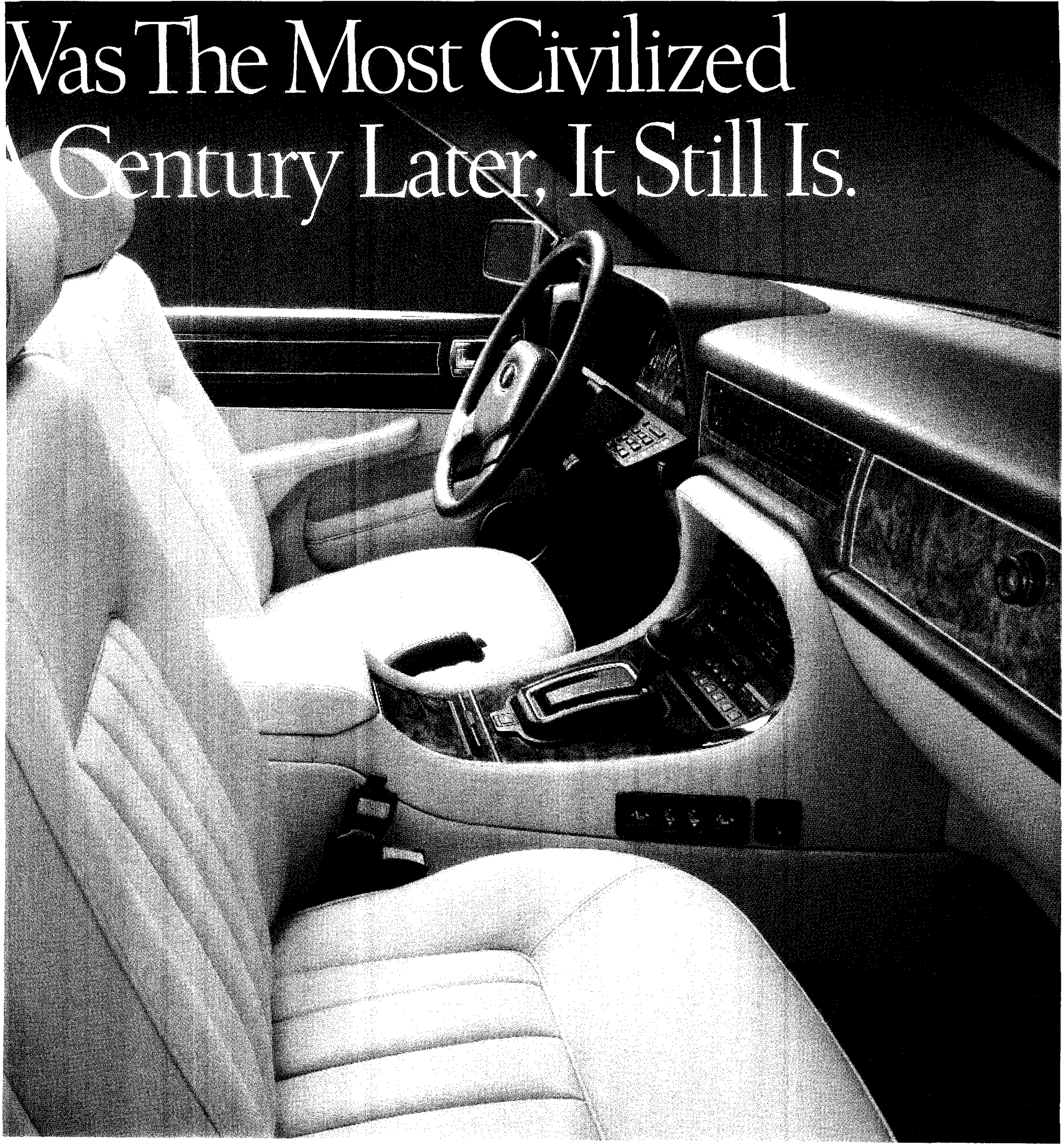
Inside the Jaguar Vanden Plas, you will find a pas senger compartment reminiscent of elegant coache Hand-finished, burl walnut graces the doors, fascia an fold-down rear picnic tables. The contoured leathe seating is stitched in a classic five-flute design and luxu rious, fleecelike rugs rest on deep-pile carpeting in th passenger footwells.

To the regal beauty of a classic era, the 1990 Jagua

A BLENDING OF ART AN



anden Plas adds a host of advanced amenities: computrized climate control, an 80-watt six-speaker sound ystem, heated front seats that adjust electrically, as vell as high-intensity reading lamps and additional venilation controls for rear-seat passengers.

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MACHINE JAGUAR

# PHOTOGRAPHY

HE may not be news, but Irving Penn is a photographer who has successfully created what so many contemporary artists can only claim to be making: democratic images. And they're gorgeous. Penn's photographs of non-Western people render these individuals with all the beauty and respect that other Western photographers usually deny their alien subjects. The dignified treatment that Penn accords his subjects is apparent from the minute one walks into his exhibition of work from 1948 to 1971, at the Pace-MacGill gallery (32 East 57th Street, through May 5). But Penn's not just a photographer with an enlightened consciousness. He's also an effective boundary breaker when it comes to the medium itself. Over the years, he has produced commercial work that deserves the label "art" more than most so-called fine-art photography, and, as so many of the pictures in this show prove, he has also re-created the notion of fashionability time after time. In fact, his resistance to all the usual formulas of glamour is what makes much of his work timeless.

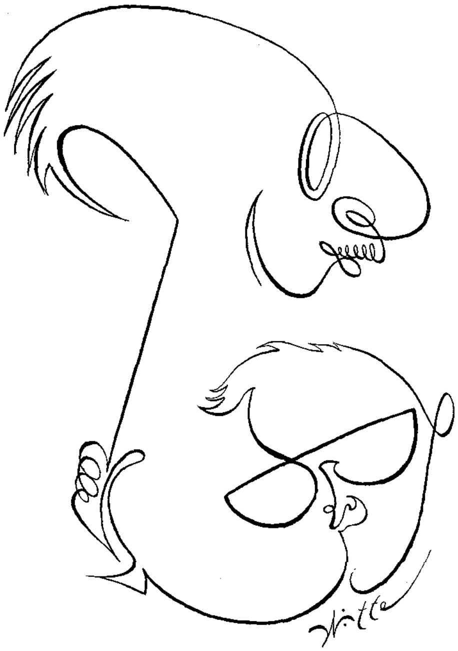
**Bruce of Los Angeles** (1908-74)—Twenty-seven dye-transfer prints from the fifties and sixties by an influential master of physique photography. The many bulky bodybuilders and two or three lithe youths portrayed here are thinly disguised as Indian braves and *matelots*, idling surfers and ideal gigolos. These guys are most typically portrayed alone in outdoorsy settings that evoke the M-G-M lots, but sometimes they are arranged in symmetrical pairs against studio backdrops. The color code is *very* Vincente "Meet Me in St. Louis" Minnelli, and the moral code positively screams Gene Kelly. Through April 28. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

**John Gutmann**—A generous dose of pictures from the thirties to the present, all of which involve writing in one way or another. Through April 28. (Castelli Graphics, 578 Broadway.)

**David La Chapelle**—Sentimental, religious, and sexual themes are conjoined in mostly large and elaborately framed photographs. A big, dark grid of photographs depicting isolated body parts, for instance, seems both a modern-art-world homage to the late Robert Mapplethorpe and a traditional Catholic ex-voto—a prayer object sometimes used as a petition for cures. La Chapelle's best works, however, are his lightest and brightest. A trio of pastoral, candy-colored scenes of ablution and purification are technically marvellous and offer a once again timely and soothing vision: the return of flower children. Through May 12. (Trabia, 54 Greene St.)

**Czech Modernism: 1900-1945**—A show of a hundred and eighty-five black-and-white photographs, in conjunction with the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper at the Brooklyn Museum. Through May 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Short List**—**TINA BARNEY,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through May 24); **VICTOR FRIEDMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens Saturdays at noon, through May 26); **LARRY JOHNSON,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through April 28); **WILLIAM KLEIN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **LEE MILLER** (through June 10) and **MARION POST WOLCOTT** (through June 24), International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8); **NIC NICOSIA,** Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through April 28); **ELIOT PORTER,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through May 5); **SAM SAMORE,** American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St. (through May 5).



*Robert Craft conducts an all-Stravinsky concert*

# MUSIC

SHOSTAKOVICH'S "Leningrad" Symphony—his seventh—is still probably the composer's most popular work. It has been a little controversial. He wrote it at top speed in 1941 in besieged Leningrad, and then in an evacuee's refuge; it was an immediate patriotic triumph in Moscow (March, 1942) and in Leningrad, which was still encircled by the Nazi forces whose relentless march the first movement was understood to depict. A microfilm of the score was dispatched to Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, who gave the American première on July 19, 1942, to a radio audience estimated in the millions. Instantly, the work entered the repertoires of orchestras all around America and the world.

It is hard for a musical work to live down such a political success: Shostakovich commentary has traditionally regretted certain musical obviousnesses in the score and the favor shown it in preference to other, "better" works. What no one questioned until recently was the basic program of the work—the siege. In 1980, the New Grove Dictionary article on the composer stated simply that "Hitler's invasion of the U.S.S.R." had "spurred Shostakovich to an important creative effort." But at almost the same time there appeared "Testimony," a volume of Shostakovich memoirs whose authenticity has been hotly contested. That book contains this startling statement: "The Seventh Symphony had been planned before the war and consequently it simply cannot be seen as a reaction to Hitler's attack. The 'invasion theme' has nothing to do with the attack. I was thinking of other enemies of humanity when I composed the theme." Of what others? "Nowadays people like to recall the prewar period as an idyllic time, saying that everything was fine until Hitler bothered us. Hitler is a criminal, that's clear, but so is Stalin." Shostakovich suffered much and repeatedly at Stalin's hands, and there is no doubt that his disgust and loathing for the Leader and Teacher was heartfelt. But the revision is curious, not least because Shostakovich's own original subtitle for the movement read simply "War." Politically acceptable cover then, or revisionist sentiments later? The power of the score remains.

Less controversial—or not at all, as far as we know—is the superior quality of Yuri Temirkanov as a Shostakovich conductor. Mr. Temirkanov is now the music director of the Leningrad Philharmonic, in direct succession to the legendary Yevgeny Mravinsky (1906-88), who was a close associate of Shostakovich's. Mr. Temirkanov leads the New York Philharmonic in the Seventh this week and next at Avery Fisher Hall.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—**DAS RHEINGOLD,** with Mari-Anne Häggander, Christa Ludwig, Birgitta Svendén, Siegfried Jerusalem, Heinz Zednik, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. (April 23 at 8.) . . . With Mari-Anne Häggander, Christa Ludwig, Anne Gjevang, Siegfried Jerusalem, Horst Hiestermann, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 30 at 8.) . . . **DIE WALKÜRE,** with Hildegard Behrens, Jessye Norman, Christa Ludwig, Gary Lakes, James Morris, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 24 and May 1 at 6.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Kathleen Battle, Gino Quilico, Frank Lopardo, Carlos Feller, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. (April 25 at 8 and April 28 at noon.) . . . **SIEGFRIED,** with Hildegard Behrens, Siegfried Jerusalem, Heinz Zednik, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 26 at 6.) . . . **IL TROVATORE,** with Sharon Sweet, Dolora Zajick, Franco Bonisolli, and Lajos Miller; Michelangelo Veltri. (April 27 and May 2 at 8.) . . . **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,** with Hildegard Behrens, Hanna Lisowska, Christa Ludwig, William Johns, Anthony Raffell, and Julian Patrick; James Levine. (April 28 at 6.)

**Amato Opera Company**—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 28 at 7:30 and April 29 at 2:30.)

**Juilliard American Opera Center**—A fully staged version of Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Hugh the Drover," conducted by Frank Corsaro. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. April 25 and April 27 at 8, and April 29 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—Yuri Temirkanov, music director of the Leningrad Philharmonic, conducts four performances of Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 26 at 8, April 27 at 2, April 28 at 8, and May 1 at 7:30.)

**Philharmonia Virtuosi**—Richard Kapp conducting works by Saint-Saëns and Shostakovich. With Cameron Grant, piano. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. April 27 at 8.)

**Manhattan Philharmonia**—Kurt Klippstatter conducting Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony, among other works. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Choral Society**—Robert DeCormier directs a performance of Verdi's Requiem. (Carnegie Hall. April 26 at 8.)

**Clarion Concerts**—Newell Jenkins directs Scarlatti's oratorio "Santa Teodosia." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 26 at 8.)

**Otowa Children's Chorus**—A thirty-member group from Japan performing traditional Japanese music. (Carnegie Hall. May 2 at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Guarneri Quartet**—With Daniel Avshalomov, viola, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. Performing works by Beethoven and Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. April 25 at 8.)

**Grant Johannesen**—Piano. With the Shanghai String Quartet in a program that includes works by Mozart and Debussy. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 25 at 8.)

**"A Round of Rondos"**—Pianist Jeffrey Siegel plays and then discusses works by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Bartók. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 25 at 8.)

**Mannes Contemporary Festival 1990**—The Mannes Contemporary Ensemble and the Mannes Percussion Ensemble in two free performances. At the Mannes College of Music, April 25 at 8: Works by John Cage, Elliott Carter, and others. (150 W. 85th St.) . . . ¶ At the New School, April 26 at 6: Works by Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, and others. (66 W. 12th St.)

**Musicians from Marlboro**—Chamber music by Mozart, Elliott Carter, Samuel Barber, and Dvořák. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 26 at 8.)

**Nancy Allen**—Harp, in a free concert that includes works by Scarlatti and Britten. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. April 26 at 8. For information and reservations, which are necessary, call 355-6160.)

**Murray Perahia**—Piano, performing works by Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 27 at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—With Dawn Upshaw, soprano, and David Gordon, tenor, in the world première of Stephen Albert's "Distant Hills Coming Nigh." (Alice Tully Hall. April 27 at 8, April 28 at 2, and April 29 at 5.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—Playing works by Haydn, Ravel, and Beethoven. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 27 and April 28 at 8.)

**Michael Murray**—Performing Franck's "Twelve Masterworks for Organ," a four-hour program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. April 28 at 6. Admission by contribution.)

**Castanets and Chamber Music**—The Andrés Segovia Quintet with Lucero Tena, a classical castanet player, in a program that includes works by Albéniz and de Falla. (Alice Tully Hall. April 28 at 8.)

**Musica Viva**—Presenting a program that includes Mozart's Requiem and a concerto by Paul Renan, a Zimbabwean composer. (Church of All Souls, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. April 29 at 7. Tickets at the door.)

**Anne-Sophie Mutter**—Violin, performing works by Kreisler, Beethoven, and Pablo Sarasate, among others. (Carnegie Hall. April 29 at 8.)

**All-Stravinsky Concert**—Robert Craft conducts the Gregg Smith Singers and the 20th-Century Classics Ensemble in a program featuring Frank Corsaro's version of "Story of a Soldier." (Alice Tully Hall. April 29 at 8:30.)

**Flute Force**—With guest artist Paula Robison, in a program of French and German music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. April 30 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Rondi Charleston**—Soprano. Singing a program that includes works by Rorem and Copland. (Carnegie Hall. April 30 at 8.)

**Mia Wu**—Violin. Playing works by Bach, Brahms, and contemporary American composers. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 30 at 8.)

**Sherrill Milnes**—Baritone, singing a program that includes works by Mozart, Handel, and Schumann. (Carnegie Hall. April 30 at 8.)

**James Galway**—Flute, with the Tokyo String Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. May 1 at 8.)

**Berenice Lipson-Gruzen**—Piano, in a program that includes works by Scarlatti and Debussy. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 1 at 8.)

**Jane Bryden**—Soprano, performing selections from "The Rake's Progress," Elizabethan songs, and other works. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. May 1 at 8.)

**Joseph Smith**—Piano. Performing works by Haydn, Schumann, Janáček, and Grieg. (Alice Tully Hall. May 2 at 8.)

## JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

**Indigo Girls**—The twining voices and ringing folk-rock songs of Amy Ray and Emily Saliers have won impressive admirers—the duo were the opening act at concerts last year by fellow-Georgians R.E.M., and by that avatar of folkie intensity, Neil Young. Joni Mitchell is clearly a strong influence, too, but the harmonies and empathic lyrics of this promising pair are long on warmth and short on narcissism. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 23-24 at 8.)

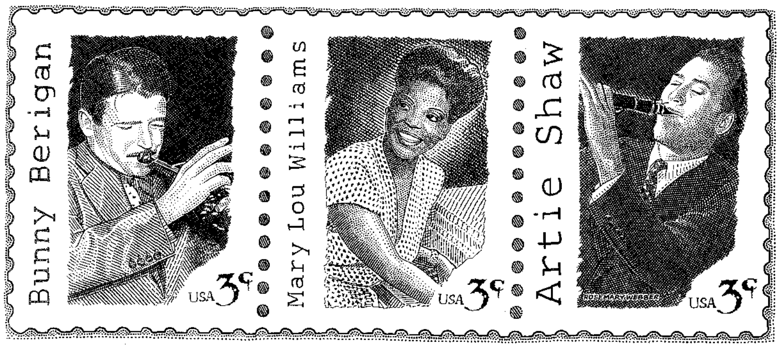
**Rush**—Despite its musical sophistication and its ability to fill rock arenas, this Canadian power-rock trio has been anything but a critic's darling. Rush has always suffered from lyrics that seemed like afterthoughts, and chopped-up song structures that existed merely to show off ingenious bridging devices and a lightning-fast ability to shift moods. The good news is that Rush's new album, "Presto," has songs that swing hard; the bad news is that the words, like the vestigially druggy name of the band, still seem like offhand holdovers from the deepest, darkest seventies. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. April 25 at 7:30.)

**Ella Fitzgerald**—With Benny Carter and his orchestra. A big-band appearance under Radio City's swanky arched proscenium will give us all the opportunity to wish this Living National Treasure a big happy birthday. (One day late, but so what?) Everybody gets a present at this party: Ella makes the audience feel nothing but wonderful, and there's no hangover the next morning. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. April 26 at 8.)

**Kitaro**—This thirty-seven-year-old Japanese synthesist and composer—his real name is Masanori Takahashi—is a New Age-music superstar. He has been the subject of a PBS television documentary; Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart co-produced one of his albums; and his latest release, "Kojiki," was largely recorded at George Lucas's Skywalker Studios, in California. The fact that he has worked as a soundtrack composer is particularly telling, because his music invariably evokes some imaginary 70-mm. landscape as filmed by David Lean or Horton Foote. Kitaro throws in a few Eastern-exotic touches, but his stuff is Western, romantic, and incessantly, numbingly beautiful—or, rather, "beautiful." (Radio City Music Hall. April 28 at 8.)

**Ron Carter Nonet**—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 26 at 8.

**Craig Harris and Tailgater's Tales**—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. April 27 at 8. Admission will be by contribution.



*An American Jazz Orchestra musical salute*

**American Jazz Orchestra**—In a concert honoring Mary Lou Williams, Bunny Berigan, and Artie Shaw. Conducted by Frank Owens; with John Lewis, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. April 27 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.)

**Raphael**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. April 27 at 8.

**Don Henley**—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. April 27 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. April 28 at 8.

**"Music in the Arab World"**—Featuring Anouar Brahem and Simon Shaheen. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. April 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 545-7536.)

**Theodore Bikel**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. April 29 at 2.

**Joe Temperley**—In a concert sponsored by the Duke Ellington Society. With Arvell Shaw, Jack Wilson, and Ray Mosca. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. April 29 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Carrie Smith**—Roundabout Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. April 30 at 7:30.

# SPORTS

## HOME TEAMS

**Mets**—Vs. the Atlanta Braves, April 24-25. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, May 2-3. (Game time, 7:35.)

**Yankees**—Vs. the Seattle Mariners, April 24-26 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the California Angels, April 27 at 7:30 and April 28-29 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Oakland A's, April 30 and May 1-2 at 7:30.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300.)

## RACING

**Horses**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

## CHAMPIONSHIP—HOCKEY

**Rangers**—Vs. the Washington Capitals, in the Patrick Division finals. In Washington, April 23, April 25, and, if necessary, April 29. At home, if necessary, April 27 and May 1.

# ABOVE AND BEYOND

**Sound Art: In Concert**—For all of April, listeners have been able to hear art—by John Cage, Sorrel Hays, Pauline Oliveros, Alvin Curran, and others—on audio tape at the Whitney Museum. Now, in three days of live programs (April 27-29), the same artists will perform their works at the Equitable Center; tapes will still be in evidence, but so will dancers, video cameras, pianists, and singers. (787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. For more information about the programs, which are free, call 554-1000.)

**Syringa x Hyacinthiflora**—A white lilac hybrid, also called Blanche Sweet, after the late silent-film star, which will be planted in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, on April 28 at 3. The public is invited to attend.

**Bike Tour**—With an emphasis on pit stops, led by a group called Hungry Pedalers. On April 29, meet at Columbus Circle's Maine Monument at 8:45 for a tour of Jewish neighborhoods in Brooklyn; you'll stop for a snack in Williamsburg, eat lunch in a Sephardic restaurant on Kings Highway, and have dessert in Boro Park. For more information and reservations, call 222-2243.

**Black Roots Festival**—An evening of readings and theatre to benefit the Frederick Douglass Creative Arts Center. Performers will include Lucille Clifton, Quincy Troupe, Sonia Sanchez, Randy Weston, Danitra Vance, and Ntozake Shange. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. April 29 at 5. For information about tickets, call 944-9870.)

**Readings**—April 27 at 8: Canadian authors Barbara Gowdy, Mordecai Richler, Michel Tremblay, and Guy Vanderhaeghe will read from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ April 30 at 7:30: Gwendolyn Brooks will read from her own poetry. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 334-1660.) . . . ¶ May 1 at 7: Samuel Allen, Gwendolyn Brooks, Michael S. Harper, Josephine Jacobsen, William Meredith, Sonia Sanchez, and Ossie Davis in a literary tribute to the critic Sterling A. Brown. (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: Adrienne Rich will read from her own prose and poetry. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 | | | |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

### EAST SIDE

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Bail Jumper" (directed by Christian Faber).
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 3: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 1: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn. From May 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: Through April 26: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†). From April 27: The 22nd International Tournée of Animation.

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Mr. Hoover and I" (Emile de Antonio), a documentary.

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid. From April 27: "Q & A" (Sydney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 2: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Body Chemistry." From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

**Bijou Cinema,** 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**Loews 19th Street East 6,** B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith. From April 27: "Q & A" (Sydney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 3: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 4: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 5: "Crazy People" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 3: "Crazy People" (†).

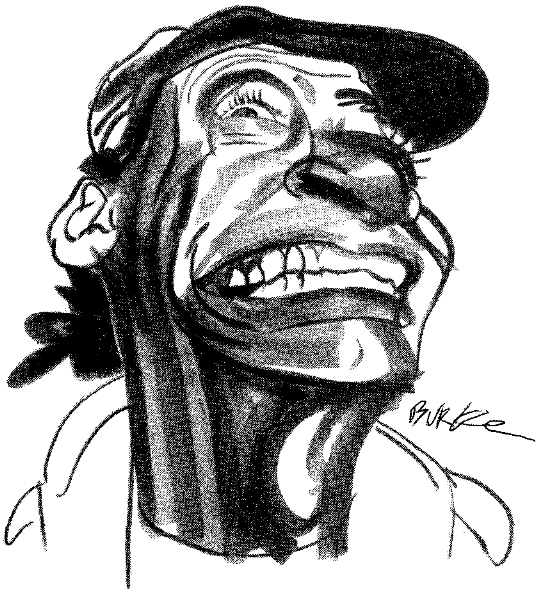
**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey. From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.



*Jim Varney in "Ernest Goes to Jail"*

**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Crazy People" (†).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Cry-Baby" (†). From May 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane. From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck.
Theatre 3: "My Left Foot" (†).

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 27: "Q & A" (Sydney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Monsieur Hire" (Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, Marlo Thomas, Elaine May, and Peter Falk.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Crazy People" (†).

**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Cry-Baby" (†). From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sweetie" (directed by Jane Campion).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Macho Dancer" (Lino Brocka); and "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crazy People" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys). From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Camille Claudel" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Santa Sangre" (Alejandro Jodorowsky).

**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 3: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 4: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 6: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).
Theatre 7: Through April 26: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†). From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.
Theatre 8: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: "My Left Foot" (†).

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey. From April 27: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: (Separate admissions) "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin; and "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney. From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.
Theatre 3: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Crazy People" (†).

**Worldwide Cinemas,** 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane. From May 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

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## MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 3: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid.
Theatre 4: Through April 26: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard. From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.
Theatre 5: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 26: "In the Blood" (George Butler), a documentary.
From April 27: "The Mahabharata" (Peter Brook).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. betwen 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

**Carnegie Screening Room,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Miami Blues" (†).

**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through April 26: "Cry-Baby" (†).
From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 26: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†). From April 27: "Q & A" (Sydney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 5: "Crazy People" (†).
Theatre 6: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

**Metro Cinema 1 and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.

**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid. From April 27: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey. From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 3: "Angel Town" (Eric Karson), with Olivier Gruner and Theresa Saldana.
Theatre 4: Through April 26: "Angel Town." From April 27: "Q & A" (Sydney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 6: "Body Chemistry."

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 3: "Crazy People" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 26: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney. From April 27: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Cry-Baby"(†). From April 27: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid. From April 27: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

**Warner,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through April 26: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.
From April 27: "Martians Go Home" (David Odell), with Randy Quaid.

**West Side Cinema 1 and 2,** 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Biograph Cinema,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
April 23: "The V.I.P.s" (1963, directed by Terence Rattigan), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, and Louis Jourdan; and "Murder by Death" (1976, Robert Moore), with Eileen Brennan, Truman Capote, James Coco, Peter Falk, Alec Guinness, Elsa Lanchester, David Niven, Peter Sellers, Smith, Nancy Walker, and Estelle Winwood.
April 24-25: "Nowhere to Go" (1959, Seth Holt), with George Nader, Bernard Lee, and Maggie Smith; and "Agatha" (1979, Michael Apted), with Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave.
April 26-28: "Murder She Said" (1962, George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.
April 29-30: "Evil Under the Sun" (1982, Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "The Mirror Crack'd" (1980, Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury as Christie's Jane Marple.
From May 1: The seventh annual Israeli film festival.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 24: "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff"; 1967, Orson Welles), with Welles; and "The Trial" (1962, Welles), with Anthony Perkins,.
April 25-26: "Triumph of the Spirit" (1989, Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia; and "Daniel" (1983, Sidney Lumet), with Timothy Hutton, Amanda Plummer, Lindsay Crouse, and Mandy Patinkin.
April 27-28: Two different programs of Looney Tunes cartoons.
April 29: "Uncle Vanya" (1963, Stuart Burge), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, Laurence Olivier, and Rosemary Harris; and "War Requiem" (1990, Derek Jarman).
April 30-May 1: "Double Indemnity" (†). and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).
From May 2: "Café Flesh" (1980, Rinse Dream); and "Le Dernier Combat" (1984, Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through April 24: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (1989, Terry Gilliam), with John Neville, Eric Idle, Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, Robin Williams, and Uma Thurman; and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975, Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
April 25-26: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Kubrick), with Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lee Ermey, Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin.
April 27-28: "El Amor Brujo" (1986, Carlos Saura; in Spanish); and "Carmen" (1983, Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
April 29: "Cabaret" (†) and "I Am a Camera" (†).
April 30-May 1: "Impact" (1949, Arthur Lubin), with Brian Donlevy and Ella Raines; "The Hidden Room" (1950, Edward Dmytryk), with Robert Newton and Sally Grey; and "The Scar" (1948, Steve Sekely), with Joan Bennett and Paul Henreid.
From May 2: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), an actual Bruce performance, recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, in San Francisco; and "Dance Hall Racket" (1956), with Bruce.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 23: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "The Magic Flute" (1975, Bergman; in Swedish).
April 24: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941, W. S. Van Dyke) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947, Edward Buzzell), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
April 25: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "Dead of Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.
April 26: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†); and "The Fan" (1949, Otto Preminger), with Madeleine Carroll, George Sanders, and Jeanne Crain.
April 27-28: "North by Northwest" (1959, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (†).
April 29: "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (†) and "Key Largo" (†).
April 30: "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Le Gai Savoir" (†).
May 1: "The Nanny" (†); and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono.
May 2: "Mildred Pierce" (1945, Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, Ann Blyth, Eve Arden, and Bruce Bennett; and "Daisy Kenyon" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Crawford, Dana Andrews, Henry Fonda, Ruth Warrick, and Peggy Ann Garner.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
**Theatre 1:** April 23 at 2:30: "Hanna K." (1983, directed by Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh, Jeanne Yanne, and Gabriel Byrne. . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "Betrayed" (1988, Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger, Tom Berenger, and John Heard. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2:30: "Family Business" (1986, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Johnny Hallyday, Fanny Ardant, and Guy Marchand. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6: "Music Box" (1989, Costa-Gavras), with Jessica Lange and Armin Mueller-Stahl. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30 and April 28 at 5: The "Ricotta" episode from "Ragopag" (1963, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Orson Welles and Laura Betti; the "Earth Seen from the Moon" episode from "The Witches" (1967, Pasolini; in Italian), with Silvana Magnano, Totó, and Ninetto Davoli; the "What Are Clouds?" episode from "Capriccio all'Italiana" (1968, Pasolini; in Italian), with Totó, Davoli, and Betti; and the "Paper Flower Sequence" episode from "Amore e Rabbia" (1969, Pasolini; in Italian), with Davoli. . . . ¶ April 27 at 6 and April 28 at 2: "Accattone!" (1961, Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and

## MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Adriana Asti. . . . ¶ April 29 at noon: "Locations in Palestine" (1964, Pasolini; in Italian), a documentary about the preparation of "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." . . . ¶ April 29 at 2: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1964, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ April 29 at 5: "The Grim Reaper" (1962, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Francesco Rulu and Giancarlo De Rosa. . . . ¶ May 1 at noon: "In Search of Locations for 'The Gospel According to St. Matthew'" (1964, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "Il Bell' Antonio" (1960, Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale.

**THEATRE 2:** April 23 at 6:30: A program of hand-painted 16-mm. and 35-mm. films (1980-90) by Stan Brakhage, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 24 at 3: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6: "An Affair of the Skin" ("Love as Disorder"; 1963, Ben Maddow), with Diana Sands, Kevin McCarthy, and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ April 26 at 3 and 6: "The Lost Army" (1989, Ned Johnston and Susan Todd), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 30 at 6:30: A program of 16-mm. films by Scott Stark.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, films on which William Cameron Menzies was either the production designer or the director. April 25 at 2:30: "Puttin' on the Ritz" (1930, E. H. Sloman), with Harry Richman and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2:30: "The Bat" (1926, Roland West; silent), with André de Beranger and Charles Herzinger. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30: "The Iron Mask" (1929, Allan Dwan; silent), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2: "Reign of Terror" (1949, Anthony Mann), with Richard Basehart. . . . ¶ April 28 at 5: "The Maze" (1953, Menzies), with Richard Carlson and Veronica Hurst. . . . ¶ April 29 at 2: "Gone with the Wind" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "The Maze."

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. April 25 at 7: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian). . . . ¶ April 26 at 7: "Greasepaint and Gasoline" (1931, Jindřich Honzl; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 26-27 at 9, April 28 at 10:30, and April 29 at 9: "Twister" (1988, Michael Almereyda), with Harry Dean Stanton, Lois Chiles, Suzy Amis, Dylan McDermott, and Crispin Glover. . . . ¶ April 27 at 7: "Your Money or Your Life" (1932, Honzl; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 27-28 at 7: "Mingh Green" (1966) and "Twice a Man" (1963), both directed by Gregory Markopoulos. . . . ¶ April 28 at 5:30: "Crisis" (1938, Herbert Kline; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 28 at 7: "The World Belongs to Us" (1937, Martin Frič; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 28 at 9: "Tonka of the Gallows" (1930, Karel Anton; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 29 at 5:30: "From Personal Cinema to Advertising: Nine Films, 1930-41," short Czech films. . . . ¶ April 29 at 7: "Heave Ho!" (1934, Frič; in Czech).

**FLORENCE GOULD HALL,** 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 2 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Toni" (1934, Jean Renoir; in French), with Charles Blavette, Célia Montalvan, Jenny Hélia, and Max Dalban.

**JAPAN SOCIETY,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 27 at 6:30: "Five Gentlemen at Sunrise" (1966, Shue Matsubayashi; in Japanese).

**ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., STATE OFFICE BUILDING,** 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—April 27 at 1 and 4:10: "Miracle in Harlem" (1948, Jack Kemp), with Hilda Offay; "Go Down Death" (1944, Spencer Williams), with Myra H. Hemmings, Samuel L. Jones, Eddy Houston, and Williams; and "That's Black Entertainment" (1989, William Greaves), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 27 at 7: A James Brown film festival, including "Mr. Please, Please, Please," "Mr. Dynamite," and "Soul Brother #1." . . . ¶ April 28 at 1 and 6: "Shaft" (1971, Gordon Parks), with Richard Roundtree and Moses Gunn; and "Superfly" (1972, Gordon Parks, Jr.), with Ron O'Neal, Carl Lee, and Julius Harris. . . . ¶ April 28 at 4:15: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles), with Melvin Van Peebles, Mario Van Peebles, and John Amos. . . . ¶ April 29 at 1 and 4:20: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke; and "Three the Hard Way" (1974, Gordon Parks, Jr.), with Jim Brown, Fred Williamson, Jim Kelly, and Sheila Frazier. . . . ¶ April 29 at 6:30: "Sophisticated Ladies" (1982, Clark Jones) and "Treemonisha" (1982, Sid Smith). . . . ¶ April 30 at 1: "Come Back, Africa" (1959, Lionel Rogosin); "Fields of Endless Day" (1978, Terence McCarthey-Filgate); and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Palcy). . . . ¶ April 30 at 6: "Sparkle" (1976, Sam O'Steen), with Irene Cora, Lonette McKee, Philip Michael Thomas, Mary Alice, and Dorian Hareword; and "Soul to Soul" (1971, Denis Sanders).

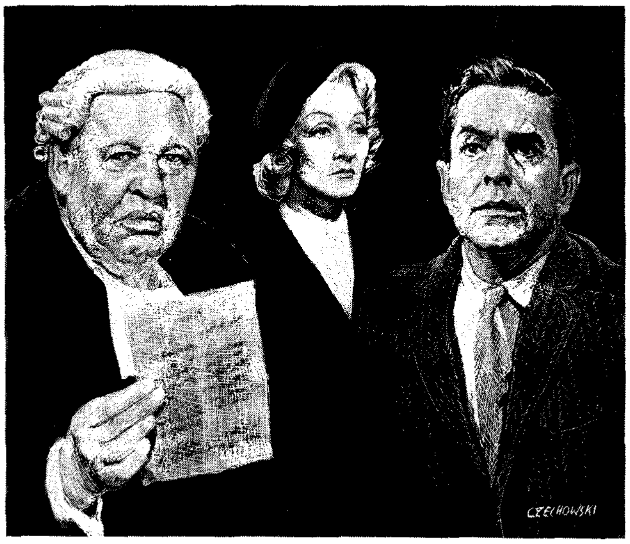
## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

**THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN** (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield. The screenplay, by Edward Paramore, was adapted from a story by Grace Zaring Stone.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 30-May 1.)

**CABARET** (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. From Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, via the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret," which was adapted for the screen by Jay Presson Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 29.)



*At the Biograph, Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, and Tyrone Power in "Witness for the Prosecution"*

**CAMILLE CLAUDEL**—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

**CRAZY PEOPLE**—Dudley Moore plays a stressed-out advertising copywriter who is committed to a sanitarium. And there, with the help of his fellow mental patients, he does his best "creative" work: campaigns that—in the movie's view—tell the truth about the products they advertise. The ads are hugely successful, and the ad-agency bigwigs, predictably, try to exploit the innocent eccentrics who've dreamed them up: it's corporate baddies against lovable zanies. The copywriter, meanwhile, is recovering his sanity and falling for the cutest of the loonies, played by Daryl Hannah. This desperate, interminable comedy is sort of a nightmare combination of "King of Hearts" and "Putney Swope"—with glossy Hollywood-style uplift thrown in. Honesty has nothing to do with the moviemakers' approach: they give the usual shoddy goods an old-fashioned hard sell. Also with J. T. Walsh, Paul Reiser, Mercedes Ruehl, David Paymer, Bill Smitrovich, and Paul Bates. Screenplay by Mitch Markowitz. Directed, ineptly, by Tony Bill.—T.R. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, 59th Street East Cinema, U. A. East, Waverly, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

**CRY-BABY**—John Waters' new movie, set in Baltimore in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the formula of his "Hairspray" (1988), but this is a much less enjoyable picture. Like all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock and roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and

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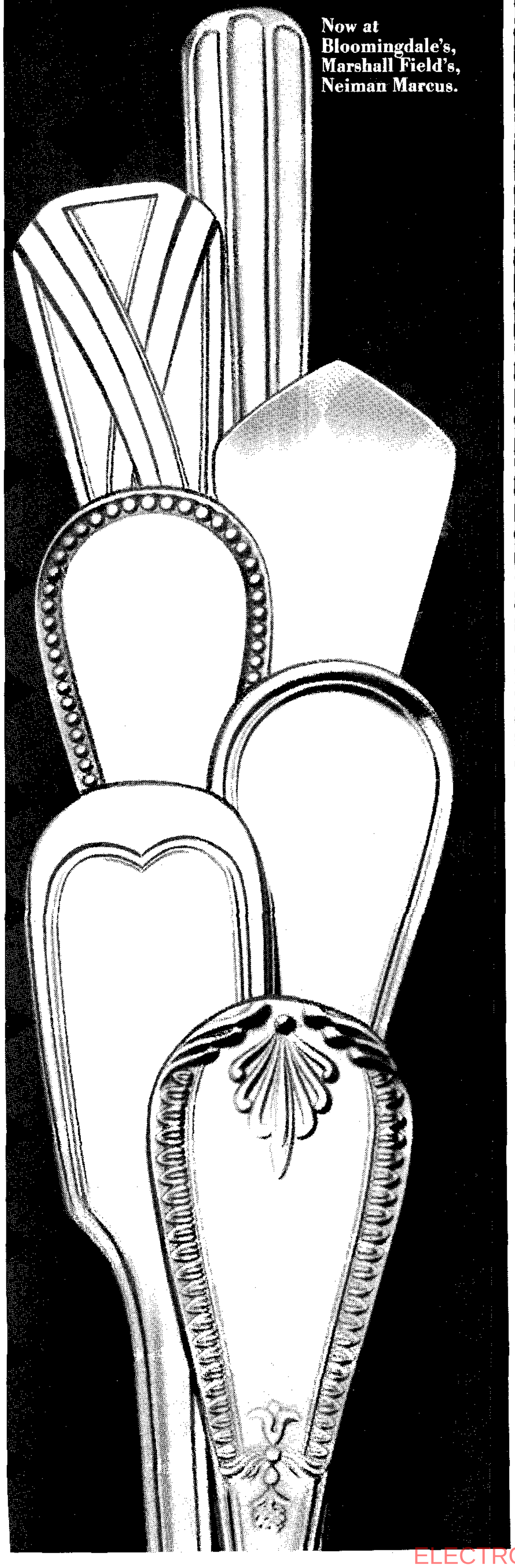

the film devotes itself to exploring the question, Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? (Can't the adults see that these mixed-up kids are the cutest people alive?) Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. Waters seems to be going through the motions: "Cry-Baby" is all attitude, a rote recitation of mildly naughty jokes he's made before. Maybe cute people don't inspire him. The bizarre supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, former porn queen Traci Lords, Kim McGuire (as a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face), Susan Tyrrell, Ricki Lake, Iggy Pop, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, Joe Dallesandro, David Nelson, and celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst. The star of Waters' previous films, the massive transvestite Divine, died just after the release of "Hairspray," and in his absence the bad-taste touches are sourer than usual; in this picture we feel there's something a little masochistic about Waters' fascination with the grotesque.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/90.) (Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin; through April 26. . . . ¶ Baronet; through May 1.)

**Double Indemnity** (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story (from his book "Three of a Kind"), and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the film-noir genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked, thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman-husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hardboiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect isn't: except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Byron Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklós Rózsa.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 30-May 1.)

**Driving Miss Daisy**—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Eastside Cinema, Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 26.)

**Drugstore Cowboy**—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center; through April 26.)

*Liza Minnelli in "Cabaret"*

**Le Gai Savoir** (1968)—"Weekend" (made earlier this same year) was the culmination of Jean-Luc Godard's great, rampaging, innovative career, and after it he seemed to be back at square one, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. "Le Gai Savoir" was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study; there's not much to look at, and since the soundtrack is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

**Henry V**—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars:

Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

**Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer**—This low-budget independent feature, originally made for the home-video market, has a stark, relentless quality that is sometimes mistaken for art. Like Leonard Kastle's "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), it's a deliberately flat, affectless treatment of gruesome true-crime material. (It's loosely based on the criminal career of a mass murderer named Henry Lee Lucas.) The movie's Henry (Michael Rooker) is a beefy, moronic-looking lug who lives in a miserable apartment with a creep named Otis (played, by Tom Towles, in a style that suggests a syphilitic Warren Oates) and Otis's sister, Becky (Tracy Arnold). Every now and then, Henry gets a sort of funny look in his eyes and goes out to kill somebody. Eventually, he starts taking Otis along, and Otis has a whale of a time; for a while, they videotape their exploits and watch them at home afterward. "Henry" plays like a hybrid of "Blood Feast" and "Stranger Than Paradise"; it mixes gore-movie carnage with Jarmusch-style aimless minimalism. Sure, it's compelling; the nature of the material guarantees that. But it doesn't seem to be telling us much more than that the world is a scary place and murder is ugly. We knew those things. This is tabloid chic. The screenplay is by John McNaughton and Richard Fire; McNaughton directed. —T.R. (4/23/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

*Julie Harris in "I Am a Camera"*

**I Am a Camera**—(1955)—Derived from the same Christopher Isherwood Berlin stories that were later used in "Cabaret," but aimed at a simpler, frothy, madcap quality. Julie Harris is Sally ("Shall we have a drink first or shall we go right to bed?") Bowles, and Laurence Harvey is Isherwood, with Shelley Winters and Anton Diffring in the subplot. Henry Cornelius (who directed "Genevieve") did this erratic version from John Collier's adaptation of the John van Druten play. —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 29.)

**Key Largo** (1948)—The soporific Maxwell Anderson play is an unlikely subject for John Huston, but he steers a shrewd course, bailing Anderson out in order to stay afloat. What the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is even more obscure in the script that he and Richard Brooks (then a screenwriter) prepared, but the movie is so confidently and entertainingly directed that nobody is likely to complain. Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida Keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Barrymore) of one of his men. The major has become disillusioned about the value of fighting, but when gangsters (who are symbols of reaction, corruption, Hitlerism) take over the hotel and start killing people, he is forced into action. Bogart wins Bacall, who looks wonderful but gives a stiff, amateurish performance. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; he has, as Huston said, "the look of a crustacean with its shell off." For diversion, this homegrown Hitler humiliates his aging, drunken mistress, played by Clair Trevor, who packed such a load of pathos into her role that she won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress. Thomas Gomez, as one of the hoods, and Barrymore do their usual overacting. With Marc Lawrence and Dan Seymour. The handsome, airy cinematography is by Karl Freund; the music is by Max Steiner.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29.)

**Miami Blues**—This is a pungent, blithely violent thriller—a B movie that doesn't aspire, or pretend, to be anything else. The director, George Armitage, works in a style so laconic and offhand that it could almost pass for nihilistic. It's just low-key professionalism, really, but that's a refreshing quality these days. Armitage knows how to keep the story moving and the action clear, how to find odd, amusing things in crummy locations, and how to stay out of the actors' way. And the actors shine. Alec Baldwin, playing a chipper young psychopath called Junior Frenger, gives a witty, volatile performance. Fred Ward—who is one of the film's producers—plays an amiable, denture-wearing police detective, Hoke Moseley; using an assortment of grins (some, alarmingly, chopperless) and dirty growls, he gives the character an admirable vitality. In the difficult role of Susie—a sweet-natured hooker who becomes Junior's girlfriend—Jennifer Jason Leigh is a delight; she has the intelligence and the originality to play a dumb, childish character with absolute gravity. The movie is nothing to get terribly excited about; in classic B-movie style, it's designed to go nowhere, fast. But it wears its craftiness and its essential no-goodness proudly, like a wiry ex-con with a "Born to Lose" tattoo. Also with Charles Napier. The screenplay, by Armitage, is adapted from a novel by Charles Willeford. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (4/23/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

**My Left Foot**—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Cinema 3rd Avenue, Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**The Nanny** (1965)—A small-scale English thriller, directed by Seth Holt—deft enough to be tantalizingly suggestive of what it might have been. Though Jimmy Sangster's script, from Evelyn Piper's novel, is just a routine horror job, there's real promise in the conception of the nanny as a mush-mouthed tyrant, with fraudulent sentiments substituting for feeling. The characters are amusingly "modern"; the children are "cool," the father insufferable, the mother weak, the aunt self-centered. So far, so good. The exception is Bette Davis, trying to give a restrained performance as the dowdy, repressed nanny, whose ten-year-old charge suspects her of having killed his little sister. Restraint is what Davis has not got much of. Antennae

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## IN BRIEF—Cont'd

flailing wildly, she signals us that she's being self-effacing, that she's holding back. Everything she does is out of key with the other performers; her thick eyebrows look false, and she treats her hair like a wig, patting it. You have to hand it to Davis, though: she *is* a star. When she can't dominate by a good performance, she dominates by a bad one. With Jill Bennett, Wendy Craig, James Villiers, Pamela Franklin, Maurice Denham, Jack Watling, and William Dix.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 1.)

**The Paradine Case** (1947)—There are few thrills in this big, misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Talky and stiff, the film never finds the passionate tone that it needs. The story (taken from a Robert Hichens novel) is about a barrister (Gregory Peck) who louses up a murder case because he falls in love with the defendant, his mysterious client, Mrs. Paradine (Alida Valli). The judge is played by Charles Laughton, and Ethel Barrymore (looking very elegant) is his sensitive, mistreated wife. Also with Ann Todd, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, Isabel Elsom, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. The script was pinned on Alma Reville, but probably her husband (Hitchcock) and James Bridie and Selznick himself also struggled with it. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27-28.)

**The Picture of Dorian Gray** (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, either, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling gimmick and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has an appetite for decadence and plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives her scenes true depth of feeling. This may be her most intuitive and original screen performance. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird" in a pure, sweet voice, the viewer grasps that the man who would destroy this girl really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. The cinematography is by Harry Stradling; the Albright brothers—Ivan and Zsissly—painted the series of portraits.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 26.)

**Pretty Woman**—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. The wild disparity between the leads' energy levels doesn't give the picture much excitement, though: Marshall sort of splits the difference between Roberts and Gere, and maintains an even, mildly bouncy tone throughout. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, and Hector Elizondo.—T.R. (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

**The Treasure of the Sierra Madre** (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico dig for gold and strike it rich—and the writer-director John Huston "looks on," as he says, and "lets them stew in their own juice." Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, Robert Blake as a Mexican boy, and Bruce Bennett, and the director himself as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel; Ted McCord was the cinematographer; Max Steiner wrote the terrible score. The first section (about twenty minutes), set in Tampico, with Bogart getting a haircut and fighting Barton MacLane in a bar, is so sure and lucid it's as good as anything John Huston ever did—maybe even better than "The Maltese Falcon." But there he sustained the hard, economic style; here he doesn't. And an episode involving the reading of a letter written by Bruce Bennett's wife is so false and virtuous that it's hard to believe it's in the same movie as those scenes in Tampico. The picture is emotionally memorable, though—it has a powerful cumulative effect; when it's over you know you've seen something. (It was a box-office failure in 1948; apparently audiences resented Bogart's departure from the immensely popular "Casablanca" stereotype.)—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29.)

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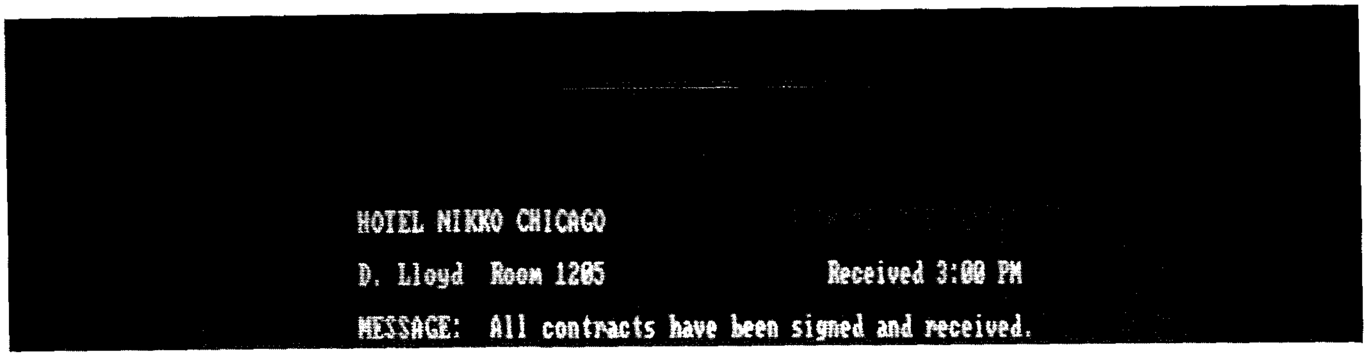
*Michael Redgrave felt that "a mood, an emotion, an idea, or a theory can be conveyed more quickly, more succinctly, with more immediacy, in acting than in any other art." His mercurial virtuosity and passion received a sublime showcase in Laurence Olivier's 1962 Chichester Festival Theatre production of "Uncle Vanya," which can be seen April 29 at the Cinema Village as "directed for the screen by Stuart Burge." In the title role of Anton Chekhov's tightest yet also most plangent play, Redgrave captures the incongruous boyishness of a forty-seven-year-old man. For most of his adult life, Vanya has slaved for his pretentious brother-in-law, a professor of art; with the help of his niece, Sonya (Joan Plowright), he manages the country estate that was his late sister's dowry. When he gets a crush on the professor's second wife, Ilyena (Rosemary Harris), he doesn't enter his second childhood—he's still completing his first one. Redgrave imbues Vanya with the scattered intelligence, ardor, and whimsy of a seventeen-year-old. (Vanya remarks that Ilyena was seventeen and he was thirty-seven when he* should *have fallen in love with her.) The performance is strewn with brilliant, quicksilver moments: the shock, disappointment, and sorrow he registers in succession when he sees his best friend, Dr. Astrov (Olivier), kissing Ilyena; the disbelief, anger, and hysteria that seize his face and then his whole body after the professor announces he's going to sell the estate that legally and morally belongs to Sonya.*

*Thornton Wilder once wrote that in Chekhov plays "nobody hears what anybody else says. Everybody walks in a self-centred dream." Olivier's concept of the play jibes with Wilder's. When the characters do listen to each other, they reflexively exploit what they hear for their own good. And on the rare occasions when they're wide awake, they move in self-centered orbits that too seldom intersect. Olivier, Plowright, Harris, Max Adrian as the professor, Sybil Thorndike as a nurse, and Lewis Casson as a ruined gentleman are all superb. They invest each ephemeral gesture with weight as well as spontaneity—a supple sort of gravity. This may be the best interpretation of Chekhov you'll ever see.*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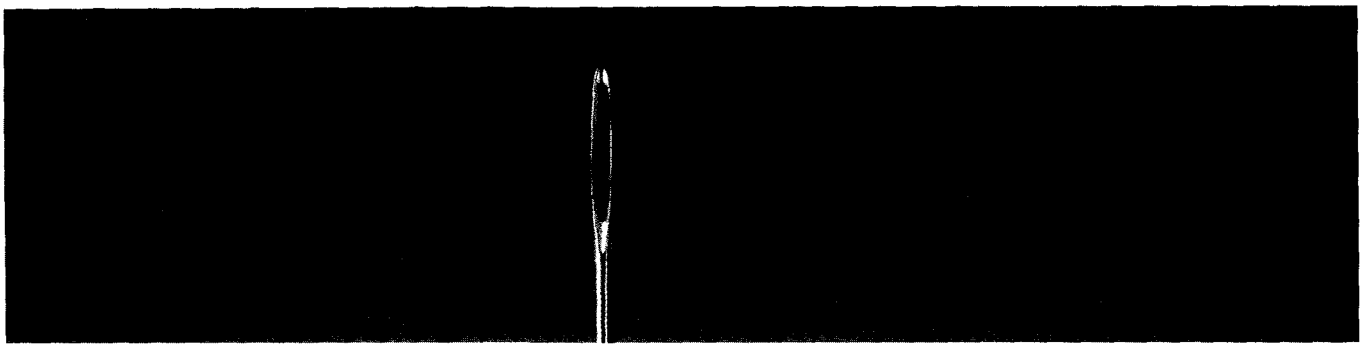

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

LAST Sunday morning at nine, we got into a taxi on Broadway at Eighty-second, told the driver "LaGuardia," and rode through the Park and up the F.D.R. Drive and over the Triborough Bridge, and pulled up at the Marine Air Terminal at twenty-seven minutes past the hour. We tore through the door and ran to a ticket machine, shoved our credit card in, got a one-way ticket on the Pan Am shuttle to Washington, hurried through the security machine, and loped toward the gate. A Pan Am lady said, "The nine-thirty is closed." We ignored her. We galloped to the gate and down the ramp, and there, at the end, was a gate agent easing the big, curved door shut. She opened it for us. We boarded. A few minutes later, we were in the air.

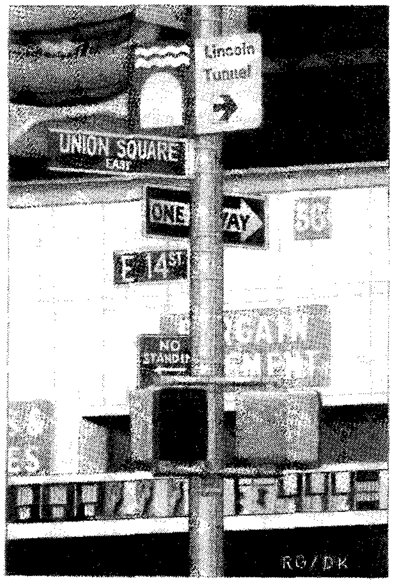
This race was the culmination of years of trying for the ultimate. After years of speedway drives to airports and of heroic dashes down concourses—after boarding dozens of planes breathless and sweaty, with our companion complaining, "Why do we always have to get to the airport at the last minute?"—finally, last Sunday, we arrived at the *last second:* as late as you can be and still make the flight.

We flew south feeling more than lucky. To arrive in plenty of time is an exercise in good sense, but to arrive at the last second is an act of grace, and it bathes each preceding moment in grace. Every single move we had made since we got out of bed was *exactly right*, as things turned out. Our shower was precisely as long as it should have been, and we dressed without a moment to spare and ate a correct breakfast (oatmeal cooked in a microwave, instant coffee, a banana), and read just enough of the *Times* and put on a coat and then, impulsively, decided to walk a little way, but walked only so far, and then flagged the cab, which caught all the necessary green lights, and we dashed to the plane—one continuous action, like a falling row of dominoes.

What we flew to Washington for turned out to be a waste of time: three slow hours in a plush meeting room with fourteen friendly people around a shiny teak table, bottles of mineral water, bulging packets of unreadable reports and vague recommendations, blank legal pads, the gentle flapping of aimless, earnest talk—the typical board meeting. Every ten minutes, somebody said, "I think what we're really talking about here is—" and led the discussion off in another wrong direction. We wrote on our pad:

> The National Meeting Act of 1990
>
> Congress shall make it illegal to require anyone to sit in a meeting for longer than fifty (50) minutes. How to implement? How monitor?

The impatience of adulthood is what this is about. We hate waiting, more now than when we were twenty, when we felt eternal. We always choose the wrong lines to wait in: the one with the lulu in it, the guy with the Big Thorny Problem and the Long Explanation. We mutter, *Let's go, let's get on with it,* but we are trapped in the languors of vast, dumb organizations and their sluggish minions. In our youth, we accepted this, but now it's *offensive* to have time stolen from us—to be stood up, put off, put on hold, passed on to someone else. The long, long line waiting to get a driver's license strikes us as obscene. When the maître d' at the restaurant announces a twenty-minute wait for a table, we can hear life leaking away. When we come to the doctor's office at one-forty-five for a one-forty-five appointment and wait until two-thirty, it burns our bacon. Life is short. It didn't use to be, but it is now.



We are no longer friends with two friends of ours who got a phone-answering machine last year and installed a tape with a message that is thirty-seven seconds long: them singing a sort of razzmatazz number that goes something like:

I'm Nick . . . and I'm Liz!
We'd like to tell you how happy
  we is
That you called us, my dear,
And tried to get through,
And we're sorry that we isn't here to
  talk to you!
But if you'd like to leave a
  message—
Please won't you leave a message—
Don't hang up the phone,
Just wait till you hear the to-o-one!

They were busy people, and for weeks at a time you could reach them only by leaving a message, but after three hearings of "I'm Nick . . . and I'm Liz!" you didn't want to ever call them again. Thirty-seven seconds of their singing was thirty seconds too long to have to wait to say hello.

The other day, thinking that we could stand some new clothes and thinking that we couldn't stand to spend two hours shopping, we looked at a catalogue that came in the mail—the sort in which shirts and pants are identical for men and women, and in which the models affect a serious, even troubled, attitude, and the hairstyles are all from the thirties. Not like the catalogues of our youth, populated by big, hearty men in plaids and smiley ladies in poofy skirts and armorial underwear.

In this book, sombre young people with fragile faces stood in the shade in a tropical location, enferned, enfronded, sand under their feet, as if waiting for the mail boat to arrive from Paramaribo. From their wan expressions you could see they had been waiting for weeks. They wore crumply open-neck linen shirts and high-waisted baggy pants in colors such as brick, banana, paprika, thatch, desert, nutmeg, raisin, mist, cashew, creme, celery, hops, oak, corn, wheat, flax, hide, sand, gourd, herb, and natural. Nobody wore socks. It was hard to distinguish between, say, wheat and banana and corn and gourd, each a pale yellow, or between natural, hops, flax, mist, and creme, which were all what we used to call off-white. There is almost as much linen stuff as cotton, and the catalogue's authors left little doubt that linen is the classier material. Linen is "cool and crisp" and offers "subtle imperfections in the weave," they said, and explained, "Subtle variations in weave and texture are what give linen its natural character, and therefore should not be considered flaws." We were won over by the thought of "subtle imperfections" as a selling point. Our writing has always had that quality—why not our pants? We ordered a pair. We're not ready for banana pants, so we got a pair of wheat, and a flax jacket and two shirts, corn and mist. This took fifteen minutes. For an extra fee the company would ship them by Federal Express, but we opted for parcel post: no big rush. We don't mind waiting, just so we can do it on our own time.

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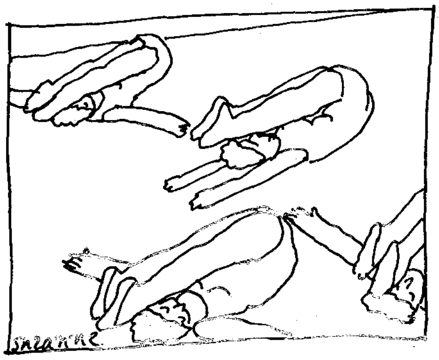
### *Next-Door Neighbors*

UNTIL a few months ago, when in midmornings we started hearing, from somewhere down below us, the kind of yelps and squeals that children make when they're outdoors and playing hard, only one memorable change had taken place within eyeshot and earshot of our office since 1963, when the Pan Am Building went up two and a half blocks to the east of us, blocking off a small, rectangular piece of sky from our view. A few of the offices on our floor have spectacular views—of the spire of the Chrysler Building, of the floodlighted G.E. Building (formerly the RCA Building) in Rockefeller Center, of sunsets over Times Square—but many of the mid-rise, mid-block windows in this part of town, a small pocket of midtown Manhattan that has undergone very little rebuilding since the first postwar boom in the nineteen-fifties, look out onto a great visual stillness, where the bulk of what you can see seems too unchanging to arouse your curiosity and too far away to nurture any feelings of neighborliness. This sealed-off sameness, and its forlornness, has been as much a part of our own experience of New York as sudden change.

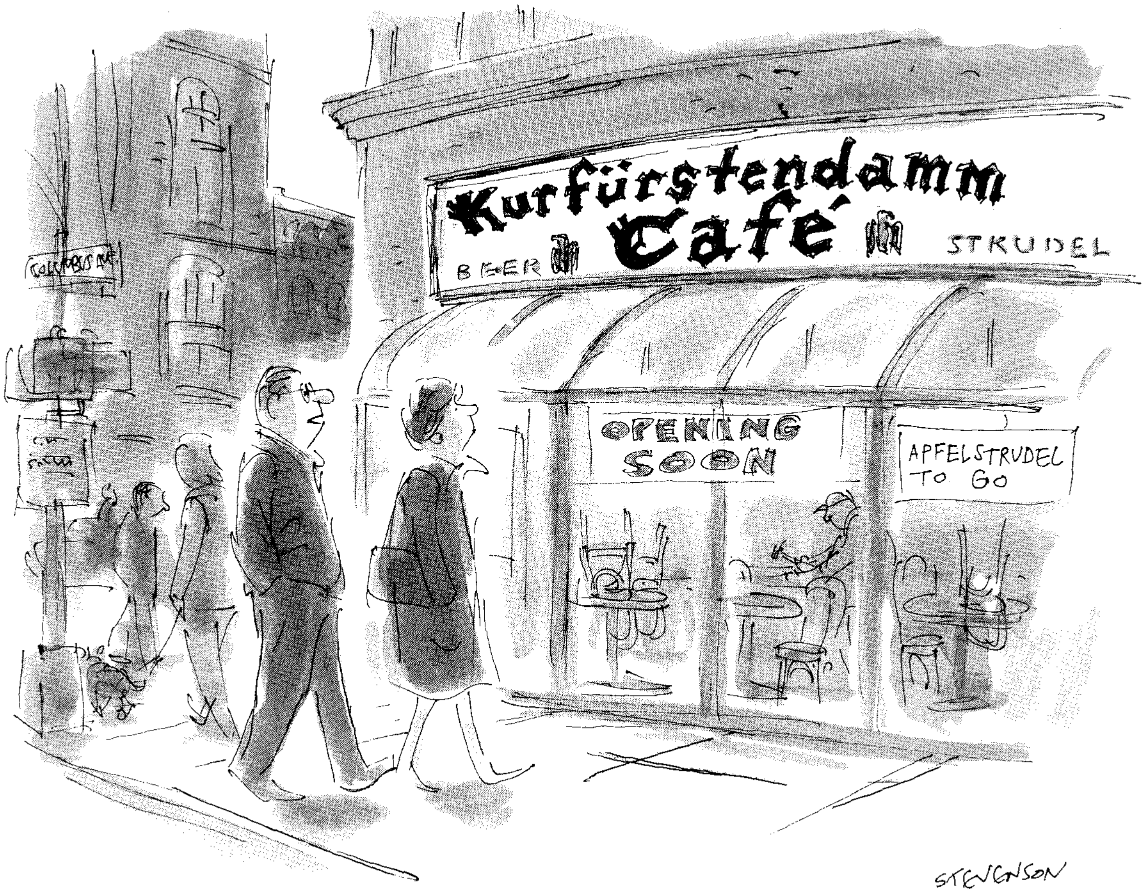
On a spring morning in 1964, however, Barbara Vroom, who had a job reading unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts here, looked out her window and noticed that bricks were disappearing, one by one, from the middle of the enormous and enormously blank white brick back wall of a twenty-three-story building a hundred and fifty feet up the block, on Fifth Avenue. Barbara later wrote a vivid short story for the magazine about the incident, the theme of which was that neighborliness is ready to pop up at a moment's notice. She called the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, the owner of the building up the street, to find out if it knew that its wall had been breached. It didn't, and the man she talked to was horribly patronizing until she happened to mention her name, at which point it turned out that he was an old and close friend of one of her aunts. Then he thanked her for calling and looked into the matter. It turned out that the bank was making the hole itself, so it could install a small vent for a stove. The vent is still there, and Barbara was eventually sent a copy of an internal bank memo stating that the woman who had called about the wall was "not a nut."



After Barbara's phone call, something like six thousand working days went by (that's twenty-five and a half years, with vacation time deducted: a period during which we saw and/or heard from our window two citywide blackouts, several hundred thunderstorms, and several thousand car alarms) before something else happened to let neighborliness begin to flow between the buildings on our blocks. The first morning we heard the kids somewhere down below, we practically had to lean against the window to see what was causing the commotion, because the clamor was coming from the roof of the building next door—it stands between us and the Morgan Guaranty building—and that roof is about a hundred and ten feet straight down from our office.

The building next door is a ninety-nine-year-old landmark structure that is home to the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and it's a building we're often in and out of, because for thirty-five dollars a year you can join its huge library and read in late-nineteenth-century peacefulness at oak tables next to thirty-foot Victorian Ionic columns and a flag from the 1st Engineer Regiment (New York Volunteers) that flew over Fort Sumter in 1861. When we looked down that morning, we saw a chain-link fence enclosing part of the General Society roof, and about thirty small children running around inside what had become a playground—some of them white and some of them black, the boys wearing blue jackets and the girls wearing dark skirts.

When we started talking about our discovery, information poured in. Roger Hart, the director of the City University's Children's Environments Research Group, which has rooms about forty feet below ours, said that someone in his office had already found out that the kids next door were students at the Lyceum Kennedy, a French school for pre-kindergarten through high-school-age children,



*"I wondered what would come after Cajun and sushi."*

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which had rented most of the top five floors of the General Society building. The Lyceum Kennedy is owned by a Japanese businessman, but most of its students are children of United Nations diplomats from the French-speaking African countries.

One morning a few weeks ago, we paid a call on the Lyceum, peering into schoolrooms and then joining the *classe primaire*, or grade-school, students on the playground during recess. The school itself seemed uncompromisingly Gallic—the studiously silent classrooms were decorated with posters of the Pont du Gard and large cardboard cutouts of the Eiffel Tower, and there were big boxes of buttery-smelling croissants for the children's midmorning snack—but once we were on the roof we felt right at home: the boys were playing touch football and tag, and the girls were clapping hands or spinning through jump ropes. Also, most of the talk on the playground was in English; in New York, said Jacques Maubert, the school's *proviseur*, or headmaster, a Parisian who taught for many years at French schools in Africa, "English is the language of pleasure."

Our only surprise came when we turned around and tried to show M. Maubert where we worked. It was a shock to realize that, seen from the side, our prewar office building, built of red brick, with big windows on every floor, is almost as anonymous as the white cliff of the Morgan Guaranty building. From down there, our homey and slightly shabby quarters, which feel as intricate and distinctive as a Cotswold village when you work in them, were altogether unrecognizable, and it was only after we happened to catch sight of Roger Hart talking on the telephone in his office, on the fourteenth floor, that, by counting up four floors, we were able to point to our own windows.

A few of our colleagues say that they find the playground commotion distracting sometimes, especially when they're rushing to put a piece to bed; to them the playground is one more intrusion upon their purposefulness, another outside noise they hadn't asked for, like the strange summer creaking emitted by the air-conditioner machinery on the roof of the nearby Princeton Club—a chittering metallic whining we had thought sounded like nothing else in the world, until we saw a TV rerun of the 1954 science-fiction movie "Them!" and realized that it was the same noise the special-effects crew had concocted to represent giant ants nesting in the storm sewers of Los Angeles. But other people in our office say that they now find the playground sounds *un*distracting—meaning that when they're completely caught up in something for the thousandth time they can be pulled back into real life by hearing sounds that are produced by people having fun. And that has happened to us, too. It's almost like being paged by good health. Playground sounds, we noticed only this morning, have a way of scurrying up the wall, tapping on the window, settling in right next to you. And a moment later we thought, It's a companionship that will be gone all summer. So we called M. Maubert to ask when classes will resume in the fall. September 6th—less than a week after Labor Day. Good.

## *Sanctified*

THE buildup was two opening acts, the endless patter of an m.c. between acts, and the announcement that Eddie Murphy was in the audience (a joke, it turned out). Then the lights went down and the band struck up an overture, and silhouetted against the Apollo Theatre's brick back wall amid a huge amount of fake smoke were the Winans brothers, a gospel quartet from Detroit. The audience was ready for them: singing along to almost every song, swooning when one of the brothers did a solo turn out in the aisles, and going nuts when the guest rapper Teddy Riley appeared onstage for his part of "It's Time," a new work by the brothers. A family gospel group with a guest rapper? We were so smitten that we arranged to meet the four brothers afterward to talk about gospel music.

The quartet consists of the twins, Marvin and Carvin; an older brother, Ronald; and a younger brother, Michael. Marvin and Carvin look alike, with trim beards and mustaches, except that Marvin wears gold-frame glasses, and Carvin is slimmer. Ronald is a heavyset man who sports a modified fade haircut and has a calm, low speaking voice. Michael is smaller and seems quieter than the others. Onstage, all four brothers are dynamic and somewhat serious; in person, they are easygoing and relaxed, finishing each other's sentences, joking, teasing.

The brothers, we already knew, make up only part of the Winans family. All its other members are also involved in the gospel-music business, and most of them live in or near Detroit. The parents, David and Delores, record together as Mom & Pop Winans, and then there are the foursome's siblings: Benjamin (BeBe) and Priscilla (CeCe), who, as a duo, ate up this year's gospel Grammys; Daniel, a solo artist; Angelique and Debra, backup singers for BeBe and CeCe; and David, a studio guitarist. Marvin's wife, Vickie, is a gospel singer, too—she opened the show at the Apollo—and so are the wives of Carvin and Michael. The second Winans generation, all now in their twenties and thirties, got their training "in-house," Ronald told us—they have sung since they were children. "Growing up, I guess we thought everybody sang," Ronald said. "You would call your friends and say, 'Aren't y'all singing?' " Along with music the family shares strong religious values. Marvin is the pastor of the Perfecting Church in Detroit, and he said, "Our great-grandfather was a pastor. Our grandfather, who's still living—he's eighty-eight years old—was a pastor. Our father's a preacher. That's four generations." The quartet and many of the other family members sing the kind of gospel music that is indistinguishable from black pop except for its lyrics. Marvin explained, "We don't like to think of it in terms of a musical genre. Rather, it's a message. Gospel music cannot be defined or kept to certain chords or certain structures. It isn't necessary that you say 'Jesus' every song or every line, but it is necessary that the focus of the song and the inspiration of the song come from the Gospel itself. Regardless of how we cross musical lines and barriers, we must always maintain the integrity of Scripture."

Co
TWIN PEAKS

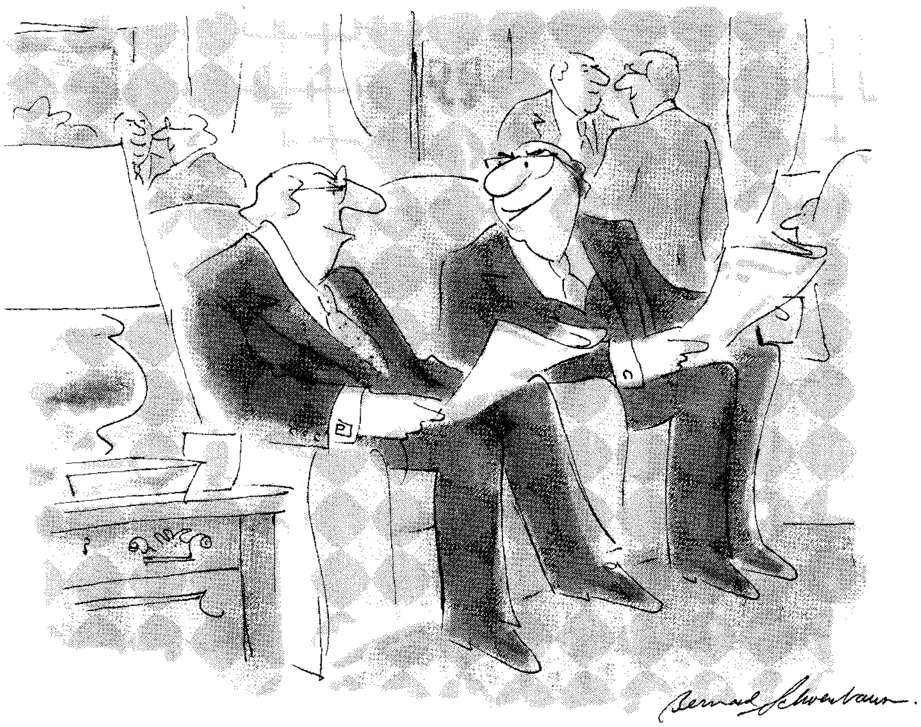
The Winans brothers have discovered that their audience is not always found in religious institutions or in formal theatre settings. "We went to do a concert at Concerts by the Sea, in Redondo Beach, California," Marvin said. "We thought Concerts by the Sea was an open-air amphitheatre. When we walked in there for rehearsal, we said, 'Oh, my goodness.' We *were* by the sea, but it was a bar. But the first night we went out, there were these mothers sitting there with hats on, as if they were in church. In the bar! When that happened, I knew it was smooth sailing all the way."

We asked about the young rapper, Teddy Riley (who is also an R. & B. record producer, it turns out), and Marvin said, "Working with him is part of an effort to open up our audience and to cause more people to realize that the Gospel is not just for a certain day or a certain time of year. For young people—especially now, when they're so misguided—we at least offer an alternative. Our motive is not necessarily to cause them to dance; our motive is to cause them to think. Certainly one day they're going to put on the music and they're not going to feel like dancing. They'll feel the *lyrics*. They'll get the message. And they'll make a change."

## *Ogling*

THE neat thing about the Auto Show is the way it brings people together. Take Kato Kaelin. How could he have known, when he was playing improv clubs in L.A. two years ago, that he would soon be up touring the country with a new partner and in the process would meet his future wife? Kato, a bright-eyed, rapid-tongued guy from Milwaukee, auditioned for Nissan executives four times in California, and then they flew him to Detroit and teamed him with a funny guy named Reno Goodale. Now the two of them get up on one of those giant turntables (almost all the displays have at least one turntable, with a gleaming vehicle on it, bathed in rock-concert lights) and make jokey sales pitches for the Nissan Stanza while giving away T-shirts. When we stopped by the Javits Convention Center last week, soon after the ninetieth New York International Automobile Show opened its nine-day run there, Kato told us that a little over a year ago, during the Auto Show in Los Angeles, this terrific-looking blonde wandered over and caught his act, and then they began dating.

The terrific-looking blonde is Brittany McCrena. She has been working on a Chevy turntable for three years, and she's Miss March in the 1990 Official Girls of the Auto Show Calendar. Brittany is wonderfully informed about cars, and on her turntable she was wearing a black-and-gold gown, because it looks good alongside the Chevrolet Caprice Classic sedan she revolves with. "You have to match the girl to the car," she explained to us later. On February 13th, while the show was playing Chicago, Brittany was up there revolving when this fat lady jumped on the turntable with her and began singing a song called "Will You Be My Wife?" At first, Brittany thought the whole thing was the bizarre brainstorm of some prankster, since visitors to the Auto Show were always trying to pick her up. But it turned out that Kato had written the song and hired the fat lady to sing it, and by the time the fat lady finished her song Kato had also jumped up on the turntable and Brittany had accepted his ring. They plan to marry in August, 1991. And while Kato was cooking up his proposal Cliff Marriott, a cameraman who travels with Kato and Reno, began dating Karen Walsh, a terrific-looking blonde from New Jersey, who revolves on another Nissan turntable and is Miss January in the calendar. Their wedding is set for June, 1991.



*"Sure, life isn't fair, but that's all right."*

• •

Then, there's Dawn Marie Scott, who was revolving over at Ford. Dawn Marie is svelte and dark-haired and was wearing a stunning black-and-silver cocktail suit, which was a perfect match for the three Fords on her turntable. Though Dawn Marie appears to be about twenty-five, she told us that she has a two-year-old granddaughter. "I used to do print modelling in Milwaukee, but what I really love is coming in contact with *people*," she said. "So fourteen years ago I signed up with Ford." Well, who do you suppose got teamed up with Dawn Marie at the Auto Show? Her twenty-year-old daughter, Letrianna.

"I wouldn't be here if it weren't for my mother," said Letrianna, a terrific-looking brunette, who was working at Ford's giveaway booth, where you could win things like travel alarms. "Someday I'd like to do what she does, but I'm not ready for that yet. You need so much *presence* to get up on a turntable."

Of course, a lot of ordinary people were also brought together by this year's Auto Show—about a million of them, according to an official estimate. Most of these people were dressed casually, and many were in family groups. Talking and taking photos and collecting brochures, they collided with each other and occasionally picked each other's pockets as they trudged around the Center studying the official program—"Vrooooom," its cover said—and ogling vehicles like the Porsche 911 Carrera 2 (which has heated windshield-washer nozzles), the Vector W8 TwinTurbo (whose options include a remote-control theft-protection system and an on-board computer), and the Isuzu Amigo (billed as "the truck equivalent of Tom Selleck"). Despite the talents of all the turntable people, though, the hit of the show turned out to be the Batmobile—the real one, driven in the movie "Batman" by Michael Keaton, and now actually touchable. On the day we visited, people were lining up to pay five dollars to have their picture taken as they posed at the left of the fierce-looking turbine-powered car. (A life-size figure of Batman stood at its right.) They said:

"That thing moves—that roof."

"I wanna hear the sucker run."

"Why are we standing here?"

"To have our picture taken, Eric. Years from now, you'll be glad."

"Too much people."

"Eric, come *back* here!"

"Where's Jack Nicholson?"

"Three *hours*, guys. It's time to blow this Popsicle stand."

# COCKTAIL HOUR

MY mother pulls the kitchen curtains closed, and the room goes from a kind of dull white to a dim yellow.

“Jesus,” she says and sits at the table. “Jesus Jesus Jesus. I really am going to die this time.” She puts her hand to her forehead. “Jesus,” she says again.

My father watches her from the stove, where he is scrambling eggs.

“You know,” he finally says, “if you didn’t smoke so much, you wouldn’t get such bad hangovers. Look at me, I never get hangovers. And why?” He pauses as if he expects her to answer, though they have this same conversation on an average of twice a week. My mother reaches into the pocket of her robe for her cigarettes.

“Because,” my father says triumphantly, “because I don’t smoke.” He smiles and my mother lights her cigarette.

“Is there any coffee?” she says. My father puts his spatula down and pours her a cup of coffee; when he brings it to her, they look at each other for a moment as she takes it from his hand.

“Your eggs are burning,” she says, and he turns back to the stove. My mother watches him as he pushes the eggs around in the pan.

“I don’t know,” he says, “these eggs look bad.” He holds the pan up to his nose and sniffs. “I think these eggs are bad.”

My mother leans back in her chair and pulls the newspaper toward her as my father brings her the pan of eggs. “What do you think?” he says. “Do you think these eggs are bad?”

My mother looks at the eggs, then away. “I don’t know,” she says. “Don’t show me any food.”

My father holds the eggs out to me; they have separated into shiny clumps and yellow liquid, but before I can say anything, he scrapes them into the garbage.

“There,” he says. “I think those eggs were bad. You’ll have to have cereal,” he tells me. “If we have any.”

“Susan, honey,” my mother says, “be an angel and see if one of the neighbors has a Pepsi for my hangover.” It’s a Sunday, back before stores started staying open all the time, and my parents know how to depend on neighbors—especially new ones.

“See if they have any eggs, too,” my father says.

“Jesus,” my mother says and bends her cigarette into the ashtray. “Don’t worry about the eggs, honey, just get the Pepsi.” My father sits down at the table and she lights another cigarette. They both watch her smoke drift through the dusty light.

I STAND outside the kitchen window to decide which house to try, and to hear if my parents say anything about me while I am gone. They have only a few topics of conversation: the cocktail party they have most recently hosted or attended; my father’s career; my mother’s smoking; and, less frequently, me. I know each conversation by heart.

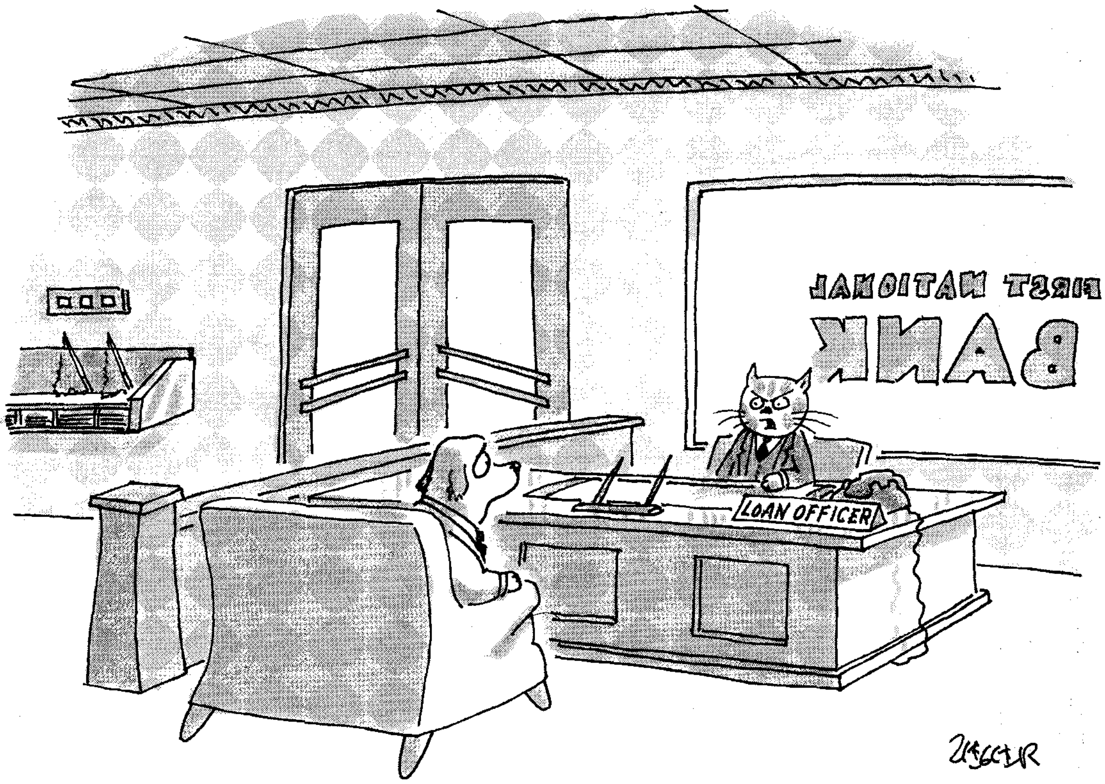
“You know,” I hear my mother say, “you shouldn’t have her asking all over for eggs. She hasn’t even made any friends yet.”

“Well,” my father says after a while, “I don’t see how that’s our fault.”

The conversation dies here for a moment, and I imagine my mother turning her neck to look at the crossword puzzle in the paper, my father gazing at the table.

“You know,” my mother says finally, “she is at that delicate age. Maybe this move wasn’t such a good idea.”

My father is silent, considering which of his many counterarguments to use. I am aware of being at that delicate age, though it seems to me that there has been no age at which I have not felt delicate, and no time at which a move did seem like a good idea. It is possible, perhaps, that when I was a baby it mattered less. When I go through our boxes of snapshots, I see pictures of myself: an unfamiliar-looking baby held awkwardly in unfamiliar arms, or an older, lumpy child, in front of unfamiliar houses, in the company of children whose faces I have forgotten. I try to remember a single place of origin, one place that seems like home, but all I can see is my parents in lawn chairs, smiling



“*Beg.*”

into the sun, or at cocktail parties, raising their glasses happily and with shining eyes. These are the images of my past, and they transfer easily from state to state, as do we, with hardly a jarring note. The neighborhoods we live in are all alike: neat, nearly new houses with driveways; inside too, the houses are all the same, with pale walls and hollow, light doors. Any bedroom I have ever had looks like any other bedroom I have had, and sometimes the things I own or wear or love seem more like parts of the houses we have lived in than things that are actually mine. The companies my father works for always move everything for us, so that on moving day whole rooms are suddenly disassembled and cancelled, reappearing in much the same arrangement in the new house. A doll I have had since childhood precedes me perversely, carefully lifted from, then laid again on, my bed, carried by whichever of the movers has a small daughter at home. Whenever I enter a new bedroom, she is there, staring at the doorway with blank doll eyes, her blond hair stiff and clean. My new teachers sometimes ask me to tell the class interesting things about my travels, and I try to think of some, but in fact the America I have seen is exactly like itself: Fairborn, Ohio, differs, in my perspective, not at all from Arlington, Virginia, or Syracuse, New York. The houses and the neighbors and the streets are all just exactly alike, without even enough differences to help me make something up.

MY father finally counters my mother with his trump, which is that he moves, after all, for his career, and his career is, after all, for us. Their conversation ends at last, as most of their dialogues do, in a kind of busy hush, and I look around, wondering which neighbor is most likely to have a Pepsi. I have seen a girl about my age in the house across the street, so I start there, and it is she who answers the door. She looks the way I want to look: dark hair, a fine long nose, and long, thin arms and legs. She is clearly on the edge of adulthood and as we face each other, we appear to be going in exactly opposite directions from roughly the same starting point. The room behind the girl is dark, and she looks at me but says nothing.

"Do you have any Pepsi?" I ask, but she just stares blankly. "It's for my mother," I add. "She has a hangover."

The girl's eyes drop from my face to my torso, to my legs and feet, then travel back up again and along my arms, gauging my appearance. "No," she says finally, "we don't have any Pepsi."

I turn to leave, but she opens the door wider and looks out past me at my house, as if she has heard something about it. Then she stands back. "You can come in if you want," she says.

This is the smallest house on the block, and the dark room behind her is a living room that looks hardly used, full of large, stiff furniture and slick, empty tables.

"My parents aren't up," she says, "but you can come to my room."

From somewhere in the house comes the sound of a television, and we walk up the short flight of stairs to an upper floor with only two rooms. The room she takes me into has a boy in it, lying on one of the twin beds. He holds a comic a few inches from his face and does not look up as we enter.

"Beat it, Tommy," she says, and he lowers the comic. He seems to be about her age, and his long arms and legs stick out gracelessly from his cotton pajamas.

"You beat it," he says. They stare at each other for a moment, and finally the girl turns and walks out. Tommy lifts his comic back up over his face. Comic books are scattered across the bed and on the floor around it, and a few shiny, complicated covers are tacked to the wall above his pillow. On the other side of the room, everything is stacked in neat little piles against the wall. I follow the girl downstairs and into the kitchen; the sound of the television seems to come from the basement, which in my house is called a family room. The girl opens the icebox and leans on the door, gazing at the food inside.

"You share a room with your brother?" I ask.

"So?" she says. "Don't you have a brother?"

Behind her, in the icebox, I can see a whole six-pack of Pepsi.

"No," I say.

She pulls open the snack drawer and flips through the cheese and bologna. "A sister," she says.

"No."

She turns and looks at me. "You're an only child," she says, as though she has deduced this information from subtle clues.

"Don't you mind sharing a room with your brother?" I ask, and she turns back to the icebox.

"Look," she says, "we do have Pepsi after all." She pulls one from the six-pack and hands it to me. "Here," she says, then hesitates a moment. "Do you want some ice cream?" she asks.

I wait at the table while she gets spoons and bowls. She scoops out some ice cream for me, then puts half of the container into her bowl and slaps her spoon on top of it. "O.K." she says. "What do you think would be the worst way to die?"

She holds the spoon against her tongue and closes her eyes to think of the possibilities, and while her eyes are still closed a man comes into the room and stands in the doorway. He, too, wears pajamas, under a robe, and slippers that show his flat, white heels.

"Annie," he says, and she opens her eyes but waits a beat before she turns to look at him. "Who's your friend?" he asks, and I realize I have not told her my name. She stares at me for a moment.

"Anne," she says. "This is Anne."

"Well, Anne," the man says, and he leans over the table to hold out his hand. "It's very nice to meet you."

Annie mashes her ice cream into soup and her father stands back. He watches us for a few moments, looping and unlooping the ties of his robe as Annie brings her spoon to her mouth and sucks in her ice cream.

"That ice cream looks pretty good," he says; then he turns and leaves. Annie glances at my ice cream, takes her bowl to the sink, and pours out what's left. Then she goes to the front door and stands by it, not looking at me, but not looking at anything else. I'm not finished with my ice cream, but I rise with my bowl.

"Oh," she says, "you can leave that. Tommy will eat it." She closes the door behind me, and when I turn to look back from the street she's still there, and doesn't move. In the glass pane of the door, her neck and head are outlined by the dark room behind her.

THE Pepsi is warm when I get home, but by this time my mother's hangover is gone, and she is bent over the crossword puzzle. When she rattles the ice in her empty glass, my father rises to take it from her. Tomato juice runs unevenly down the sides.

"Susan," my mother says. "We were worried about you."

"Here's your Pepsi," I say, and hold it out to her.

"You drink it, honey," she says. "I don't need it anymore."

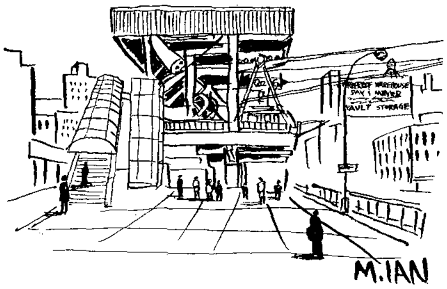
She touches the tip of her pen to her lip and leaves a tiny black dot when she takes it away. "What's a five-letter word for horse race?" she asks my father, and he stops putting ice in her glass and stands still to think. Smoke from the freezer drifts past him, and his face is perfectly blank. Finally, he shakes his head and drops the ice into her glass, then pours tomato juice, then vodka, which turns the juice pale pink. I pop open my mother's Pepsi and sit at the table with my parents. My mother stares at the puzzle, occasionally writing in a word, and my father rattles through the paper, scanning each page for important stories. He sets each section of the paper on one of two piles: those with important stories that he will have to go back and read, and those without. He looks up and down each page with a kind of desperation, hoping that nothing will require a closer look, so this part of his day will be over. The Pepsi is too warm and too sweet, but I drink it from the can and watch my mother take an ice cube from her glass and hold it to her forehead. "Christ," she says, "they *would* send you someplace hot."

My father looks up from his paper and watches ice melt onto my mother's puzzle.

"Damn," she says, and blots up a drop that's fallen onto the page and blurred the word she just wrote in.

"It's got a good paper, though," my father says. "You have to give it that."

She says nothing and runs the ice cube down over her face and throat. My father watches the drops of water slide into the open collar of her pajama top and down the fine bones of her chest; then he looks away and rises to make another drink.



"Honey," my mother says, "aren't you bored? Why don't you watch some television?" Like our neighbors, our

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## A SPARROW

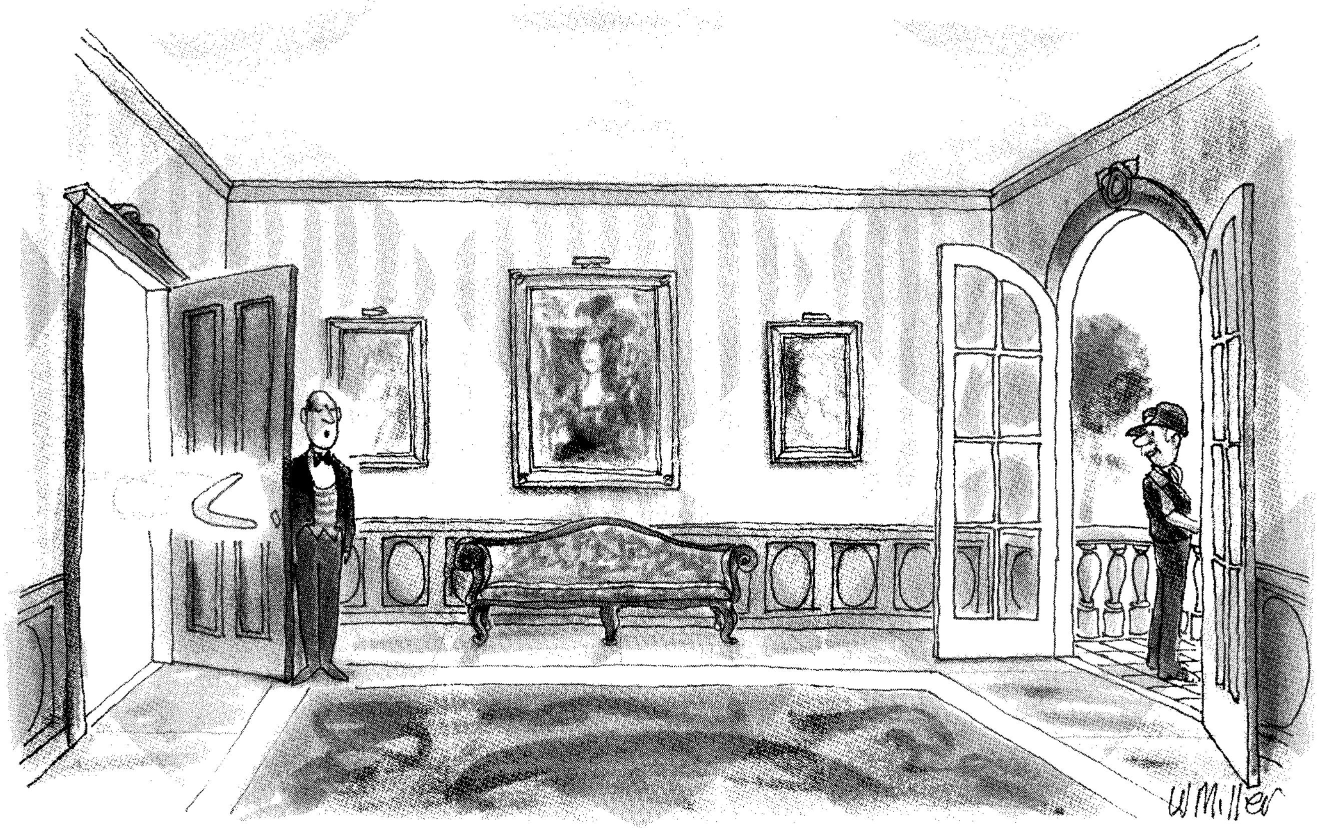
The street lamps flower and blacken away.
The stars, like broken beads, scatter
Over the black marble of the sky.
I'm waiting for a signal of rejection
Such as the moon, swaddled in mist, knows.
In the end, love implodes.

Now the river of day dissolves the stars.
Bells rinse the sky.
A sparrow crosses the boulevard
In small increments of hop.

It flies in and out of my room—
Weaving and shuttling by—
And every dry stick on the sill
Puts out a leaf.

—STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

• •



*"Your boomerang, sir."*

• •

houses, our streets and trees, television changes hardly at all from place to place; the same shows and faces and songs accompany us around the country. I watch a movie I have seen in two other states, and through the window I can see Annie's house. The windows are closed there. I imagine her going back to the room she shares with her brother and sitting on the edge of her bed, watching him read his comic. In the kitchen, my father finishes sorting the paper, sighs, and turns to the large pile he must go through again; he stares dully at each article and whenever my mother asks him for help with her puzzle, he stops reading and gazes straight ahead to think until, unable to help, he goes back to his paper and she moves on to another clue. Like this the afternoon creeps away slowly. At the rate time passes for us, it seems that I may never become an adult, never leave my parents; that we will all spend our lives here in this house or one just like it, sitting quietly as we try to think of a seven-letter word for something.

The movie ends, another starts, and I watch that one, too, until my parents begin to move about, anticipating the beginning of cocktail hour, when everything changes. The light turns a kind of soft gold, and it shines directly on my parents. I am not in the light, but I am close enough to it to feel its warmth and to smell the sharp stinging scent of my mother's Martinis and the odd, mellow wave of Scotch on my father's breath as he leans over me to hand my mother her drink. There is a kind of excitement that comes with cocktail hour, a feverish awareness that things are possible: my parents' eyes become bright, their voices lift, and when I look outside all the houses in which families are having dinner and doing homework seem dull-edged and flat. Inside, I watch television and listen to my parents come alive. Sometime in the middle of cocktail hour, lights go on in Annie's house.

WHEN I open my front door the next day, Annie is there, leaning against the doorjamb, looking nonchalant. She has not knocked and may have been standing here all morning, or since any time between now and when my father left for work.

"Oh," she says, as though it were she who had opened her door to find me. "Hi. Listen," she says, "I never got your name."

"Susan," I say, and she nods.

"Susan," she repeats. "There are already three Susans at school." She picks at a thread hanging from her cuff and pulls at it, but it is attached, and she smiles as her sleeve begins to ravel. "I hate all three of them," she says, and looks in the direction of school, which is only a short walk away.

My parents try to live close to schools so that I can walk there, and they try to plan our moves around the school schedule, so that, as they put it, I won't be starting off on the wrong foot. I will have, they say, as much chance as anyone to make new friends. And it is true: I always do make friends in my new schools, and they are always the same: shy girls with thin hair and glasses, and shy boys with pale round heads. They are so much like each other that I hardly remember them from town to town, their names or their personalities. Sometimes after I move away we exchange a few short, stuttering letters, but soon these friends are replaced by new ones who speak like them and walk and look and dress like them, who resemble them so closely that only their ages change, and it is as though they are the same group of friends getting older with me. I find my new friends at the beginning of each school year, and they are always, like me, in the back rows of classes, or creeping along the walls of the hallways—positions we take to watch the rules of school play themselves out. They are rules we don't exactly understand, but we know how to follow them, and they always leave us on the edge of things.

"So anyways," Annie says now. "What were you doing?"

"Nothing," I say, and she gazes at me, waiting. "You know." She says nothing, so finally I say, "I was just watching TV."

"TV?" She looks over my shoulder. Behind me the television runs smoothly, from show to commercial to show again, and she listens, trying to tell what's on.

"My parents don't let me watch much TV," she says, still looking past me, and soon we are sitting together on the rug in front of the television. "Oh," she says, "I love this show." She sits only a few feet away from the television, but I can see her eyes travelling all around the room. She leans sideways to look around the corner into the kitchen at my mother.

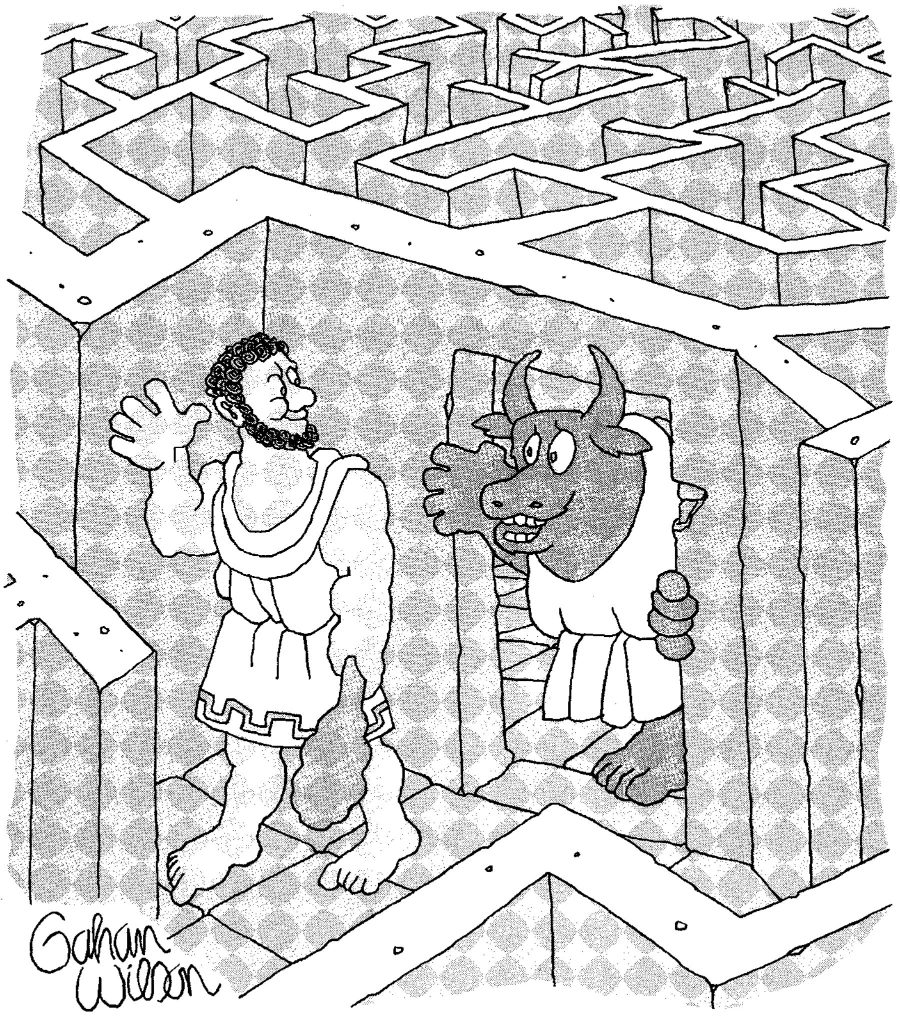
"What's she doing?" Annie asks.

"I don't know," I say. "Maybe the crossword."

After a moment, my mother comes into the room, and when I tell her Annie's name, Annie looks at me suspiciously, since she never really told it to me, but she takes my mother's hand and smiles.

"You have a very lovely home," she says, and my mother looks startled, then glances around at the white walls, the sturdy, dull furniture.

"Thank you," she says, and when our show comes back on, she stands politely smoking behind us as we settle back down to watch. Beside me, Annie sits quietly, but I can see her still looking around without moving her head, and behind me my mother breathes smoke in and out; she alone seems to be watching the show, and when a commercial comes on she goes back into the kitchen, cradling her cigarette ash in her hand.



*"Don't be a stranger, now that you know the way!"*

"Girls," she calls out after a while, "do you know a six-letter word for child's toy?"

Annie looks at me.

"So," I say, "what's the school like here?," though I already know what it is like; it is like every other school.

"Oh," Annie says as a new show comes on. "Look." She sinks deeper into the rug to watch, her elbows propped uncomfortably behind her, and stares at the television, her mouth half open.

When my father comes home from work, Annie stands up immediately and smiles at him in a way I can tell she cannot help.

"You have a very lovely home," she says, and he smiles, pleased.

"Well," he says, and arranges the pens in his front pocket, pulling them out and putting them back in one by one. My mother watches him from the kitchen and writes down another word. When he goes to the icebox and opens the freezer, she folds her newspaper.

"Honey," she says to me, "would your friend like to stay for dinner?"

She says this quite naturally, as though, like all families, we always have dinner when my father comes home from work. He looks around at her, his hand still on an ice tray, and, without waiting for an answer, she takes a pot from the cabinet under the stove and opens a cupboard. Annie doesn't answer, and we all watch my mother as she pulls out cans and looks gaily at the labels. Finally she opens one, and we all stare, transfixed, as she empties a can of peas the pale color of olives into the pot. When the can is empty, Annie takes a step back.

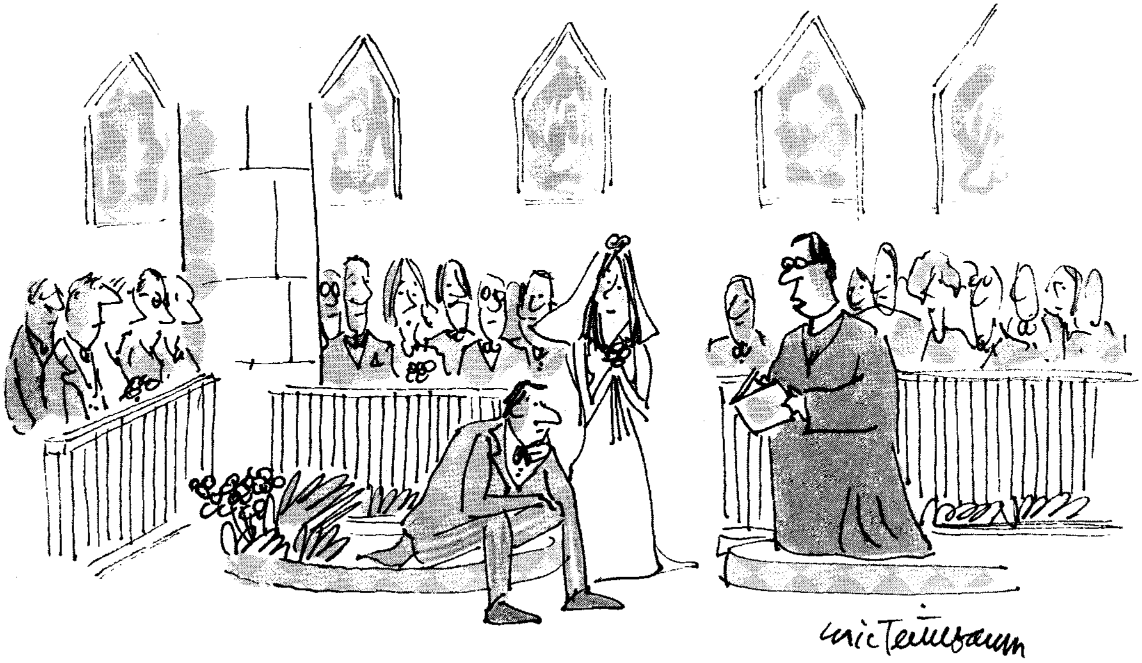
"Thanks," she says, "but my parents will be expecting me."

My mother looks up, confused; she has done this only for Annie.

"See you tomorrow," Annie says to me, and when the door clicks behind her, my mother looks down at the can in her hand and the pot on the stove; finally, she puts the can down and turns the burner off as my father drops ice into her glass. I watch Annie walk slowly home, zigzagging across the street.

"You're not hungry, are you, honey?" my mother asks, and I shake my head and go back to the television as my parents settle into cocktail hour. All around us, the boys and girls who will be my friends eat their dinners quietly.

When we finally have our own dinner, we are all a little dull. I have watched too much television, and my parents have passed through the excited flush of cocktail hour. It is too late to eat, and we move the pale-green peas from one side of our plates to the other.



*"You take all the time you need, Larry—this certainly is a big decision."*

• •

Annie appears in just the same way the next day, lounging carefully beside the door as I open it. "Hey," she says, "only one more day to school."

She looks past me and down at my hands and feet and around me into my house while she talks. "Do you want to see the school?" she says. "You do, don't you? We can walk there together." She looks at me when she says this, then nods. "Come on," she says and turns, so I follow her, leaving the television on and my mother, in the kitchen, scribbling down different combinations of words in the margins of her puzzle.

Empty, the school playground looks tiny and flat, even though in only one more day it will seem enormous and unmanageable, full of children going through the initial sorting-out of every school year. Annie sits on a swing and turns, twisting the chains tight; then, as she spins back, her feet trail in the dirt and leave long furrowed circles.

"I know," she says. "Let's start a fire."

"A fire?" I say.

She looks at me with suspicion. "Don't you start fires?" she says, and her tone makes me say, "Sure, sure I do," although it has never occurred to me to start a fire.

"O.K.," she says, and looks around. She begins collecting things—loose papers, leaves, dry grass—and piles some at the base of each iron leg of the swing set. I hand her what scraps of things I find, and when there is a little heap at each leg she smiles at me and lights the first match. She kneels carefully at each pile, and when all four little fires have caught she takes my hand and we run to the fence at the edge of the playground. We crouch behind it to watch the swing set burn; flames rise along the slanted metal legs, and, eventually, fall back down. I can feel Annie's excitement as she watches through the fence and holds tightly to the links of the mesh. When the fires have gone out, she turns to me and her face is burning.

"Wasn't that great?" she says. She nods her head. "That was great." She stares back at the swing set for a moment, then abruptly rises and walks away. I follow her home, but all along the way I try to imagine what it must be like to be on the swing set when it's burning, the heat rising through the metal seat, and me in the middle rising and falling back to earth, surrounded by flames.

"Well," Annie says when we reach our street. "My mother said you can come for dinner tonight. If you want." She glances at my house. "If it's all right with your mom."

For dinner, Annie's family has carrots and potatoes and chicken and bread and salad, all piled onto the plate at once. I sit next to Annie, across from Tommy, who eats steadily. Each time he takes a bite, he looks around at the food on the table; as he chews, he stares at Annie and me. The faces of Annie's parents are smooth and pale, and their expressions hardly change at all. Each of us has a tall glass of iced tea sweating by our silverware, but no one seems to drink any of it.

"It's nice that Annie has a new friend," her mother says to me. "Annie doesn't have many friends."

Annie keeps her head down and eats her carrots, putting chunk after chunk into her mouth until her cheek is distended.

"Annie," her mother says, "Stop that." And slowly Annie begins to chew. Her brother stares at her but says nothing.

"You have a very good appetite," her mother says to me. "I wish Annie had as good an appetite as you."

At this moment all activity stops, and everyone looks at my plate. I try to think of something to say but nothing comes to mind, so I take a drink of my tea and everyone returns to their food. Next to me, Annie fills her mouth until her cheeks are full, then brings her napkin to her face. In this fashion she clears her plate, and it is amazing to me that no one notices. When she is finished, she takes her napkin with her to the bathroom.

"Don't you get hungry?" I ask her afterward in her bedroom.

"No," she says, and opens a drawer, from which she takes a bag of caramels. "I don't like that food. I only like candy."

She unwraps a caramel and eats it quickly, hardly chewing it before she swallows, already unwrapping another as her jaws pop in and out; then she eats that one, then another, putting each of them in her mouth with a kind of desperate look before the last is swallowed, as though this is something she must accomplish in a certain amount of time. I am embarrassed, so I collect the wrappers and smooth them out, each one flat on top of another. I have a perfect little pile by the time Tommy comes in and sits on the corner of his bed. He stares at Annie while she eats. A glaze of sweat shines across his forehead, and when he pulls his shirt up to wipe it his stomach is white and thin. I look away when he drops his shirt.

"Why don't you eat like normal people?" he says, and she swallows the candy in her mouth and closes the bag.

"Shut up, Tommy," she says and turns her back on him. He watches us for a moment longer, then throws himself back on his bed and reaches for a comic. Annie closes her candy drawer and leans back against her headboard. "You can spend the night if you want," she says. "My mother says it's O.K."

I can feel Tommy shift on his bed to listen, and I try to imagine what it would be like for me to sleep with the two of them in this room, pressed against the wall while Tommy turned over and over all night on his comic books.

"I can't," I say. "Not on a school night."

"O.K.," she says, and leaves the room. Tommy watches us go.

Down in the family room, Annie's parents sit side by side on the couch, watching television. All the lights are out and the room is full of shadows and the cold light of the TV moving across the walls, like little creatures rippling under the wallpaper. We sit on the floor in front of the television and Annie stares at the screen. I can hardly hear her parents move or breathe behind us, so intently do they watch. It is as if we are not living these moments. At the commercial, Annie gets up, and, again, I follow; her parents smile mildly at us as we leave, then look back at the television to watch the rest of the commercial.

In the kitchen, Annie opens the icebox. "Do you want some ice cream?" she asks. She swings the door open and closed. "Cookies? Pepsi?"

"No," I say. "My parents will be worrying about me pretty soon."

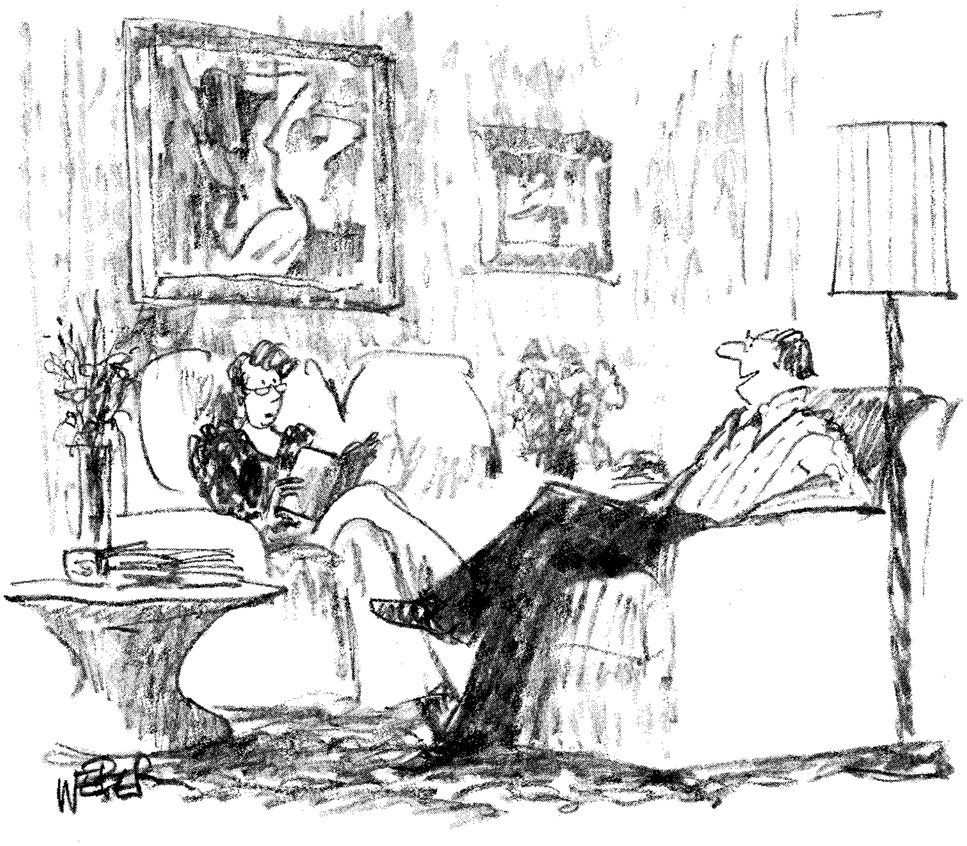
She moves some bottles around on the top shelf. "Well," she says, "I'll come get you tomorrow for school."

When I leave, she is still in front of the icebox, and does not turn to watch me go. Outside, it has grown dark. From Annie's driveway, I can see my father move around the kitchen, cracking ice, pouring drinks. My mother sits at the table, smoking and watching him, I know, though she is out of my sight. Here in the dark, all the houses look the same, but at the moment nothing that goes on inside them—dinner and homework and television—seems familiar. At my door, I make a noise and wait, to give my parents a chance to assume their usual faces. When I come in, they smile and have another cocktail.

ANNIE and I walk past the swing set and she pokes me with her elbow. A boy presses a girl against one of the slanted metal legs, but Annie pays no attention to them, only to the black grass at their feet.

"We did that," she whispers.

It is new for me to start school with a friend; usually I move quickly to the edge of a crowd and choose my friends from those who are already there, and we stand back to watch pretty girls match up with handsome boys in the middle of hallways; we are only vaguely comforted by the fact that we do well in school. Annie has mentioned no school friends, though I feel sure she must have some. Her brother attends our school, a grade ahead of us, but when we pass him, standing in a little knot of boys outside the doors, he does not see us. All of the boys wear dark T-shirts with pictures on them. Annie and I walk down the hall together and she speaks to no one; every now and then she takes my elbow and whispers hotly in my ear what she



*"Well, old girl, this is the third act. What, if anything, do we have up our sleeve?"*

DEATH TAKES A TIME-SHARE

• •

knows about the people we pass. "That's one of the Susans," she says, or "See that boy? He tried to kill himself." When we separate to go to our different classes, she digs her nails into my palm. "Meet me right here," she says. "For lunch."

ANNIE is standing in the middle of the hallway staring at the door to my classroom when I come out. Two girls with glasses and thin, dull hair glance at me, but when they see that I have a friend waiting they go on ahead down the hall. Their pale-blue sweaters fade into the crowd.

Annie and I walk with our trays through the lunchroom, toward the empty end of a table; no one speaks to us and we speak to no one. Tommy sits at a table full of boys. He eats steadily and looks up as we pass with our trays. She smiles at the boys and their faces grow cold; nothing moves above their necks, even as they continue to push food around on their plates with their forks. We move through the lunchroom, and when we reach our table she takes the plastic wrap from her chocolate pudding and points her spoon at a pale girl with glasses who is sitting at a table full of people with whom I would feel comfortable.

"Look," Annie says, "That's one of the other Susans. She's adopted."

The girl glances at us nervously and looks away, but Annie gazes directly at her a moment longer, then goes back to her pudding, which collects in the dark corners of her mouth.

AFTER school, as children gather in groups, Annie pulls me to the playground. "Let's get out of here," she says. "I hate this place." She throws a rock at the swing set as we pass it. "Let's go to your house," she says, and when we get there my mother looks up and smiles blankly at us as we climb the stairs to my room.

"Is that all your mother does?" Annie asks. "Crossword puzzles?"

"No," I say, "she does a lot of things." I try to think of other things my mother does, but the only way I can see her in my mind right now is bent over a puzzle, her head lifted to stare into a world of half-completed words, some needing only a letter or two to make sense.

Annie looks around at the carefully arranged furniture. "What a boring room," she says. She bounces on my bed and leans sideways, staring into the eyes of the doll that rests against the pillow.

"You still have a doll?" she says, and picks it up by its leg. She rubs the doll's stiff hair between her fingers. "This would go up like hay," she says. "This may even *be* hay."

She smiles and takes a pack of matches from her pocket. "Let's see."

"We can't," I say. "My mother would notice."

"Right," she says, and laughs. She lights a match, and all I can do is watch as she holds it to the very tip of the doll's hair. There is no flame, only a crackle, as each hair sort of fizzles crisply down to the plastic head and goes out.

"Well," Annie says, "that was disappointing."

The doll's head looks cooked, and smells awful. I run my hand over the warm, bumpy plastic, and Annie stares at me.

"Well," she says. "I better go." She turns at the door. "Look," she says, "I'm sorry about that doll."

My mother glances up when I join her at the table. "It must be nice to start school with a friend," she says, and bends her head to fill in a word; her pen scratches across the newsprint.

IT takes almost no time for life here to assume the shape of life elsewhere, except that here Annie is my friend. We go to school together and we leave school together, and all around me new alliances are forming while Annie and I move above them or past them or through them. The boys who are Tommy's friends watch us go by; they seem to know something about Annie and, because I am her friend, about me, and even when I am away from her, leaning over the water fountain or standing in front of my locker, they look at me with something in their dark eyes.

I watch the students who would

# INTO THE OPEN

How forlorn and lost
they must have looked, the mahogany deer
carved on the cabinet,
peering forth from the trailing
vines and foliage, antlers
intertwined, their bodies forever
suspended, frozen
as if jacklighted, as if, having come
so far to the edge
of the forest,
they couldn't bear to enter
the room, with its stale air,
the claw-footed sofa. Coaxed
from the wood, whittled,
these fallow deer, clustered
around the keyhole, guardians
of some mortal secret. . . .

It was a woman's hand, I think,
that turned the key
to lock away some token, hidden perhaps
in her underclothes, lying under
her corset, its hooks
and eyes open. I like to believe
it was she, needing
consequence, image, passion,
who placed the china figurines
in the curio cabinet, almost touching,
the shepherdess and the sweep,
vivified, at least for a moment,
by closeness. Once they were slip
in a single bowl, poured
into molds of equal measure,
and set on the topmost
shelf together—she with a rose
pinned to her bosom, a gilded crook
beside her, but no sheep walk
to cross, no flock to tend to,
and he in pitch-black clothes,
holding ladder and broom,
his face glowing,
having swept, as yet, no nooks,
no hearth, no ingles.

Day after day, lifted up, dusted,
placed on the shelf closer
and closer, the shadow of one
sometimes falling across the other,
they felt the shape
that love can take—the form of one
lying darkly upon the other—
and though you might say
they were only dolls, their features
glazed, their bodies rigid,
they, too, are of the earth, and I,
for one, have come to believe
in the primal sadness
of a divided substance. Oh, come

to me now, toting your ladder,
and we'll go, as they once did,
past the opening night
at the dolls' theatre,
past the one-act play of star-crossed lovers,
past the household creatures—
the potpourri jar
exuding sweetness, the captured knight
and the ivory castle,
the knave of hearts
doubling with self-love—
and I'll take you with me over the doused embers
into the dark heart
of the stove,
where we'll climb together toward the stars
bracketed inside the chimney,
past firebrick and flue
into the stratosphere.

—Susan Prospere

• •

normally be my friends; already they have found each other in the back rows of classrooms and in the corners of the lunchroom, and I watch them with a kind of longing. I know what we would be talking about, the plans we would make, the television shows we would discuss. When Annie comes down the hall, she cuts through them like a flame and they pull away, but I long to be with them, fading into the pale-yellow tiles lining the walls. Annie watches me as I follow their progress around the school, and she points out their flaws to me.

THE only empty table is near Tommy and his friends, and when we sit down they laugh and poke each other. Just as Annie unwraps her pie, a piece of bread lands on the table in front of her. The bread is covered with mustard and a few shreds of lettuce are stuck to it. Annie stares at it as she eats her pie, and finally she stands and takes it to the table of boys.

"Tommy," she says. "I'm going to tell Dad." She drops the bread on his tray and his friends all smirk and watch him, waiting. He looks around nervously, at his friends, at the bread, at Annie, and as he sips his milk through a straw a thousand things seem to go through his head. When he spits milk at her, a hard white stream that hits her in the chest, I can tell that even he is surprised. In the moment that follows, he wipes the milk from his chin and smiles at his friends, who smile back at him, and they look at us and watch the stain spread across Annie's thin breasts and drip down the front of her shirt. Annie comes back to our table, and everything goes on just as it did before except that the boys have grown bolder and more sure of what it is they think they know. They jerk their shoulders up high and smile, but they are frightened and angry, and they smash cans and toss potato chips at

each other. Annie finishes her pie, staring straight ahead at nothing.

It is cocktail hour, and my parents sit happily at the table planning their first cocktail party in this new town. When I consider the alacrity with which they make new friends, and compare it with my own slow, predictable progress, I think I must be adopted. But, like mine, their friends in each new city resemble those from the last: pale, bony women with black dresses and long fingernails, and faceless men under thinning hair, in white shirts and dark ties. It is almost as though they accompany us, a dark crowd of cocktail guests creeping behind us down the highway. Within weeks of a move, my parents are attending and hosting cocktail parties, and tonight they smile in the golden light as the world slows down to the even motions of my father rising and sitting again, and the smooth mingling of smoke and air in my mother's lungs.

PAST PERFORMANCES WERE NO INDICATION OF FUTURE RESULTS
Modell

On the way to school the next morning I tell Annie I am sick and will be going home early today, so she should not wait for me for lunch, and at lunchtime I stay in my classroom until the halls are clear. From the cafeteria door, I watch Annie move alone with her tray to the end of a table and eat her food quietly. Her head is down and she doesn't look at anything. I take my lunch to the other side of the room, to a table full of the kind of people I have always sat with in my other schools. There is space at the end, which I take, and, though they ignore me, we are like an island here, surrounded by an ocean of boys and girls who know more than we do. I watch Tommy and his friends walk by Annie's table. They stand over her, but she doesn't look up; she slowly fills her mouth with potato chips, slowly chews them. When the boys move on, she looks around the room, and sees me at my new table. The bell rings and she blinks, then we rise together.

"Susan," she calls. "Hey, Susan." All the other Susans turn their heads to the sound of their name, but I move out of the room, and in the hallway I can't hear her over the noise of boys and girls talking to each other.

At the end of the day, she is waiting outside my room. "Hey," she says, "didn't you hear me?"

"What?" I say. "No."

"I called your name," she says. "Didn't you see me?"

"No," I say, and watch as people gather into their groups. Any one of the groups would be fine, and I look back at Annie, at her long, thin arms and legs. She looks down at herself to see what I am looking at, and watches me watch the others leave. They are already in tight clusters that wouldn't open very easily to admit me.

"Well," she says. "Let's go."

"I guess I'm going to stay late," I say. "To help out" is all I can think of to explain it, but she nods and moves away. I hold my books to my chest and watch the boys she passes, to see if they turn.

After school the next Friday, I stand near a group of quiet girls who are planning something, but they take no notice of my presence and finally they break into smaller groups and say goodbye and wander off with their mild happiness, leaving me to go home to my parents' party. I stand at the school door until Annie is almost all the way across the playground, then I follow her to our street.

My mother empties and fills ice trays for the party, and from my window I can see Annie in her front yard. She stares at our house and finally she heads across the street. I wait for her to knock, but after several minutes, I open the door and she is sitting in our yard, pulling up blades of grass one by one.

"Oh," she says. "Hi. You know, your dad should mow your yard one more time before it gets cold." She brushes her hand lightly over the grass. "So," she says with elaborate casualness. "You can come over tonight if you want. My parents are coming to your party."

"I guess I'd better stay home," I say. "You know, to help out."

"We have ice cream," she says. "And cookies. We can watch anything we want."

"I have to help my mother right now," I say. "She's making ice."

"Oh," Annie says, "O.K."

I go back into my house, but she stays in the yard, passing her hand across the top of the grass.

My parents are getting dressed for their party. My father carries my mother her drink and looks at her in the mirror as she holds an earring to her ear. Their eyes meet and quickly separate. Downstairs, the living room is set with bowls of food no one ever touches at these parties: peanuts and potato chips and olives. From my mother's window, I see Annie's parents emerge from their house and cross the street side by side, like two dogs on a leash. They are right on time, but at least half an hour earlier than anyone is expected. Aside from that, I can tell from their clothes that this is their first cocktail party: Annie's mother wears a skirt and sweater and her father wears a jacket but no tie; their clothes are the same color as their skin. Behind them, their house looks dark; somewhere inside, Annie and Tommy have the evening to themselves. When Annie's parents knock, my mother looks toward the bedroom door and my father goes down to answer.

"Jesus," my mother says. "Who would come so early?" She clips her earrings on and with her long nail traces the line of lipstick around her mouth. "Won't this be fun, honey?" she asks me.

By the time I follow her downstairs, more guests have arrived. Annie's parents stand quietly by the coffee table; they hold their drinks awkwardly and only taste at them with their tongues as they look around our house.

"You have a very lovely home," they both say, separately, to each of my parents, and my mother smiles and my father gently removes their drinks from their hands to make them fresh ones. I help him carry them back, and Annie's father beams at me.

"Anne is a very good girl," he says to my father, who stares at him, until he remembers that this is Annie's father.

"Yes," he says. "She certainly seems to be."

"You must be very proud of her," Annie's father says, and my father looks around, then realizes they are talking about me.

"Yes," my father says, and he looks at me oddly, as if it were possible that my name actually could be Anne and he has been getting it wrong all these years. "Yes," he says again, "I suppose we are." They smile awkwardly at me and at each other, and my father cannot stop himself from reaching for the drinks he has just given them, to freshen them up.

I wander around the party, and when I return to the coffee table Annie's parents have moved to the couch, where they sit side by side and eat the peanuts and potato chips from the bowls on the table. They stare up and around at the other guests. My mother stands next to a man in a black suit. He takes her hand and his thumb catches on her ring.

"It's very nice to have you in town," he says. She smiles and begins to look away, but he keeps her hand. "Really," he says. "I mean it." This catches her attention and she slowly turns her head and looks directly at him.

My father is in the kitchen making drinks, and when I go in to watch him, he smiles happily at me.

"Isn't this great?" he says. "Aren't these people great?" He brings the bottle he is pouring from to his lips and winks at me when he puts it down, then leaves with a tray full of fresh drinks.

"Susan," my mother says when I walk by her. She takes my hand. "This is Mr. Wheeler."

The man in the black suit smiles nervously at me. "Well," he says. "You fit right in, don't you?"

My mother smiles proudly. "When Susan was little," she says, "she loved our parties. She used to kiss all the guests good night."

Mr. Wheeler smiles. It is true: I remember moving smoothly from one guest to the next, the brush of their cheeks across my lips, the smell of smoke and perfume, and the warm scent of bourbon on their breath.

"Like mother, like daughter," someone says behind us, and my mother's eyes go blank for a moment, then she turns and smiles. My father is back in the kitchen, and the party glitters around us, like a light you can't quite catch as it passes on the edge of your vision. My friends who are not my friends are all together at someone's house, making popcorn and watching movies. Later, perhaps, they will gather their courage and wander in a cluster to the small pizza shop where the other children all meet. The bravest among them will insist, and the others will follow awkwardly. They will sit in a corner booth, and glance around and wonder what is happening. And across the street Annie sits at home in a little circle of darkness, in front of the television, listening to the hum of Tommy's nerves as he turns the pages of his comic books.

When the phone rings, my mother turns from her conversation with Mr. Wheeler and my father looks up from his tray of drinks, but I answer it for them.

"Oh," Annie says. "I was just wondering if you changed your mind." She waits. "You know, about coming over." Her voice is high and strained.

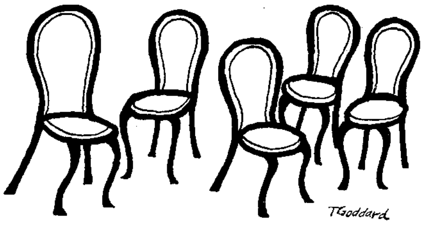
"I can't," I say, "I have to help."

"Oh," she says, but she does not hang up. I think I can hear the mean laughter of boys as they watch television in the basement below her. When I hang up and my mother asks me who it was, I tell her it was no one.

I leave the party without kissing the guests good night; from the top of the steps I turn to watch them. My mother smiles directly into the eyes of a man she has just met, while my father entertains the man's wife in the kitchen. Around them move people without faces, speaking in high, excited voices, and in the middle of the room Annie's parents sit together, staring around with a haunted look. I try to tell what my mother is thinking as she smiles at the man, whether in her mind she is groping for a five-letter word for frying pan or mousetrap, but she smiles, and nothing at all is written on her face.

From my bedroom window, I watch Annie's house, dark except for the kitchen and the flickering glow from the television downstairs. I turn out my light just as Annie comes out of her house. She sees me and waves me over, but I pull back out of sight. I cannot cross the street to meet her; downstairs is a room full of people I don't know, and ahead of me there are rooms full of people I don't know. I watch Annie walk around her yard, collecting papers, twigs, early leaves, which she piles in ragged mounds against the brick wall of her house. She turns to me again, and in the darkness her face is a pale little moon, lit by the bleak shining certainty that she could cause the dry bricks to burn, and somehow save herself in the flames of a fire we both know could never catch.

—BETH NUGENT



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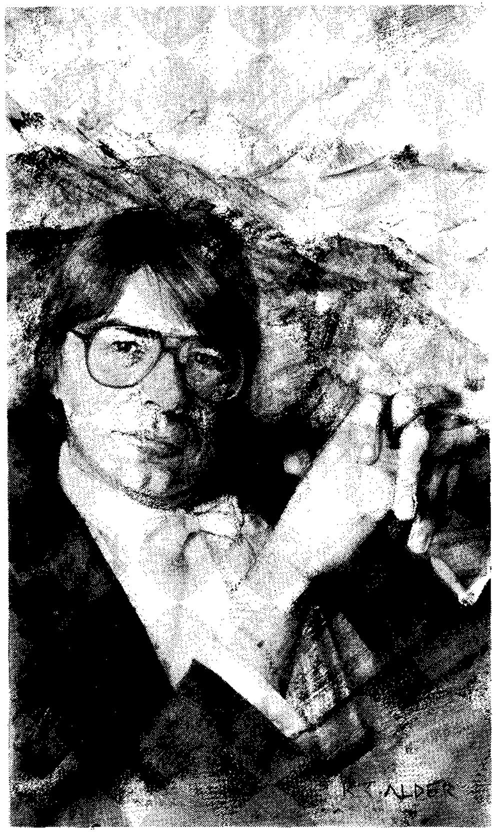
He said when he became Governor in January, "We faced requests to spend $13.5 billion but were looking at only $10.5 billion in revenues. And it takes no mathematical genius to show we were $3.5 billion short."—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

Still, a little math would help.

# PROFILES

## WALKING TO THE PAVILION

ONE afternoon in the fall of 1988, Jeffrey Tate, on holiday in France after a year of non-stop opera and symphony conducting, visited Amiens Cathedral. Renowned for its vastness and its perfect proportions, Amiens is one of the glories of Christendom. "I had never been there before," Tate told me when I met him a month later in London. "When I entered, I had the most extraordinary sensation. For about two minutes I couldn't speak. It seemed more like a stone bubble than like a building. One soared inside there; one felt as if one could float. I had been a little tired—and suddenly I felt enormously young."



By the age of twenty-five, Jeffrey Tate had become a doctor, by thirty-five he had become a conductor, and by forty-five—the time of his visit to Amiens—he had been appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in London, and the special quality of his music-making had been recognized in Europe and America. By any standard this is an unusual success story. But the success has another dimension: Tate has had to cope with being severely handicapped.

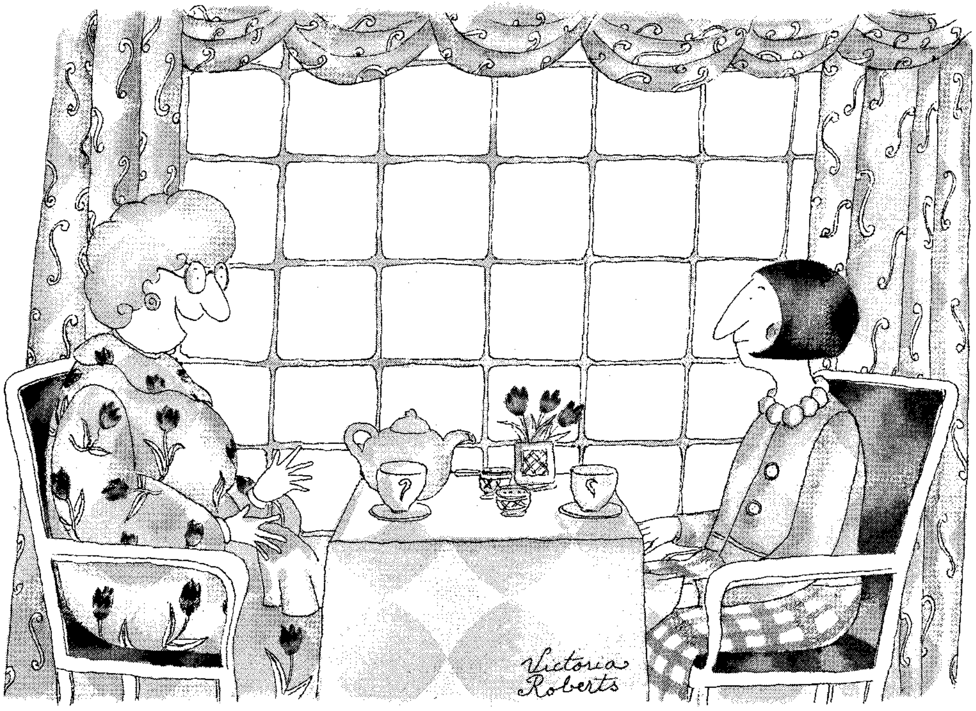
"I'm immensely aware of my physical imperfection," Tate said. "And that may be one of the reasons I'm intrigued by structural balance wherever I find it. I'm especially attracted to Romanesque churches—Vézelay, Autun, Tournus. There's intense concentration in their structure; it's revealing to see the degree to which drama can be obtained by following through with a single idea." Tate's feeling about architecture carries over to music. "Music has a remarkable capacity, in an abstract way, for mirroring an ideal equilibrium," he said. "That's why I'm particularly drawn to the great Classical composers. The sense of an ordered creation is inherent not only in music itself but also in the very nature of music-making. If you like, the most perfect expression of human behavior is a string quartet—where the four individual lines blend into a unity. Our world is a chaotic place, with potential for destruction as well as creation. I feel that there are positive, unifying forces, which can bring us a sense of wholeness, of well-being—which can counteract the forces of destruction. Music is one of those unifying forces."

JEFFREY TATE was born on April 28, 1943, in Salisbury, England, near where his father, Harry Tate, who was then an officer in the Royal Air Force, was stationed. Harry Tate, a handsome man, is an outdoorsman and was an excellent cricket player. After the war, he took up a position in the postal service. His son was a robust fellow, to all appearances physically normal except for flat feet. The family doctor suggested that Jeffrey be fitted with wedge shoes, but they had no effect. When Jeffrey was three, his mother, Ivy, took him to a specialist. The diagnosis was that Jeffrey did indeed have flat feet, and also a serious malformation of the spine.

"One always expects one's child to be perfect," Ivy told me as she served tea in her present home, in Farnham, Surrey. "Jeffrey was such a lovely boy. Seeing him running about, you'd think he was like any other child. When you're told such a thing, you're so shocked—I went almost numb." The malformation particularly affected Jeffrey's left leg, and to insure that it would grow straight he had to wear a leg iron that immobilized it from the hip to the ankle for two years. "They don't recommend that treatment anymore, but at the time it seemed the wisest course," she went on. "I was told not to coddle him. He'd often fall over and cry, but I had to let him pick himself up, and offer him no comfort. This was very difficult for me to do."

Jeffrey was nevertheless a cheerful boy. He was good with his hands, and enjoyed sketching and drawing. He also seemed to have an ear for music. His maternal grandfather was an opera lover, and his mother played the piano and sang for her own pleasure. Jeffrey began piano lessons when he was five; soon he was able to play the popular songs he found among his mother's sheet music. When he was seven, the family moved to Farnham, and he became a choirboy at the chapel of St. Thomas, in Bourne. Gifted with a beautiful soprano voice, he eventually became head chorister.

As Jeffrey grew, his physical problem worsened. Tate now describes it by saying, "There were two separate elements in my disability; both were congenital. One was a deformation of the spine. The spine can be deformed in two ways: it can bend, and it can twist. Mine did both. It bent laterally, which is called scoliosis, and twisted backward, which is called kyphosis. Put them together, and you have kyphoscoliosis. Generally, you won't notice this deformity in a baby, but it will become increasingly apparent during the growth period of the spine, which occurs between the ages of five and fourteen. The other element in my disability was spina bifida in the lumbar region. This is a failure in the com-



*"I want my ashes scattered over Bergdorf's."*

• •

pletion of the spinal structure. In a normal child, the bones of the spinal column close around the spinal cord, forming a canal. As the spinal column grows, the cord, which grows more slowly, is drawn up into it; nerves serving the lower limbs are pulled up through the spaces between the vertebrae. In my case, however, some of these nerves became tethered. Tension damaged them and impaired their function. The damage was on the left side, affecting my left leg. If I could have rested in a position where there was no gravity—hanging by my arms, or sleeping for seven years—the deformity might have been arrested. In the event, the doctors did as much as they could. There have been some extraordinary developments in medicine since then. Nowadays, if they detect scoliosis early enough they can often correct it."

Jeffrey had two operations, both carried out by a noted orthopedic surgeon, A. Graham Apley. "He is a wonderful man and was tremendously supportive," Tate told me. The first operation, which was performed when Jeffrey was eight, was primarily neurological. The object was to relieve the tension on the nerves and prevent paralysis. Jeffrey was in Rowley Bristow Orthopedic Hospital, in Surrey, for six months, and during the first three months he had to lie in a plaster bed, without moving at all. "That was rotten—really rotten," Tate recalls. "You can't lie still in a plaster bed without getting sores, and, of course, I couldn't get up to go to the toilet. It was profoundly degrading. But children somehow cope with that sort of thing. The greatest pain came when, after three months, I was finally allowed to leave the bed. I had literally to be taught again how to walk."

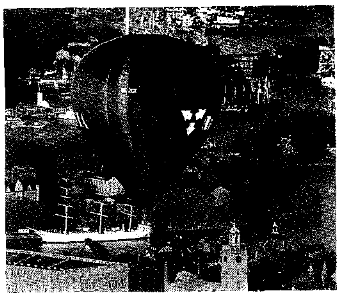
Tate's mother remembers his being "marvellously patient"; Tate says, "I can be impatient about minor things, but in major situations I have some reserve of calm, which stands me in good stead as a conductor. Some problems have to be faced, and there is no point in complaining. I was always, thank God, able to think like that."

Although Jeffrey had been visiting hospitals and seeing surgeons for some time, the operation and its aftermath came as a sudden revelation. "It was a profoundly disruptive time in my life," Tate says. "The children in the ward weren't very nice to each other. It opened my eyes as an eight-year-old to the fact that the world isn't quite as straightforward as I had thought it was. In those days, it was believed that fresh air was good for everything. We were pushed out into the bitter cold whenever possible. The food was disgusting—my gourmet tastes were forming even then. I used to secrete this sometimes inedible substance in a tin can, hide it in my locker, and, when we were taken outside, wait for a suitable moment to empty it into a hedge. For the first time in my life I became deceitful. Being underhanded was a way of coping. And when I eventually returned home I was a far more introverted, secretive child than before. As the months in the hospital wore on, my patience did gradually wear thin. I felt as though I were in a prison. There was a pavilion, a hundred and fifty yards across a playing field, that seemed like a promised land. I had been told that I'd eventually be able to walk that far. And I remember, one rainy day, finally managing to get there on my crutches. It gave me an unforgettable sense of achievement. The whole of the six months was a very strange and out-of-time experience."

Music manifested itself even under such conditions. Reaching out to the piano through the bars of his bed, Tate made his broadcast début, playing "The Mountains of Mourne" for the hospital's radio station.

When Jeffrey was twelve, he returned to Rowley Bristow for the second operation, which was exclusively orthopedic—an attempt to limit the already considerable spinal curvature and save him from life in a wheelchair. One of his ribs was removed and grafted on to the spine, in the hope that it would hold the spine in place and help straighten it. This was a drastic intervention, rarely performed at that time, and it posed considerable risks. The second operation, however, proved somewhat less of a psychological ordeal than the first. This stay in the hospital was only two and a half months, and now Jeffrey was just old enough to be placed in the adolescent ward, where, being the youngest, he was treated as a mascot. He spent his time reading books on mountaineering, and in his imagination scaled peaks he would never climb in reality. "I can still rattle off the relative heights of most of the Alps," he says. A mountain-climbing enthusiast recently told Tate about having made an ascent of the Whymper Ridge, on the Breithorn. Tate asked "From which hut?" and "How many hours did you manage it in?"

The operations had preserved Jeffrey's ability to walk and had stabilized the spinal curvature, but he was nonetheless left with a crippling malformation. Tate summarizes: "My left leg is



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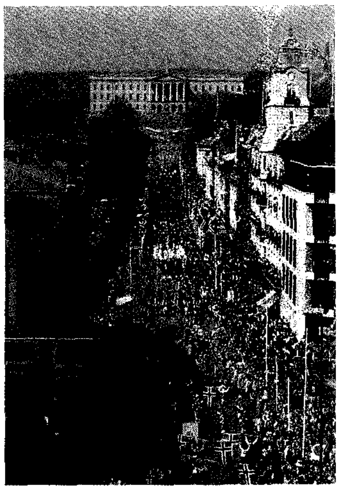

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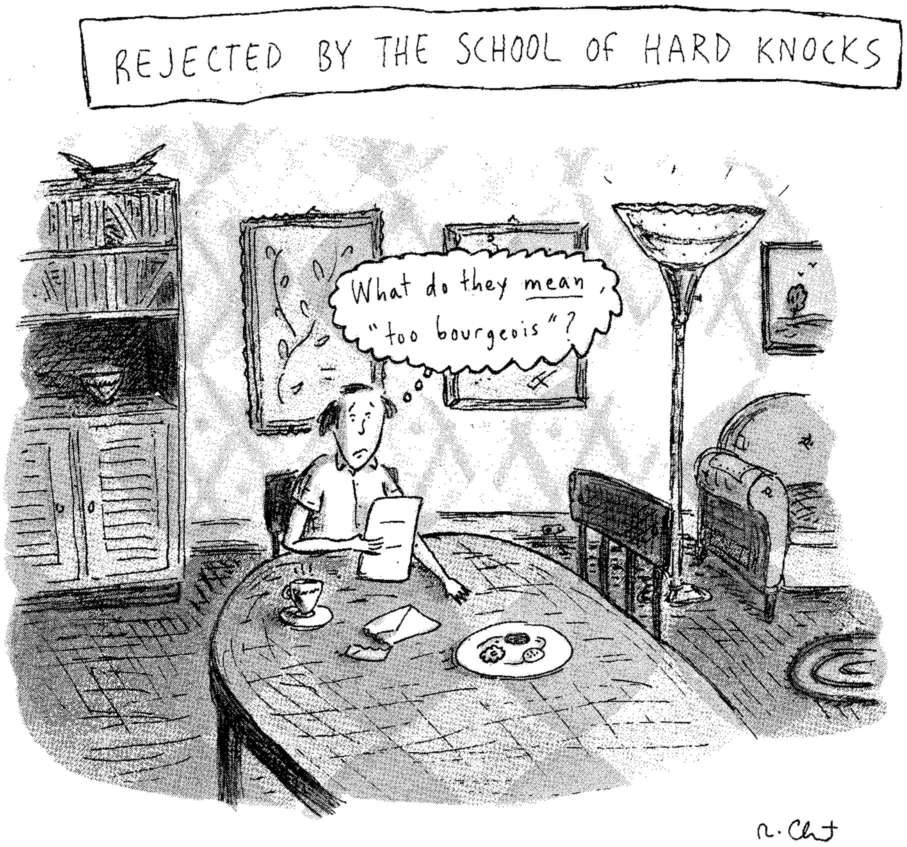

REJECTED BY THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS
What do they mean, "too bourgeois"?

almost useless below the knee, and is six inches shorter than the right. As ill luck would have it, my spinal curvature twisted me in such a way that the pelvis on the left side tilts upward and comes a little higher than the lower end of the rib cage; meanwhile, my left shoulder pushes downward. The effect is that the left side is crushed together. The upward tilt of the pelvis makes my left leg seem even shorter than it actually is. Therefore, I have both real and apparent shortening of the leg. My spine is in an extenuated S. The exaggerated spinal curve throws everything over to the right and gives the impression of a hunchback. Through growth in this funny position, the left lung and rib cage are smaller than the right, and my lung capacity is limited." Without his deformity Tate would have stood six feet four; with it he stands five feet nine.

Tate knew that he owed his mobility to the staff at Rowley Bristow, and gladly returned there several times to allow students taking courses in surgery to examine him. After the second operation, his doctors told him that he must thenceforth wear a plastic brace. It was a rigid corset, fitted with leather straps. Its purpose was to help solidify the spinal fusion and to support the weakened back muscles. "Every morning I dutifully strapped myself in," Tate says. "The brace proved quite unpleasant. It rubbed against the armpits and the thighs. I always had to wear an undershirt beneath it, and in hot weather it became almost unbearable. Of course it smelled, so I had to wash it all the time. In a romantic situation, anyone whom I would embrace would suddenly come up against this plastic cage. All the possibilities for farce were there."

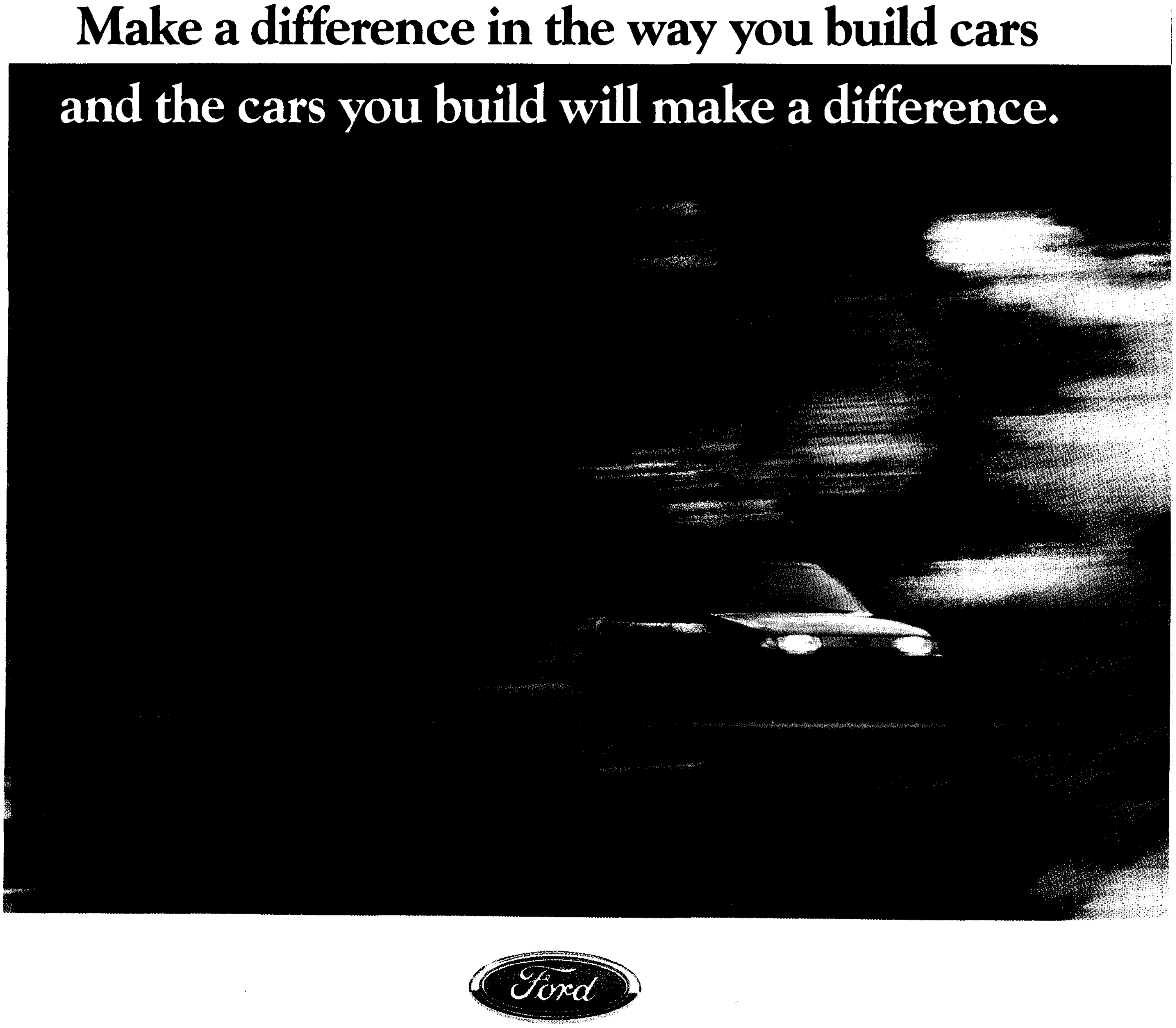
Jeffrey was also fitted with a built-up surgical shoe. "The brace was one thing," he says. "People didn't really see it when I wore a jacket; it was my own personal affliction. But the shoe looked awful—its sole was nearly six inches thick—and it felt like a ball and chain." Sometimes its weight would carry his foot in unexpected directions. The shoe twice destroyed a friend's sewing box set on a coffee table.

When Jeffrey returned home from the hospital, he acquired his first gramophone and went through a popular-music period. He remembers donning a floral dress and an enormous hat, and doing a "terrible mime" under a willow tree to Ruth Etting's recording of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Jeffrey got on better with adults than with children. After school, he would visit the family's friends for a chat, and would nearly always play the piano for them. "Above all, he was never resentful that he was handicapped," his mother recalls. "He was always busy doing something he wanted to do."

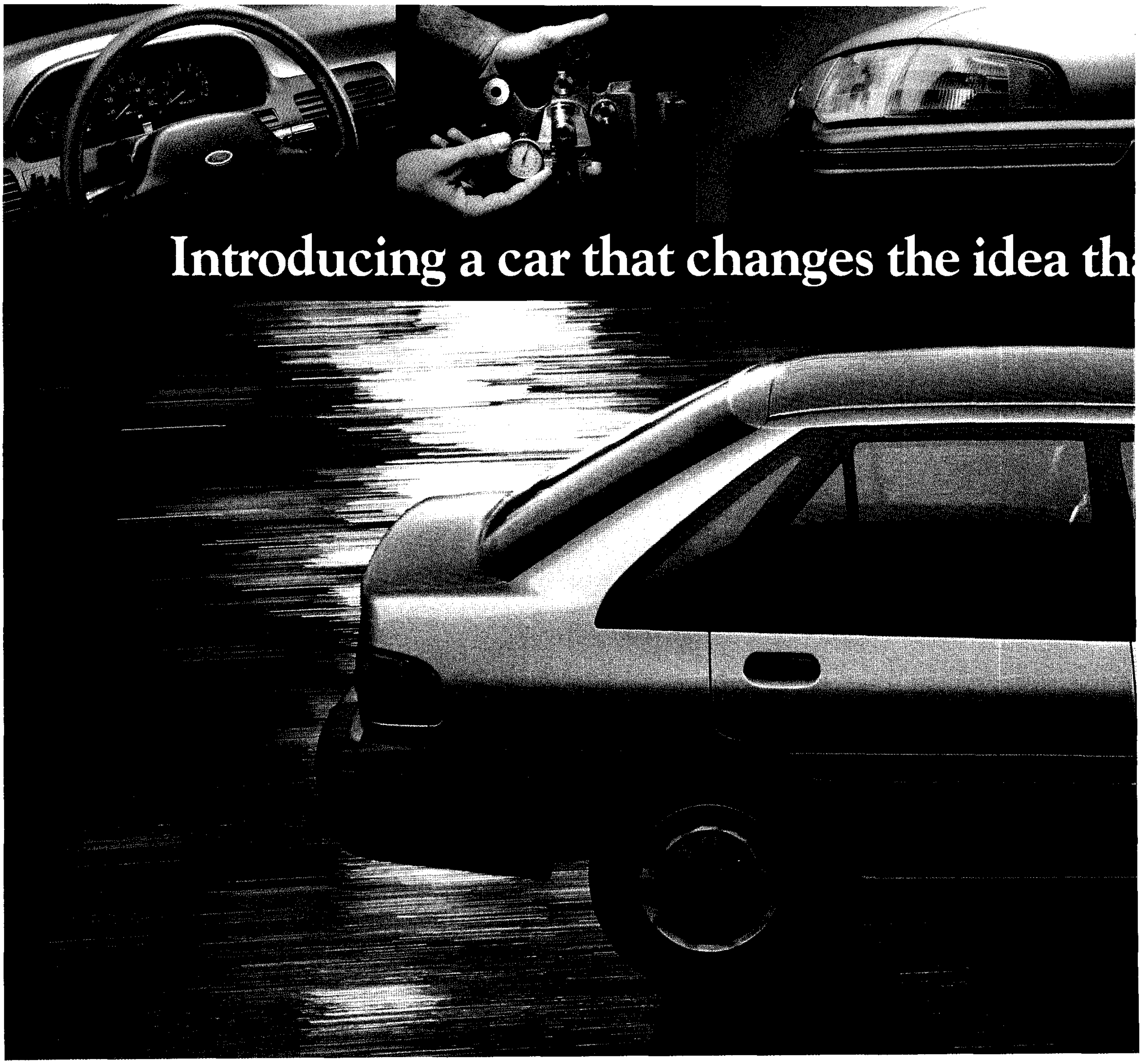
Practical plans had to be made for Jeffrey's future. He was enthusiastic about music, but his parents weren't well-to-do, and had no guarantee that he had any special musical gifts. They believed that, given his disability, he would have little chance to support himself in that field. For his part, Jeffrey felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to the medical profession and that he might repay it by becoming a doctor himself. He was bright academically, and his parents encouraged him along those lines. They reluctantly decided to discontinue his piano lessons. "I then began to play the piano even more," Tate recalls. "I began to experiment, to search in my own way for the sounds and colors I wanted."

When Jeffrey was eleven, he had been accepted by the Farnham Grammar School, where he studied until he was eighteen. He thus came under the influence of the school's director of music, Alan Fluck. "All of my slightly mad musical education came from Alan's class," Tate now says. "His great belief was that youngsters should make music as much as possible. He conveyed his love, whether for Mozart or for Hindemith, Britten, or Schoenberg. I learned from him how to understand and appreciate music." Tate tried his hand at the cello; he remembers the results as "appalling." The piano became the vehicle for his musical explorations. He would borrow piano-vocal scores of operas from the school library—"Der Rosenkavalier" and Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and teach himself to play them. Tate's piano playing is still unorthodox, but it is expressive and conceptual. He manages to find sonorities on the piano which somehow match the textures of an orchestra.

In 1956, thanks to Fluck's enterprising spirit, the school gave the first performance outside America of Gian Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." Menotti came over to attend the performance. Jeffrey was at the piano; it was his first experience as a coach for opera singers. Menotti was impressed by the boy's talent. When Jeffrey told him that he planned to become a doctor, Menotti commented, "You can heal souls by being a musi-


Make a difference in the way you build cars
and the cars you build will make a difference.
Ford

**The 1991 Ford Escort. Designed and built to rival the best small cars in the world.** To describe the new Escort Sedan, GT and Wagon as "small" cars would only be partially correct. For instance, the advances in the development process were significant. The changes we made along the assembly lines were huge. And the differences this has made are anything but small. In fact, Ford put together their global resources to create this line of cars. We put two billion dollars into design and engineering; into state-of-the-art facilities; and into unprecedented worker training. The commitment is extraordinary. And so are the results.



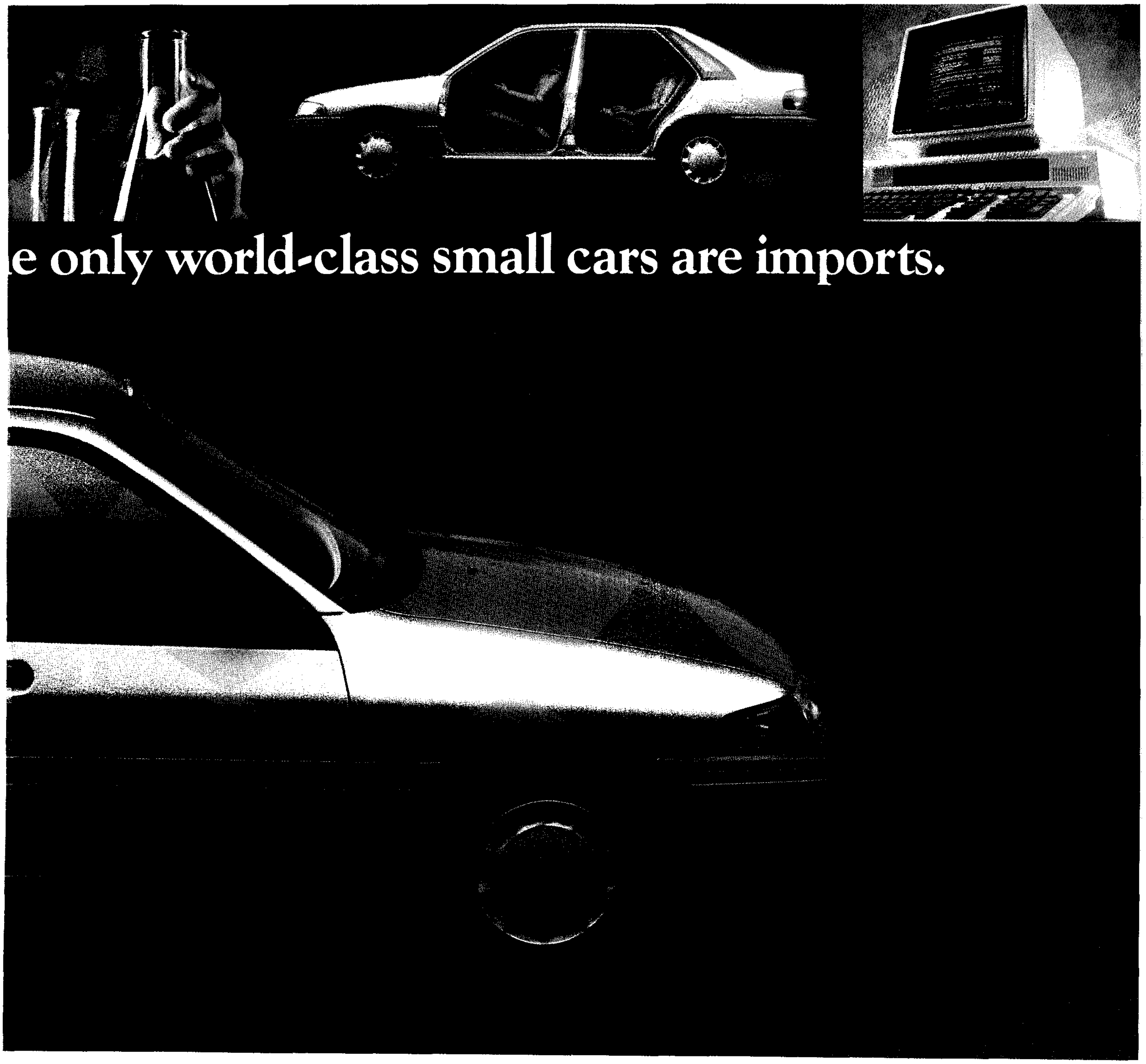
**Cars that advance design.** A brief glance tells you this is more than just a pretty face-lift. Its sculpted exterior impresses you with improved aerodynamics.

This new thinking continues inside, where you'll be greeted by more passenger room (with room for five). The new Escort also gives all five passengers more headroom. And the LX's clever split/fold rear seat gives you easy access to the cargo area.

But clever design is not reserved for the back seat. From the comfortable contours of the driver's seat, you'll discover a wider expanse of glass for better visibility and user-friendly controls at your fingertips.

**With a new way to build them.** It was obvious that the business of building the next Escort couldn't be business as usual. And since ensuring quality workmanship begins with the people who put it together, that's where we began. We employed extensive worker involvement in designing individual work stations, organizing specialized work groups and streamlining the process. Assurance of quality is the responsibility of every single person involved. Because it's this kind of hands-on attention to detail that can deliver a world-class automobile.

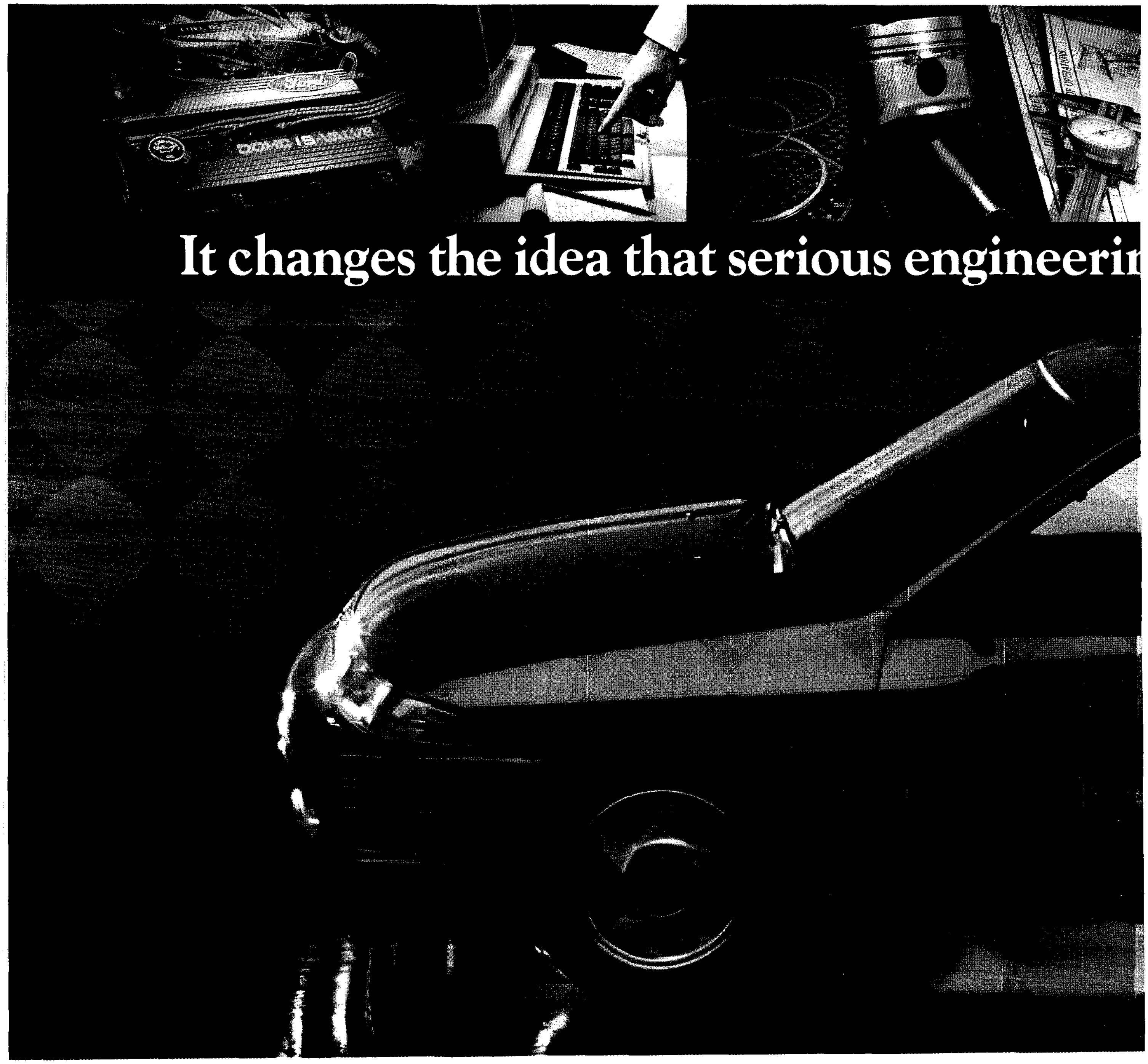
It's a process that's dramatically different. But then we wanted a car that's dramatically different.



**With engineering that's equally advanced.** Not even Escort's dramatic design can overshadow its engineering achievements. Let's begin with the exclusive computer-controlled 1.9L SEFI engine, the only engine in its class to feature Sequential Electronic Fuel Injection for improved performance feel. A new independent suspension design, new front and rear stabilizer bars, along with a new rack-and-pinion steering system all add up to a car that is as nice moving as it is standing still.

**The Next Escort**

**The 1991 Ford Escort GT. A new way to think about fun small GTs.** When we started its design, we obviously wanted our new GT to master a list of performance goals on paper. But we wanted its performance to affect more than the numbers, namely the person behind the wheel. In other words, get the driver as revved up as the engine. So we made sure that the functional equipment on the new Escort GT would enhance its "feel" on the road. From the engine to the cockpit, we focused on the driver's performance as well as the car's. It called for some very serious technology. But then, we were calling for some very serious fun.



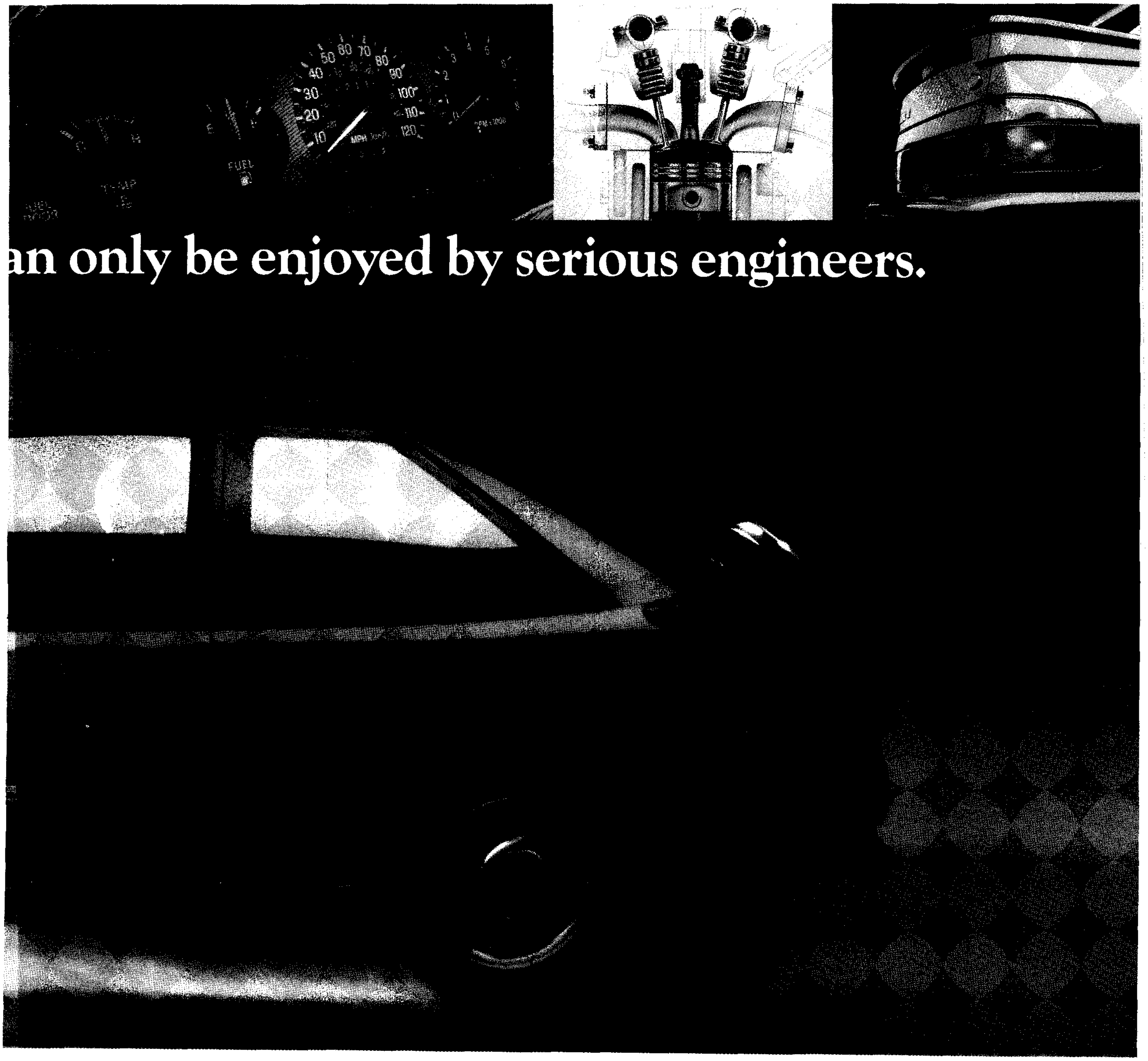
**Engineered for performance.** Now for the fun part. Escort GT's all-new 16-valve, dual overhead cam 1.8 liter engine goes from a purr to a roar in seconds. With the help of multiple-port electronic fuel injection, it generates 127 horses at 6500 rpm, so the good times won't pass you by.

The 5-speed manual transaxle was designed for the 1.8L's increased power output, and its sport suspension helps make short work of challenging curves.

Add to the list a more responsive power rack-and-pinion steering system, four-wheel power disc brakes and Goodyear Eagle GT Plus 4 radials, and you can see why our engineers still believe in Santa Claus.

**Built to new levels of precision.** Accuracy is all-important on a GT. So, like all the other cars in the new Escort line, the exciting Escort GT is put together with great attention to detail. Robot welders ensure consistency. Parts-handling automation keeps components intact and unblemished. Pieces have sized holes instead of slots for an exact fit. And because exactness is exactly what we want, we use sophisticated measuring equipment to confirm that parts meet design specs within four thousandths of an inch.

So as you can see, we put as much high technology behind the car as we put into the car.



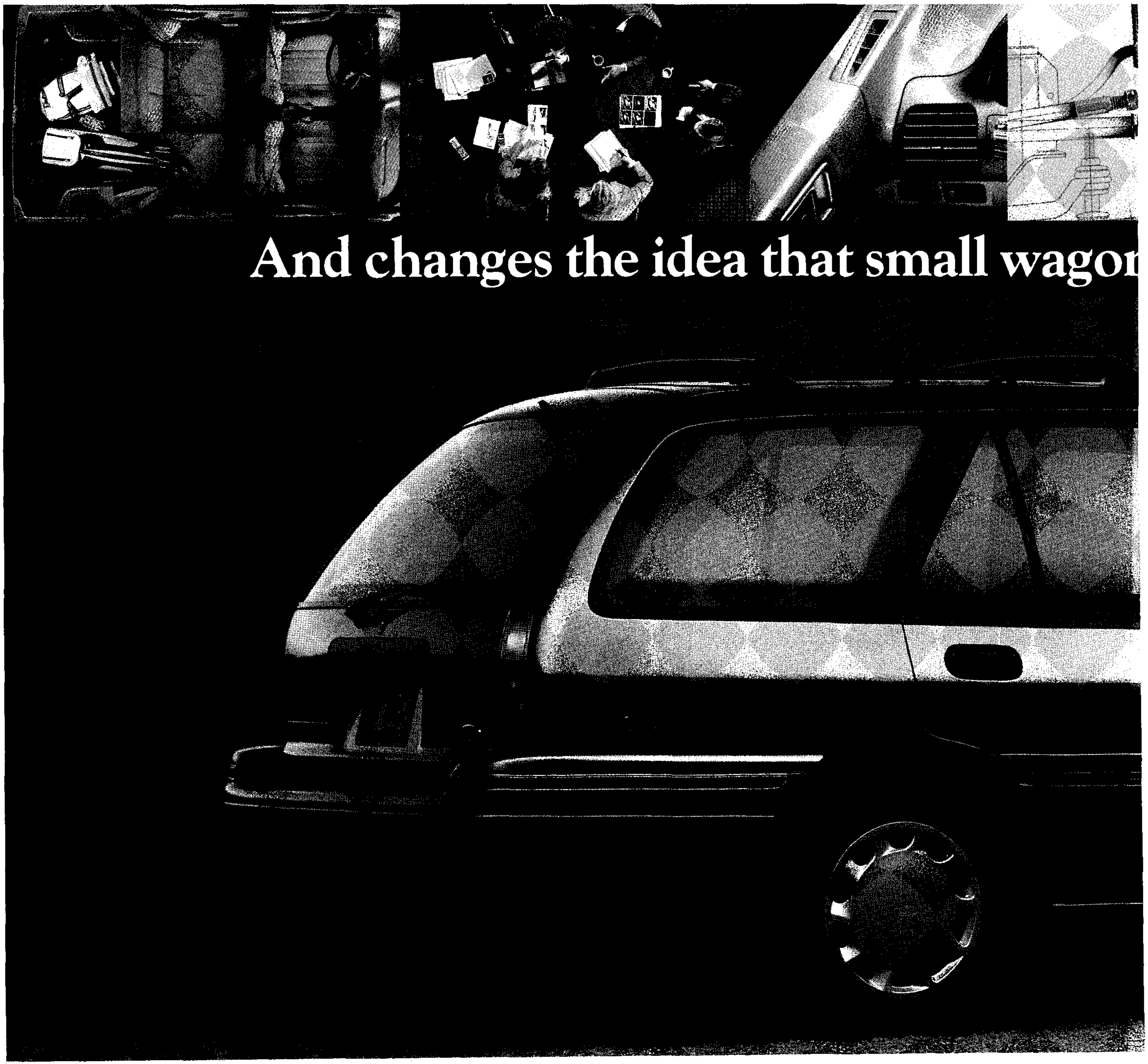
**Designed for action.** The Escort GT's looks definitely put you in high gear. From the integrated air dam up front to the spoiler on the back, the GT moves through the wind as you move through traffic.

Turning inside, you'll find a number of interior features that are also locked into performance. A series of analog gauges, complete with tachometer, a special-grip steering wheel and firm sport seats make the inside of the new Escort GT as inviting as the open road.

## The Next Escort GT

**The 1991 Ford Escort Wagon. Big thinking in a new small wagon.** We began by reshaping the way we looked at small wagons. Practicality no longer ruled out style. Taurus Wagon had proved that. And the modern wagon no longer had to drive like the covered version. Taurus, again. So, loaded with new design and engineering ideas, we set out to create a vehicle with enough room to leave nothing behind but conventional thinking.

The result, as you can see, is nothing short of extraordinary. No matter which way you look at it; from the outside or from the driver's seat, there's nothing quite like it. Which is just how we thought you'd like it.



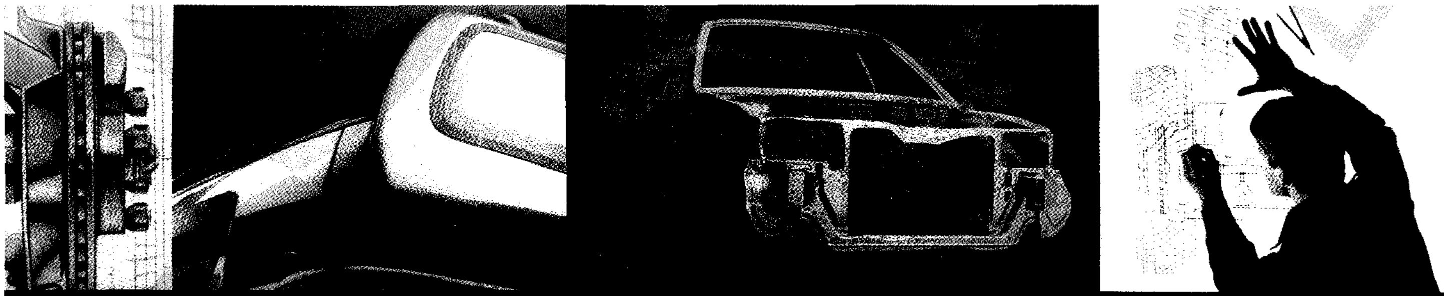
**Design with a purpose.** Although it looks unlike any small wagon you've seen, the new Escort Wagon is still very much a wagon. Its new design now offers more passenger and cargo room than ever, with room for five and a spacious 66.9 cubic feet of loading area (with rear seat backs folded). Access is made easy through either the wide, one-piece liftgate or the 60/40 split/fold back seat.

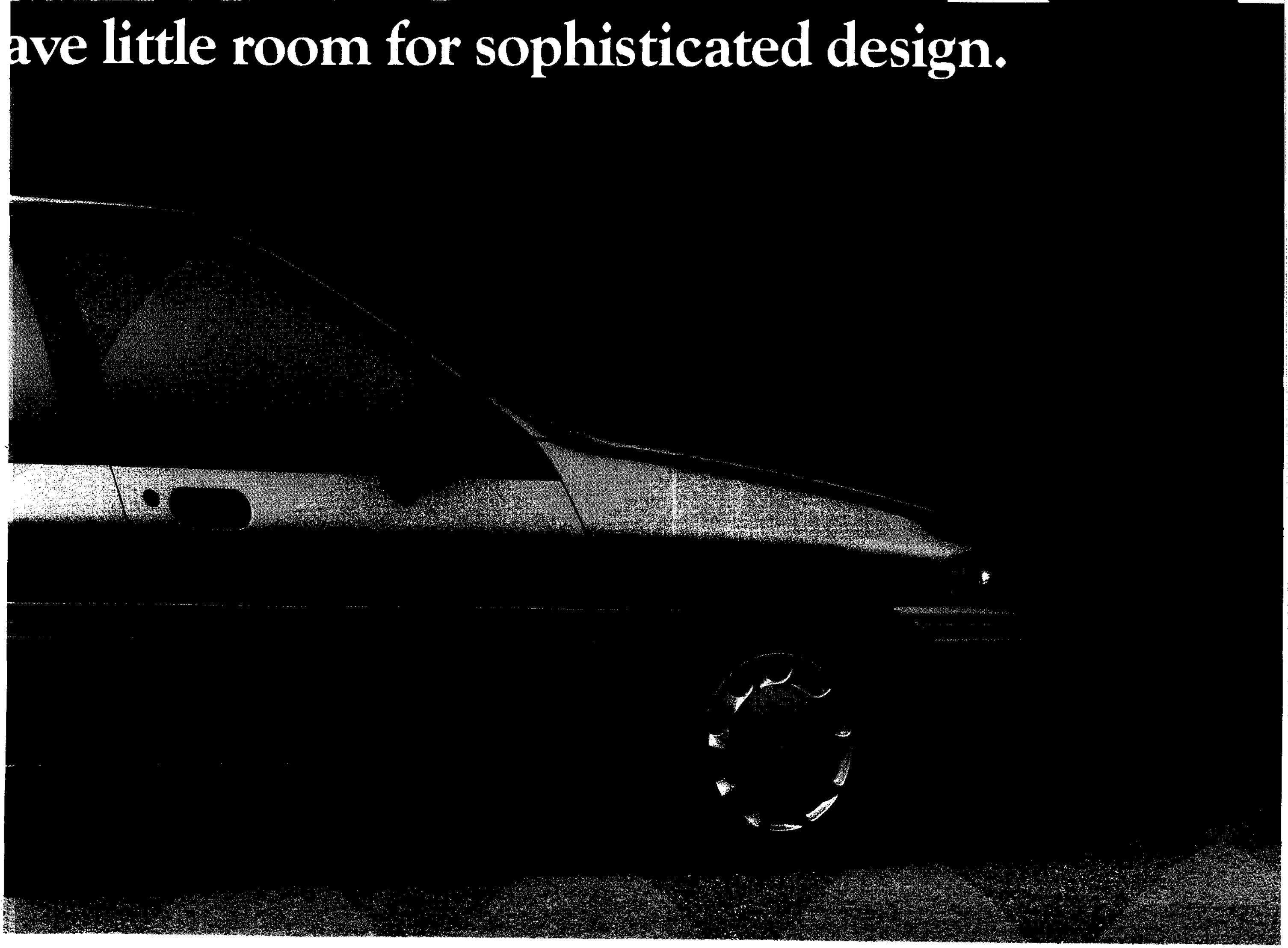
A redesigned engine, suspension and a new rack-and-pinion steering system make easy work of hard work. In fact, it's such a pleasure to drive, you may start wishing the Escort Wagon couldn't carry so much, so you could make more trips instead.

**With unexpected styling.** Traditionally, small wagons have been synonymous with the word "square." In all its connotations. But with the new Escort, Ford has thrown conventional design yet another curve. Or should we say curves? You'll find long, sleek lines on every side of this vehicle. Including the inside.

The instrument panel of the new Escort Wagon blends smoothly with the door panels, offering yet one more example of detailed design. The front seats are contoured, so they're appealing to the body as well as to the eye.

So from purely a styling point-of-view, the Escort Wagon is pure style.

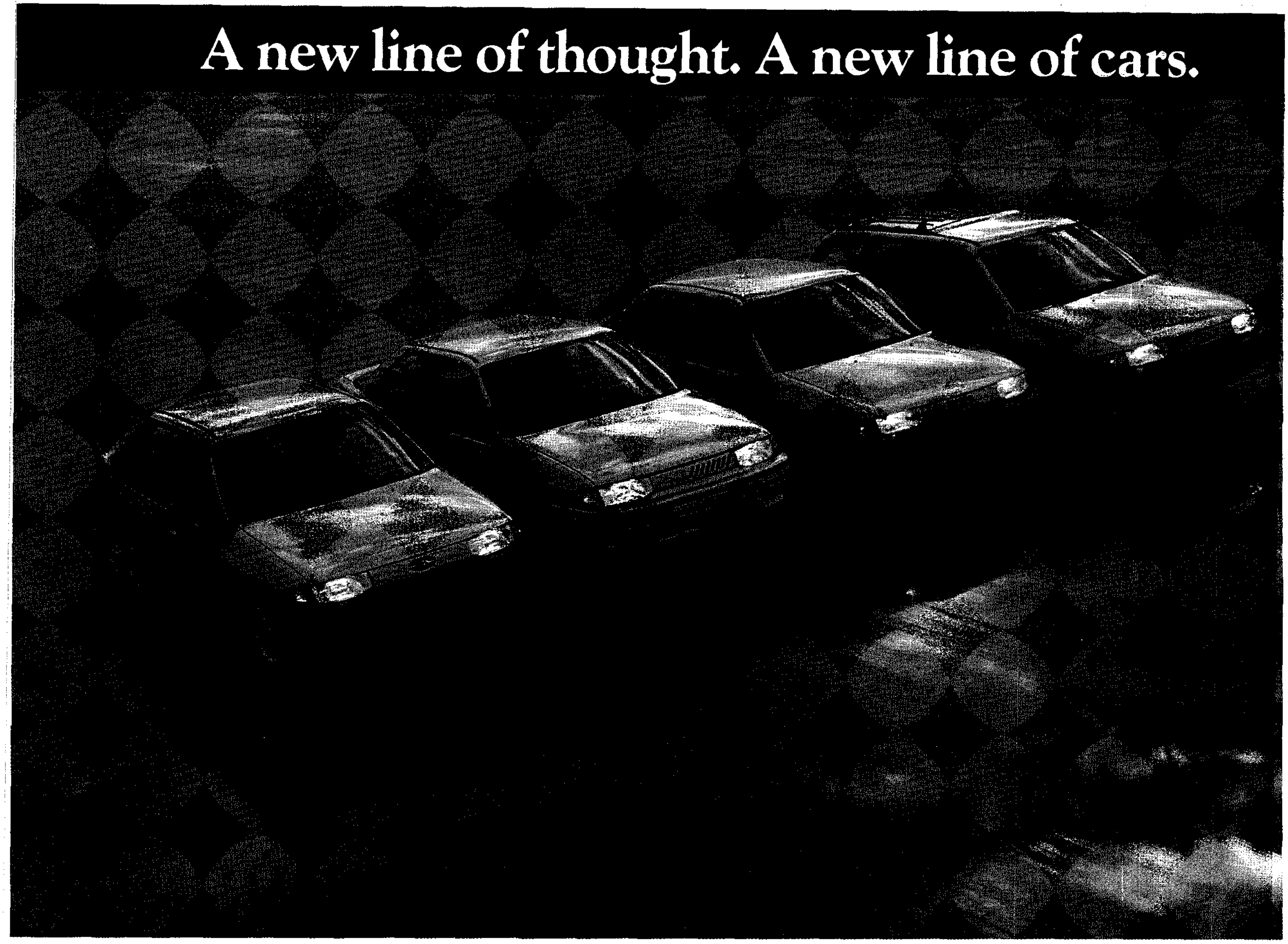




**And built with durability in mind.** The new Escort Wagon obviously has many strong points. And a lot of them are in how they're built. Because like every new Escort, it has more rigid body panels and stronger stress points for greater structural support. We gave it isolated subframes to reduce vibration and noise, and more galvanized steel to reduce corrosion. As well as a more chip-resistant finish at our new paint facility. So your first impression of the new Ford Escorts can be a lasting one.

**The Next Escort Wagon**

# The Next Escort.



A new line of thought. A new line of cars.

Ford

**Have you driven a Ford...lately?**

cian." Later that year, Jeffrey sang one of the prima donnas in Fluck's production of Mozart's comic opera "The Impresario." In true prima-donna fashion, he came down with a bad cold for the first performance, but nothing could deter him from getting onstage. He ingeniously arranged to mouth the part while a soprano stationed in the orchestra pit sang the actual notes. By the third performance, he couldn't resist croaking out some notes himself. His mother remembers that he got so excited that—unknown to him—his wig slid partway off, his bustle came around to the front, and his false bosom began to droop. The audience was in hysterics.

Fluck, as idealistic as ever, is now the director of Youth & Music, an international organization, based in London, that is dedicated to building young audiences and helping young musicians. He works out of a small office on Charing Cross Road. "Jeffrey and I had more than a teacher-student relationship; it was a musician-musician relationship," he told me. "Even then, Jeffrey was a great talker, with a sharp sense of humor. He was also a very sensitive boy—so sensitive, in fact, that once, when we disagreed and I got the upper hand, he burst into tears. But since then he's learned to be both sensitive and tough—like so many outstanding musicians. I know now that I helped Jeffrey along toward music, but I feel that sooner or later talent will out."

Jeffrey also appeared in the school's theatrical productions. At thirteen, he portrayed Lady Bracknell in the handbag scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest." "My other great female role was Lady Macbeth," Tate says. "That caused infinite mirth among my schoolmates. Interestingly enough, despite my disability, I enjoyed acting. Maybe I favored women's roles because I could conceal my shape under long dresses."

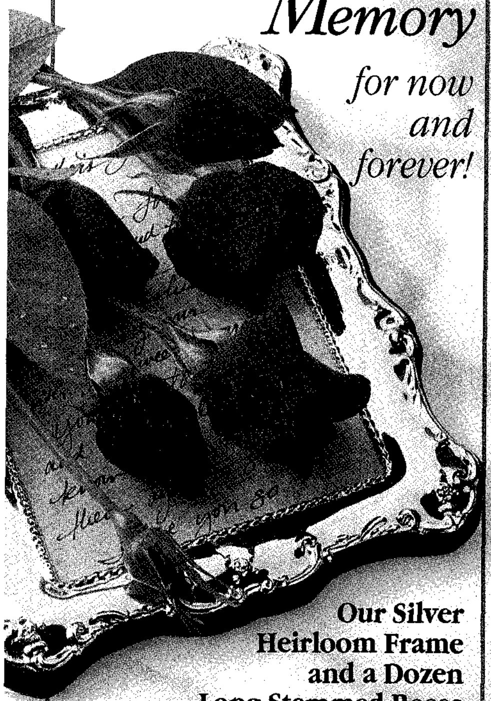
IN his early teens, Jeffrey went on a holiday to Switzerland with a group of youngsters. When he returned, his mother found him exceptionally quiet. She eventually learned that he had been razzed. "The children around me were sometimes not very nice," Tate told me. "It was just fear of the unknown. A deformed child was something to be suspicious of, to be slightly rejected. The problems of a disabled child begin to ease when you're about sixteen or seventeen. But early adolescence and early sexuality—I obviously wasn't going to be included in that element of life as far as people of my age were concerned."

In Laurens van der Post's novella "The Seed and the Sower," an exceptionally handsome officer named Celliers describes the pity he felt as a child for a neighbor who was born deformed. "Yet today I am not sure that I should not have envied him," Celliers reflects. "I simply do not know which constitutes the greatest danger to the integrity of being: to attract or to repel; to incur the dislikes or likes of one's fellow men. . . . I know now that from my earliest age the effect I had on those about me enticed me away from myself, drew me out of my own inner focus of being." Whatever limitations and suffering Tate's disability visited upon him, he was not drawn out of his own inner focus of being. "I was thrust in upon myself," Tate says. "I entered into an artistic realm which fascinated me, where I could hold my own, where I could make my mark in things of a nonphysical nature." Jeffrey eventually became head boy of the school, a position usually held by a boy who excels in sports. "Jeffrey wasn't going to be left behind," Alan Fluck recalls. "He wasn't fragile at all. He had a driving force and excelled through his strength of character."

Jeffrey loved to read; he would spend hours in the local secondhand bookshop. "The Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede" affected him deeply. But the book that had the most impact upon him was Alain-Fournier's "Le Grand Meaulnes." "I read it for the first time in my adolescence and was profoundly moved," Tate told me. "It's beautifully written, with immense restraint, and has a bittersweet quality that I associate with certain French music—for instance, the second movement of the Ravel Piano Concerto. The story deals with loneliness and isolation. The narrator, a boy named François, is crippled, which is perhaps why I identified with him. He suffers from a weakness of the knee and has to hop about on one leg. He joins his audacious friend Meaulnes, another out-

*"The jackdaws are picking at my very heart!"*

• •



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sider, in a search for a lost domain, in which lives an elusive and beautiful girl. The dream atmosphere is reminiscent of 'Pelléas et Mélisande' but has more of a sense of reality than Maeterlinck's play. The story appears to veer between the real and the unreal, and has a strong symbolic element. But it seemed very real to me. It's about a dream that we once had, and attempt to recapture all the rest of our lives."

Midway in his narrative François tells us:

> For the first time I too am on the path of adventure. For once it is not for shells left stranded by the tide that I am prospecting. . . . I am looking for something still more mysterious: for the path you read about in books, the old lane choked with undergrowth whose entrance the weary prince could not discover. You'll only come upon it at some lost moment of the morning when you've long since forgotten that it will soon be eleven, or twelve. . . . Then, as you are awkwardly brushing aside a tangle of branches, your arms at the same time trying to protect your face, you suddenly catch a glimpse of a dark tunnel of green at the far end of which there is a tiny aperture of light. . . . But I hadn't found anything.
>
> My weak leg was beginning to bother me.

In 1961, when Tate was eighteen, he won a scholarship that allowed him to study medicine at Cambridge; his career now seemed determined. Yet he was beginning to have doubts. During the three years he spent at Christ's College, his enthusiasm for theatre continued unabated. He directed various Cambridge dramatic societies in works by Shakespeare and Ibsen. One day he announced to his mother that he had written a letter declaring his interest in acting which he intended to send to Peter Hall, then the director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. His mother dissuaded him from taking such a step until he had finished his medical studies. The letter remained unposted.

At fourteen, Tate had been taken to a dull performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and had fallen asleep. "It nearly put me off opera for life," he says. Yet he decided to give opera another chance, and joined a group of Cambridge students who would go down to London and queue for tickets to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He once spent a weekend on the pavement waiting for a ticket for a Callas performance that the diva eventually cancelled. "In general, I was upset by the rather impoverished production values in opera compared with what one could see on the straight stage," he told me. "I was also then discovering masterpieces of chamber music, such as the last Beethoven quartets. In the opera house, one rarely heard the finesse of phrasing that's typical of good string-quartet players. I didn't approve of opera, but I forgave it. There were, however, bright moments. When Giulini conducted 'Il Trovatore,' I truly enjoyed Verdi for the first time. Every accompaniment figure had a life of its own. I realized that opera is a very difficult art form, and I began to see that when it does work it can be deeply satisfying."

When Tate was twenty-one, his parents divorced. "This was a traumatic event for me," he said. "Unexpectedly, it brought me closer to my father. For the first time, he needed support from me. I had always had the impression that because he was a fine sportsman and I had become a creature of the arts and mind I had little in common with him. I discovered that he had always been, underneath, as warm and supportive as my mother was." The divorce had another effect: with the breaking up of the family, Tate felt somewhat less obliged to carry out the career plans that had been made for him, less constrained in terms of his future.

After his three years at Cambridge, Tate entered St. Thomas's Hospital in London for three more years of medical studies. Music continued to vie for a place in his life. He soon organized a choir, which he called the St. Thomas Hospital Music Society. Medical students who had known him at Cambridge came from hospitals all over London to sing under his direction. He presented such works as Bach's motets and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" in a series of concerts in Southwark Cathedral. He also led a madrigal group on Saturday afternoons. One of its members recalls that Tate would often arrive so out of breath after climbing the stairs that he could hardly speak. But the music of Monteverdi or Gesualdo would soon revive him.

Shortly after Tate began his studies at St. Thomas's, he met John Kentish, a much admired lyric tenor who sang at Sadler's Wells and at Glyndebourne. The occasion was a New Year's Eve party, during which Tate volunteered to accompany the tenor at the piano. Kentish recalls the occasion vividly:

"We did Schubert songs together, and I was greatly impressed by Jeffrey's sensitivity. Everybody was completely silenced by the pianist and singer, who seemed entirely at one with each other without having ever rehearsed together." John and his wife, Leigh, suggested that Tate come along to coach young singers at the Meyer-Lismann Opera Workshop, in Kensington, where Leigh taught drama. Three months later, Tate said that he was willing to give it a try.

Leigh Kentish said to me, "It's often the case that those who have a gift are mysteriously helped along by people who suddenly seem to be there to guide them." Soon Tate moved into the Kentish home, and he remained there for eighteen months, while he was working toward his medical degree. He found the Kentish household happily bohemian. Leigh Kentish recalls, "Our house was so disordered that—knowing Jeffrey's sense of order—I think it's a miracle he survived. Our children would sometimes watch Jeffrey strap on his pink brace; they were vastly amused by it. He didn't have a trace of embarrassment, and he never admitted to any pain. But once he was fitted with a new corset, made by a Polish doctor—an invention that was absolutely rigid. He could hardly move at all and was in agony. That proved too much even for him, and it went into the dustbin the next day." The Kentishes remain his close friends to this day.

A primary revelation in opera presented itself in the form of a "Die Meistersinger" at Sadler's Wells Theatre which was conducted by Sir Reginald Goodall, whose Wagner performances have become legendary. An artist of uncommon integrity, Goodall demanded rehearsal time that exceeded the possibilities of most opera houses. Blessed with little personal ambition, he never sought an international career. Tate recalls, "I had found the orchestral playing elicited by most Wagner conductors to be intensely ugly and totally unsatisfactory. Then I heard Goodall's performance: there was such lyricism, such attention to phrasing, such space, such beauty of sound! There were no world-class singers in the production, but because of the way he conducted the orchestra none of the singers had to shout—everyone sang beautifully. All the diverse musical elements flowed together

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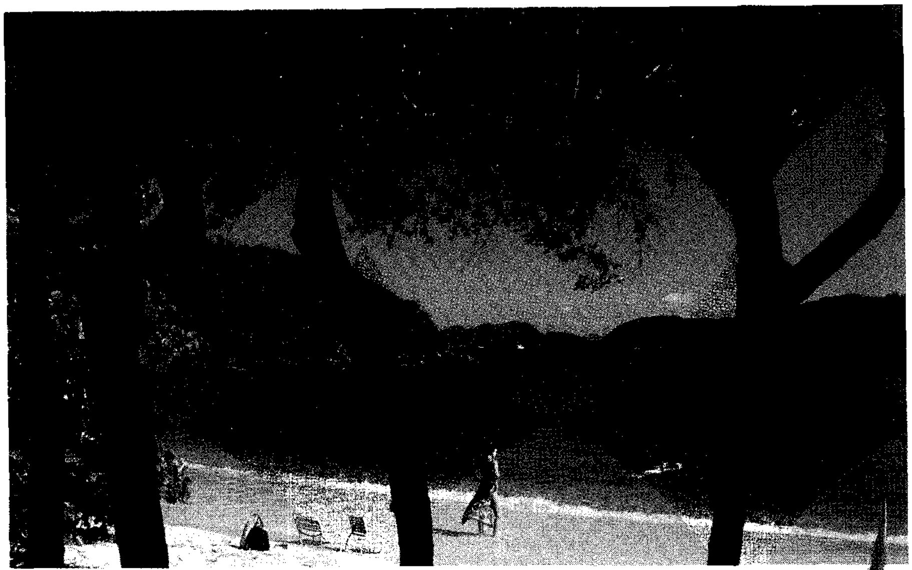

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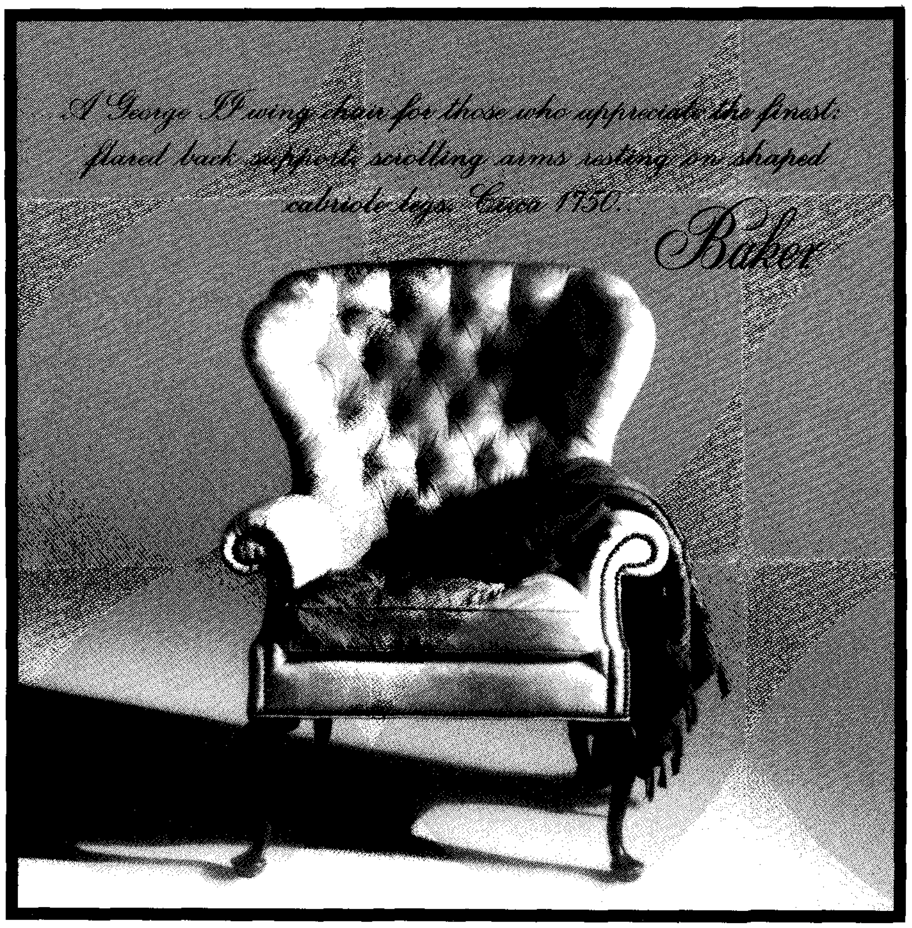
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seamlessly. The third act expanded in such a way that the final, great chord of C major seemed related to the chord that ends the Prelude, as if the whole work were hung between two distant but distinct pillars. The opera was produced in a correctly old-fashioned way, so that every character became a real person. When the curtain came down after six hours, I was almost in tears. I had come to identify so totally with those people onstage that I wanted to go on being with them." He saw the production thirteen times.

Then an inconceivable event occurred: Tate failed his medical exams. "I was mortified," he recalls. "My state scholarship vanished. Music had made a mess of it. Shortly afterward, I visited Scotland and took the ferry to the Isle of Arran. I stood by the railing, looked out to the sea, and thought that everything had come to an end. Where was I to turn? It was a low ebb in my life."

John Kentish describes Tate during his early twenties: "One sensed something quite exceptional about him. One couldn't quite define this quality. He just seemed to be somebody one had to get to know. There was something stirring within. He was sitting on a volcano, and that volcano proved to be music."

Tate recalls, "While I was waiting to retake my exams, John and Leigh, perhaps feeling a little guilty for having encouraged me to give so much time to music, suggested that I audition to study coaching at the London Opera Centre, an institute which offered training in every aspect of operatic performance. I did win a place there. Then—it's the kind of thing that usually happens—I succeeded in passing my medical exams." Tate decided that it was only sensible to complete his medical studies, and he spent a year as an interne in a hospital—six months in general medicine, six months in eye surgery. "The hours were long," he says. "I shut myself off from the world." He would often be on duty for thirty-six hours at a time, and occasionally from Friday morning straight through until Monday morning, during which he was lucky if he could catch five hours' sleep. "My interest in medicine was, as with a lot of things I do, very emotional," Tate told me. "The fascination with diagnosis, so essential to medicine, was actually slightly missing in me. I noticed, to my chagrin, that a lot of my fellow medical students were getting enormous stimulus from the intellectual study of disease. But when I got to the actual practice I realized that the only thing I really cared about was my patients and my ability to make them feel better."

Upon completing his year's interneship, in 1969, Tate was registered as a doctor. He then decided to put off practicing medicine for a year while he took up the place he had been offered at the London Opera Centre, realizing that this was his last opportunity to find out whether it would be feasible for him to devote his life to music.

Tate was thus able to begin studying the repertoire under the guidance of conductors from Covent Garden. An opera coach—known in the trade as a *répétiteur*—makes an essential contribution to every production but gets little public recognition. A *répétiteur* must have a complete musical culture, including a knowledge of the style and the traditions associated with every period of operatic composition; an understanding of vocal technique; a feeling for dramatic expression; a proficiency in languages, especially Italian, German, and French; and an ear for diction. Though Tate was unaware of it, he was laying the groundwork for a career as an opera conductor.

While visiting the canteen on his first day at the Centre, Tate met the soprano Teresa Cahill, then a student. She says, "It was the beginning of a long-lasting musical love affair. I adopted Jeffrey as my only musical coach. We became great friends, had meals together, went to the cinema, enjoyed painting and architecture. He knew he could share his deepest feelings with me. We worked together on everything I had to prepare—even Gershwin and Cole Porter, which we performed at parties." (Tate's own singing of Noël Coward songs—all the verses from memory—is renowned among his friends.)

Tate recalls, "When I met Tess, it was a chance finding of like souls when I really needed it. We had a close artistic empathy. I learned a lot from her—what worked and what didn't work with singers. We experimented—poor Tess—and evolved things together. I felt alone and lacked confidence, but she had faith in me. When she discovered that there was a place free for a *répétiteur* at Covent Garden, she told me that I should damn well go and take the audition. To my immense astonishment, I found myself invited to join the staff of the Royal Opera House. But I was worried. There I was on a precipice, as it were—ready to give up the honorable profession of medicine that I had worked so hard for. And what were my qualifications in music? I had been the lowest of the low, an amateur teaching singers for a year, and now I was suddenly called upon to teach professionals. I had misgivings—but I knew that I had to do it."

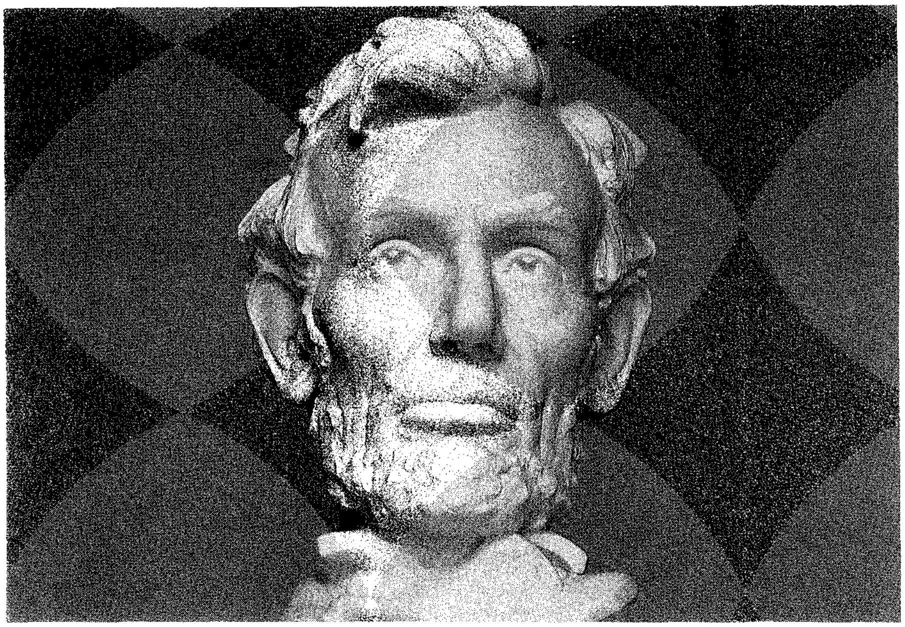
Sir Georg Solti, then the music director of the Royal Opera, was less worried. He appreciated Tate's qualities as a *répétiteur:* his flexibility, which allowed him to follow the beat of any conductor; his ability, when he transcribed orchestra scores for the piano, to disregard non-essential musical details and go right to "the essence, the bone of the score." In 1973, Solti invited Tate to come to Vienna to assist him in his recording of "Parsifal." "I have been one of Jeffrey Tate's greatest supporters ever since our first meeting," he says. "We worked together on a great many opera productions. In all of them he displayed the innate musicianship and talent which have made him the success he is today. This confirms what I've always said: only a good *répétiteur* can be a good opera conductor."

Tate learned much from his mentor. "I saw how meticulously Georg works with singers on matters of articulation, phrasing, text, and rhythm," he told me. "He has an uncanny sense of dramatic tension and timing. He builds up performances of tremendous intensity." Tate also gained invaluable experience assisting such conductors as Sir Colin Davis, Rudolf Kempe, and Carlos Kleiber.

Teresa Cahill was accepted at Covent Garden and continued working with Tate. "When Jeffrey coached singers, he always insisted on beautiful phrasing," she recalls. "He took care with short notes that shouldn't be hurried over, and with upbeats, which can sometimes be more important than the downbeats—all the things that magic is made of. His ear is fabulous; he knows instantly when a singer is not producing a note in the best way, when the sound remains in the back of the throat. He was always interested in the historical background of a role. When I learned Elvira in 'Don Giovanni,' he gave me a book about women in relation to the Catholic Church. He examines a score in the manner of Sherlock Holmes, and tries to get to the meaning of every marking, and even to the meaning of why certain marks were omitted."

"I used to make pottery on the wheel," Tate said. "When you conduct a vocal line, it's somewhat like having wet clay in your hands. One can virtually feel the texture of the voice as you guide it over the top of a phrase. There is a moment—an exquisite moment—when a voice will possess the right amount of overtones, when it will have a beauty of vibration, and will need just one mini-second more to expand and blossom. If you skate over that moment, the beauty of the line is lost. You can't teach that to a conductor; you can only gain it by listening and having much experience. Of course, one must always consider the text as well. There's a mistaken idea about bel canto. It's not a monotonous legato line, with never a rise and fall. Without sacrificing the musical phrase in any way, the singer must feel the inflections of the language. Listen to recordings of Caruso, Gigli, or Lotte Lehmann."

Tate's talents were soon appreciated by virtually every singer at Covent Garden. He was also sought after in the capacity of Dr. Tate, although he feels that in his dealings with singers his medical background proved more helpful psychologically than physically. "A good doctor will be able to assess the real severity of a symptom through having an acute sense of the whole person," he told me. "By the same token, while working with a musician you have to know what he or she is as a person—to know what quirks in the singers' personalities will enable you to get the best out of them. That



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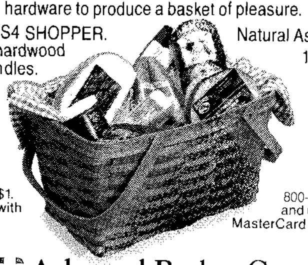

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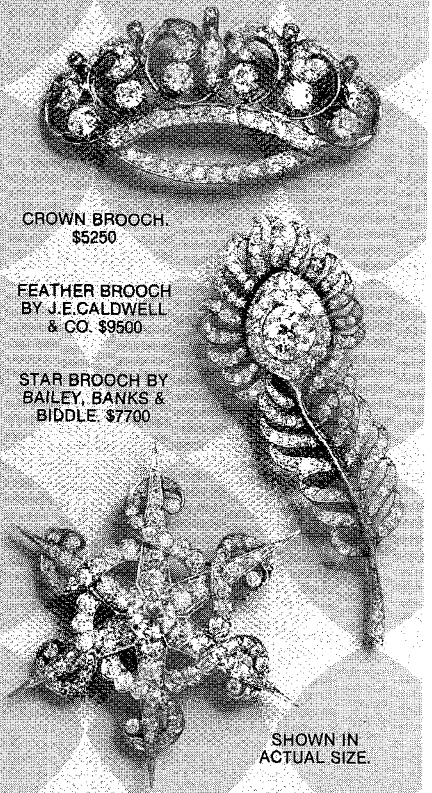

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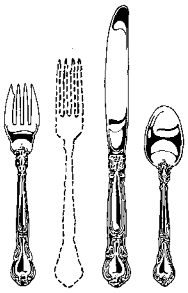

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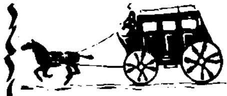

goes for working with orchestras, too."

Tate's presence in the theatre was rendered all the more striking by the way he dressed. He recalls, "Everyone about me was so horribly conventionally dressed that I decided to rebel, and attire myself in the fashion of the day, which was determined by Carnaby Street." When he appeared at a rehearsal sporting black-and-white checked trousers, a yellow shirt, and a black leather jacket, Solti took one look at him and said dryly, "Very colorful." Tate had a great, dark, moth-eaten, ankle-length fur coat that became something of a legend. He acquired a velvet cloak, which he wore with flair; a colleague remembers him as resembling an Aubrey Beardsley drawing. "One of the strange advantages in having a disability is that you can get away with such things," Tate says. "People don't dare make any comment. It's rather naughty, but you can slightly play on their embarrassment. It sounds terribly arrogant when I confess that. Now I don't pay too much attention to my dress. I've only had to get used to formal clothing when conducting."

When Tate was thirty, he decided that something must finally be done about the built-up shoe that was a constant burden to him. He recounts, "First, I visited a distinguished doctor who specialized in artificial limbs, and he advised me, quite seriously, and even rather persuasively, to have my left leg amputated below the knee. I agreed with him that the leg was practically useless, but explained that I didn't want to wake up in the middle of the night and regret not having it. Then I had good luck. The technician at the surgical-appliances department at St. Thomas's Hospital was able to fit my leg into a device called an O'Connor extension. This is laced on well above the ankle and extends almost six inches beyond the toes, which I point downward, like a ballet dancer. It then attaches to a perfectly normal shoe, giving the impression that my leg is of normal length. Perversely, in order to wear this device you have to be badly disabled, with a very short leg. I became straighter as a result, and I looked infinitely better. My improved appearance gave me a new psychological lease on life. More important, in 1975, when I was thirty-two, I got rid of the brace I had worn since I was twelve. I had never questioned the necessity of wearing it, but now the friction it produced caused a superficial thrombosis of a vein in the thigh. When I recovered, I was very suspicious of the brace. I cherish my own suspicions. It was extremely hot, so I decided to experiment by removing the wretched thing. At first, I had little strength in my back muscles, but I managed to do without the brace for increasingly long periods every day. After a week, I realized, to my infinite joy, that I could do without it entirely." Tate's doctors cautiously agreed.

"It was interestingly symbolic that I finally gained the courage at that moment to throw the brace away," Tate says. "There followed an expansion of my musical life. Which factor is cause and which is effect I don't know. But I feel that if I hadn't got rid of the brace I would certainly never have been able to become a conductor." Tate spent the following summer in Bayreuth as Pierre Boulez's assistant for his production of "The Ring." He felt so much freer physically that he was able, when called upon, to stand in for Boulez and conduct the singers in rehearsals, rather than confine himself to the piano. "I had occasionally conducted before—for instance, in choral concerts," Tate says. "But I now discovered that I was physically capable of conducting over a fairly extended period. I tried to convey Pierre's musical intentions, and I felt that I contributed a lot to the performances."

"Jeffrey and I had an exceptional collaboration," Boulez recalls. "He proved to be invaluable to me, through the initiative he took with the singers and the amazing results he achieved with them."

After six years at Covent Garden, Tate sensed that it was time to spread his wings. His greatest love was German opera, and he felt that he needed experience working in a German theatre. In 1977, he accepted a position at the Cologne Opera as assistant to its director, Sir John Pritchard. At the time of his death, last December, Pritchard was the music director of the San Francisco Opera and of the BBC Symphony Orchestra. When I spoke with him last fall, he told me, "I first met Jeffrey when I was regularly conducting at Covent Garden. There was an interesting aura about him. I think people do have an aura sometimes. One felt within him a human and musical potential that wasn't entirely realized. When he came to Cologne, we had a wonderful artistic collaboration—his musical scope was so wide, and his personality was so attractive."

"John was not only a fine musician but a very practical musician," Tate says. "He was a man of the theatre, and in the theatre you have to be creatively practical. He had a remarkable ear for balance. I learned an enormous amount from him. His death was a great personal loss for me, and, of course, a great loss for the music world."

Six months after Tate arrived in Cologne, the course of his life changed dramatically. "One day, I was chatting with two singers, Ragnar Ulfung and Donald McIntyre," he says. "Ragnar, who was the director of the Göteborg Opera, in Sweden, was looking for a conductor for 'Carmen,' and I was scratching my brains to think of someone. Donald then said, 'Why don't *you* do it, Jeffrey?' I thought it absolute nonsense. After all, I had never conducted a professional orchestra before, much less an opera, nor had I received any specific training in conducting technique; furthermore, I doubted whether I'd have enough physical stamina to see through a whole performance. However, without my knowing it, Ragnar went the next morning to the administration of the Cologne Opera and arranged for me to take a leave of absence so that I'd be free to go to Göteborg. Faced with a virtual fait accompli, I found myself, against my better judgment, signing a contract to conduct 'Carmen.' I insisted on a clause allowing me to withdraw if after the second orchestral rehearsal I felt uncomfortable with the project. The first rehearsal was, in fact, a nightmare. But I persevered, and I got through all the rehearsals. When the performance came, I walked into the pit with no fear at all, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. As the music moved under my hands, I suddenly felt that I was doing something I had been waiting to do all my life." Afterward, when Tate came onstage to accept an ovation, his shoe fell off the O'Connor extension and slithered to the footlights. He hopped forward without embarrassment to retrieve it.

There followed "Die Zauberflöte" in Göteborg and, at Pritchard's re-

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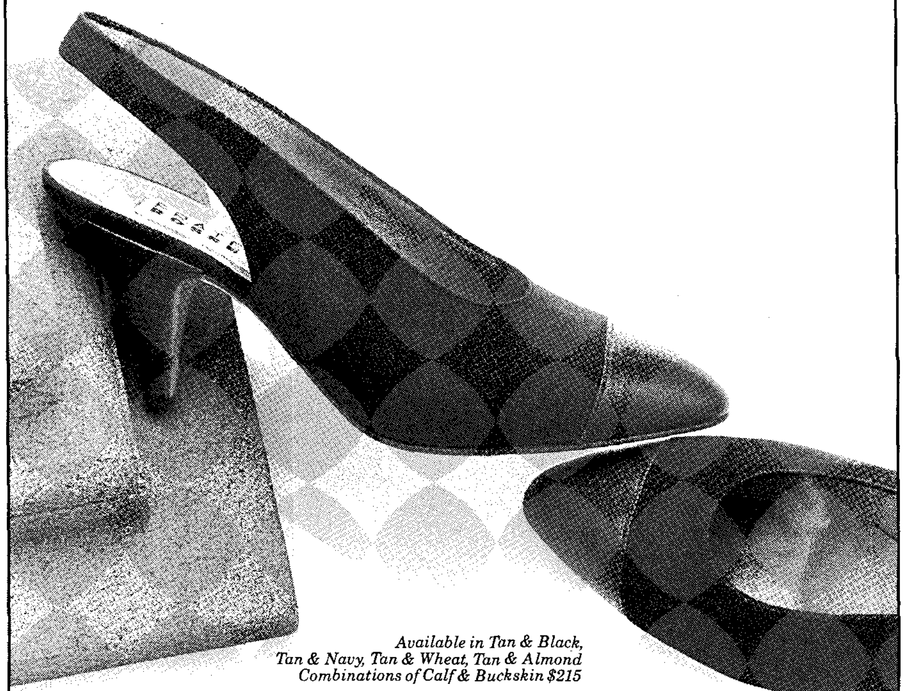

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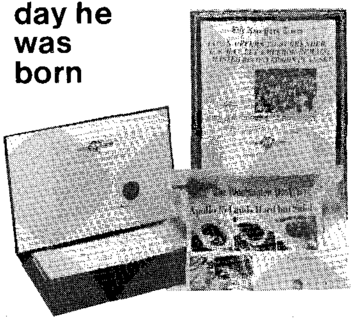

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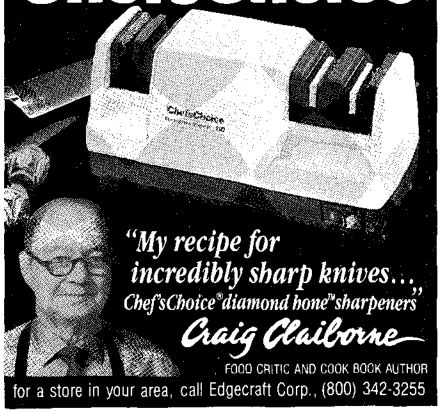

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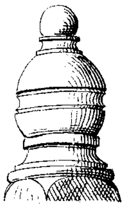

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quest, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" in Cologne. "It was inevitable that Jeffrey's talents should lead him toward conducting," Sir John told me. "I usually mistrust people who come out of conducting schools. The really good conductor never sets out to be one. I watched with great delight when Jeffrey first conducted in Cologne. I sometimes thought—and this is not disloyalty to him—that perhaps he had a baptism of fire. Jeffrey was a natural musician in every way, but the craft of conducting needs experience—it's not an entirely natural thing. If in those days he didn't always manage to give a perfectly clear beat, the orchestra nonetheless respected him and understood his musical intentions. By now, of course, he has become wonderfully expert in opera." At his Cologne début, Tate misjudged the steps to the podium, lost his balance, and fell backward into the viola section. "It wasn't a very auspicious way for me to begin the evening," he recalls.

"I got into conducting by chance," Tate says. "I never consciously sought it out as a means of self-fulfillment. I was amazed when I realized that I could do it, and I began to welcome the opportunities when they came, which means that something inside me was waiting to receive them. My career has gone on like that. People have taken me up and used me, despite the fact that I say, 'Do you really want me?' I'm as astonished as everybody else in that it's gone so very rapidly."

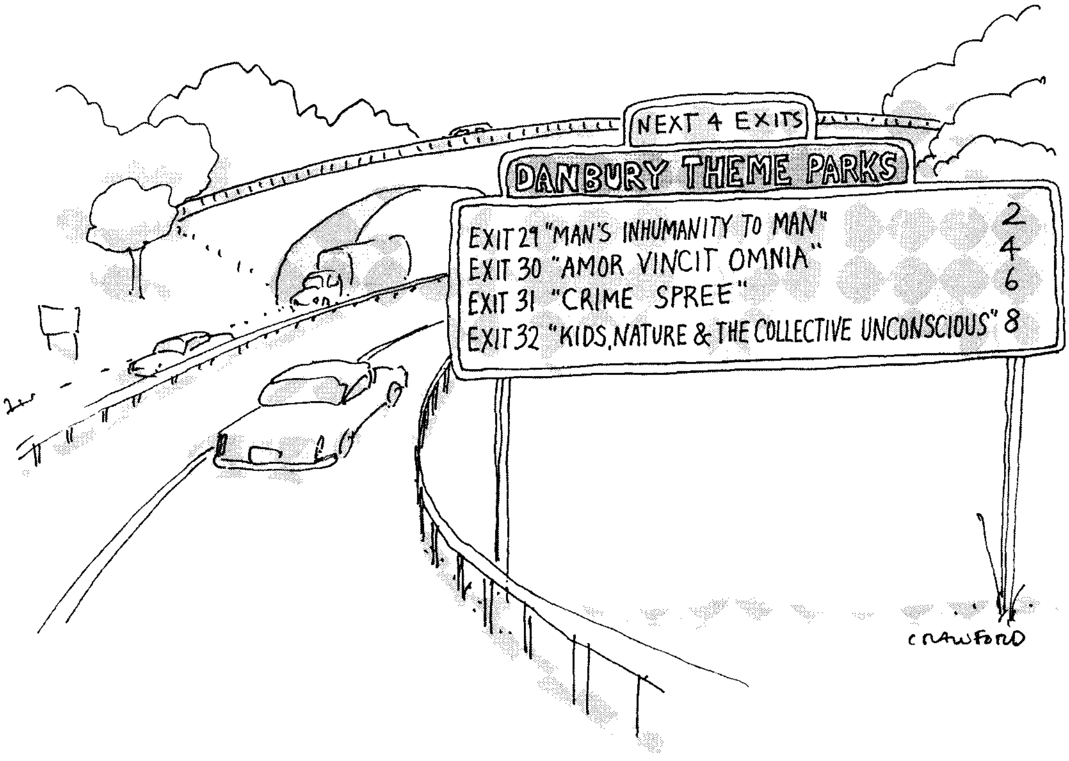
It was no easy matter for Tate to begin a career as a conductor at thirty-five—or, for that matter, to conduct at all. "A conductor, of course, needs good lungs—he relies on good breathing to support his physical effort," Sir John told me. "And Jeffrey has less lung capacity than you or I; he has always had to cope with that impossible situation. I think also that he has felt some of the same pressures that I felt early in my career. When you're much taken up as a young conductor, you have to get through an enormous volume of work in a very short time. You have to learn in detail scores that you've never conducted before, yet every time you come before an orchestra you have to be fully prepared."

"I've had to run like hell to stay where I am," Tate told me. "Sometimes I begin to study a piece only three months before performing it. I still have moments when I feel that my career is built on sand. That's the negative side of my success story. I've fulfilled something without necessarily wanting it, and achieved something without being trained for it. I fear that the sand will dissolve one day and the whole structure will collapse. As a child, I often took the train from Farnham up to London and would look out at the slums on the outskirts of the great city. I had a recurrent fantasy that nothing would work out for me and I would end my life as a lonely old man in one of those slums. I was aware of the lower depths when I was very young, and that thought still comes back to me."

WHILE Tate was in Cologne, he met Klaus Kuhlemann, who has since shared his life. Kuhlemann, who is a geomorphologist by training, is a perceptive music lover. A man of warmth and refinement, he is soft-spoken and has a fine sense of humor. "I don't know how I could have coped during the last thirteen years without Klaus," Tate told me. "I was basically a loner with a few close friends, but none who could really help in my most difficult moments. The blackness is now a little less black, because I can share it with somebody. Klaus is what I'm not—a true optimist—which is immensely helpful for me. As a geologist, he has a relation to practical things, and that implies a response to the visual. We share an appreciation of art and architecture. He is the least self-centered person I know—and is a good example for me. I'm taken out of my self-centeredness."

"Klaus's presence has been extremely beneficial to Jeffrey," Tate's mother told me. "He is completely devoted to Jeffrey and is a calming influence. In an unobtrusive way he irons out all the creases in Jeffrey's complicated existence. Jeffrey doesn't have to do the worrying, and that gives him the time he so much needs. Before performances you have to get by Klaus to bother Jeffrey, and that's not easy. Without Klaus, Jeffrey just couldn't do what he does."

After two years in Cologne, Tate began doing free-lance work. "I became a peripatetic *répétiteur*-cum-embryonic conductor," he says. In 1979, he assisted Boulez in Paris in the first complete performance of Berg's "Lulu," and the following year he worked under Herbert von Karajan in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Salzburg. For seven years, starting in 1978, Tate spent part of each season at the Metropolitan Opera, first as a coach, then as a conductor. "Jimmy Levine took a risk by giving me so many opportunities," Tate says. "He had no reason to do so; he had no more than a hunch that it would work out." "Così Fan Tutte," which was to be Tate's Metropolitan conducting début, had to be cancelled owing to a strike. Tate's début thus came when, in December, 1980, he took over a performance of "Lulu" without rehearsal. Although he knew the difficult work thoroughly, he had never actually conducted it. "Solti advised me that I would be mad to conduct 'Lulu' under these circumstances," Tate recalls. "But I decided to go through with it. It was a terrifying four hours. By conquering an extreme fear, and by dint of sheer will power, I actually managed to pull it off." To compound the difficulty, Tate's spectacles flew off during the performance; he couldn't read the score at all for a few minutes, until a player handed them back to him from the orchestra pit.

While Tate was at the Met, he found himself virtually making a specialty of conducting the most difficult works without rehearsal. They included an all-Stravinsky evening and Berg's "Wozzeck." "Somewhere I must enjoy taking risks," Tate acknowledges. "It's part of the darker side of my being. I need to challenge fate—perhaps as a compensation for my limitations." After the "Wozzeck" performance, in 1985, Leonard Bernstein came backstage. Learning that Tate not only had never conducted the opera before but had not had a rehearsal, he fell to his knees and exclaimed "Maestro!"

Tate made his Covent Garden début in June, 1982, with Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." Leigh Kentish says, "Certain people had reservations and were embarrassed about the idea of a disabled person conducting. They were amazed when Jeffrey achieved such outstanding musical results and, incidentally, got marvellous notices. It serves them right." Tate has since conducted operas in Geneva, Hamburg, Munich, Salzburg, Paris, San Francisco, Aix-en-Provence—thirty-two different works. In 1987, he was appointed principal conductor at the Royal Opera House, where Bernard Haitink, the music director, and he now share artistic responsibility.

When we contemplate Tate's success, we cannot forget the other dimension. On the floors of dining rooms in Pompeii one finds mosaics of human skeletons, placed there by those who, while living well, wished to be conscious of the fragility of life. Such reminders are now out of fashion. For Tate they are inescapable. An insurance company once set his life expectancy at forty-eight. "In my twenties and early thirties, I feared that my physical strength might soon give out," Tate told me. "I could see my life coming to a blank-wall end. In a way, this fear had a positive effect. I tended almost to grab at life. I had a frenetic desire to experience things, and thus learned much about life more quickly than many people of my age. But since I discovered conducting as a means of self-expression I've found a sense of fulfillment. It's as though I've managed again to walk that hundred and fifty yards to the pavilion. I feel that my life can last longer than I had anticipated; I even feel physically better."

AFTER spending a quarter of an hour in Jeffrey Tate's company, one ceases to notice that he has any disability. What one remembers is the remarkable, full head; the dark hair that falls over his forehead in a sweep; the eyes that, from behind wide glasses, regard the world with quiet irony, occasionally betraying a tender vulnerability; the commanding voice; the large, expressive hands; the exuberant flow of conversation, urged on by a compelling need to give articulate shape to his thoughts and feelings. Tate moves surprisingly quickly and conveys an unusual sense of physical vitality. Though he walks with a cane, his friends have to adopt a little trot to keep up with him. He used to ride a bicycle—"wobbling like hell, at breakneck speed," he confesses, with a certain mischievous glee—until Kuhlemann persuaded him to give it up. Frances Graham, a friend of Tate's, who studied medicine with him at Cambridge, once tried to teach him to swim. "Jeff is very top-heavy," she told me. "We tried to get his legs to work—there's not much strength in his left leg. We should have encouraged him to swim with his arms. He held on to a rubber dinghy, but it turned over and nearly drowned the

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Maestro. He hadn't much liked disappearing underwater, and the experience didn't leave him in the best of tempers."

When Tate comes to the podium, he strides with his customary rapidity, the awkward pitch of his body tempered by his determination. He lays down his cane and hoists himself up onto a stool. He normally remains seated during a performance, but when he gets excited he stands up, more often than he himself realizes. Tate's medical friends concur that conducting offers him the best possible form of physiotherapy. Conducting has not only increased his stamina but also pushed his lung expansion to its limit. "It's extraordinary what music can do," Tate said as we talked one afternoon in a rehearsal room at Covent Garden. "Once, I had an attack of gout and was in such pain that I thought that there was no way in which I could conduct 'The Magic Flute' that night. But when the music began I absolutely forgot my pain. Given the weakness in my back muscles, I never imagined that I could conduct an opera as long as 'Parsifal,' but I did give a performance of 'Parsifal,' in Nice, as a fortieth-birthday present to myself. It was a milestone for me to conduct this work, which I enormously admire and love and had always wanted to feel under my fingertips. Although 'Parsifal' is a chaste piece, it's also a sensual piece; even in moments of supreme chastity, it's profoundly sensual. When I finished the performance, I not only was gratified that I'd been able to do it but felt that I could almost do it again straightaway.

"I remember when Otto Klemperer returned to conduct in London after the accident in which he nearly incinerated himself. We all stood up as a tribute to the fact that he had survived, and we wondered if he'd be able to conduct at all. Then came the most galvanic performance of Mahler's Ninth. There was something raging in him. He demonstrated that the flesh had no power over him. What he portrayed, with far more conviction than most conductors, was the blackness in the music. He didn't seek to alleviate its extremely tortured nature; it was unconsoling and vehement. I feel a kinship with Klemperer's vision. I call myself a positive pessimist. There's a side of me that takes a very black view of things. This is curious, coming from someone who is known to his friends and relatives as a positive sort of person, but I think the world is a deep and dark and dangerous place as well as a very beautiful place. We are living in a society whose existence relies on destruction of the environment, and which may very well prove lethal to itself. I've become a committed environmentalist. My negative thoughts may be related to the fact that I've always been very frightened of dying. This may have had something to do with my hospital experiences. I remember lying in bed at night when I was about eight and suddenly realizing that someday I wasn't going to exist, and that therefore nothing would exist. I cried out in terror. Even now this deep fear of nonexistence comes back to me from time to time. A word, a sentence, a moment in music can trigger it off. As I talk about it, it seems absurd. But when that blackness comes it's as black as the sensation I had as a child."

One of the reasons Tate is fascinated with opera is that it deals with what he calls the baroque elements in life—the extreme, the fantastic. "Opera depicts the forces of danger and chaos," he says. "But it expresses them in defined forms and brings them under artistic control, and this control maximizes the experience. I once had tea with E. M. Forster. I dared to tell him that I found it improbable that in 'Howards End' the bookcase should fall over and kill the clerk. He said, 'You're quite right. But improbability is what life is all about.' He told me of a young professor who, while cleaning his car, lit a match without noticing that his gasoline tank was open, and burned to death. 'If I had put that in one of my stories, you wouldn't believe it,' he said. 'These strange things—bolts of fate—do happen.' We can laugh at the improbability of, say, 'Il Trovatore,' but life is in fact not comfortable. Verdi has made all those characters *live;* they are totally palpable human beings—metaphors of our own lives. We say that the plot is absurd because we want to protect ourselves, and not have these characters and their fate intrude upon us. We are frightened, ashamed to be moved."

Tate conducted his first symphony concert in 1983, in the full glare of the public spotlight, when he gave an all-Beethoven program with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican Hall. He has since appeared as guest conductor with major orchestras on both sides of the Atlantic. On nearly every program there is at least one piece that he is conducting for the first time. He studies scores in the morning before getting out of bed, and then steals an hour for them whenever he can, even while carrying on a conversation. He says, "Although as a doctor I had little interest in the scientific part of medicine, as a conductor I like to unlock secrets concealed in the score—to search out musical lines which have an importance that isn't obvious at first glance."

In 1985, Tate was named principal conductor of the English Chamber Orchestra, and with that group he is currently recording the complete Mozart symphonies and piano concertos, the latter with Mitsuko Uchida as soloist. Ms. Uchida lives happily ensconced among her books and scores in a London-mews flat. Her eyes sparkle when she speaks of Tate. "When Jeffrey and I first performed together, I thought, My God, I've met someone who may become one of the most important musicians in my life! And I was damned right. He's intellectually precise and vigorous, and never lets anything get past him. He understands the chamber-music partnership between piano and orchestra. His knowledge of Mozart's operas gives him the sense for the dramatic characterization which is so important in the instrumental works."

"In Mozart, everything stems from a vocal source," Tate says. "I care that every single part sings—not only the main voices but the inner voices as well. I'm looking not for a composite sound but for as transparent a sound as possible; no part should be regarded as mere padding. I'll rehearse an instrumental ensemble with the same care that I would give to a vocal ensemble from 'Figaro.' "

Tate's delight in unlocking secrets is evident in his recordings. A bassoon line will be lifted out of obscurity to reveal a passage in a new light. A viola line—typically neglected by Mozart interpreters—will emerge to add depth and tenderness. Tate's tempi can occasionally be daring, as when he takes certain allegro movements at an unusually moderate pace to insure textural clarity. One may not always agree with what he does. The important thing is that Tate has a dynamic approach to interpretation; he expresses

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something of interest. “There’s never only one way of looking at a piece,” he says. “I think one has a right to focus on especially interesting aspects of a work, particularly of a well-known work. One is obliged not to seek the absolute truth but to show *a* truth.”

WHAT makes a good conductor? Technique? Almost all the great conductors have had an unorthodox technique. Academic conducting diagrams are useless when it comes to delineating the living shape of music. (Tate says of Wilhelm Furtwängler, “He was not a technician but a poet.”) Emotive gesticulation? It can either inspire an orchestra or disturb it. Some conductors achieve intensity through restraint. Think of Hans Knappertsbusch (whom I have seen conduct an all-Wagner concert while resting his left hand on the rail of the podium throughout), or Richard Strauss, who said that the audience should perspire, not the conductor. Charisma? Fine, if you have it, but it can be as easily misused as used well. Anything may help, but there is one essential ingredient, and that is the conductor’s *mind.* The orchestra must know that the conductor knows what he wants; if it respects his intentions, it will play well.

Tate has shaped a sure technique for himself, and music has, in turn, shaped him. His broad gestures express the plasticity of the musical line, even if they don’t invariably convey the finest nuances of shading he envisions. His appearance obviously defies the conventional image. In his frankness of manner there is no pretension, but his integrity casts a spell of its own. Yet if there is a secret to his rise toward fame, achieved without the ambition and the methodical planning that usually accompany such a progression, it lies in the unrelenting excellence of his mind, in his sensibility, taste, perception, and commitment, which vitalize musicians who come into contact with him, onstage or off.

Tate prefers to work with orchestras with which he has a long-standing relationship. “Players who know me well get used to my idiosyncrasies,” he says. “They intuitively understand my intentions, and will follow me through thick and thin. I don’t have to indicate everything with my hands with such ferocity. In opera this is terribly important, because there’s so much expression that lies between the beats—the rhythmic flexibility, the sensitivity to singers. Rehearsing with a new orchestra can be emotionally exhausting. I tend to look for deficiencies first in myself rather than in the players. There are conductors who manage to subdue their human tendencies and convey authority by stern discipline. I have the disadvantage of being a nice Englishman. But I have to be what I am. I may shout occasionally, but basically I try to seduce my orchestras by stealth and sloth. I’m reliant on the chemistry between the musicians and me. There’s a risk involved. When the chemistry doesn’t work, I’m somewhat at a loss to know what to do. But when it does work—when you achieve something through an empathy with the musicians—it’s wonderful.”

## EMPIRES

My grandmother prophesied the end
Of your empires, O fools!
She was ironing. The radio was on.
The earth trembled under our feet.

Someone important was giving a speech.
“Monster!” she called him.
There were cheers, long applause for the monster.
“I could kill him with my bare hands,”
She announced to me.

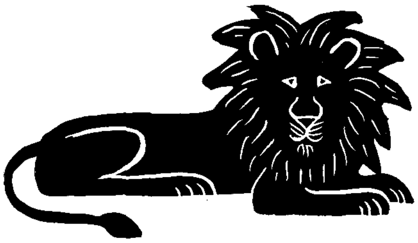
There was no need to. They were all
Going to the Devil any day soon.
“Don’t go blabbering about this to anyone,”
She warned me.
She then pulled my ear to make sure I understood.

—CHARLES SIMIC

• •

“Some conductors try to terrify you, but Jeffrey knows that the better you respond to people the better they make music,” the singer Anne Howells told me. “If he trusts your talent, he lets you bring something of yourself to it. Many conductors mistake humility for weakness. Jeffrey would never do that.”

Tate’s benevolence is married rather uneasily to his perfectionism. He is not a person to suffer fools. He has a definite standard, and he’s not prepared to fall short of it himself or to allow anyone else to diminish it in any way. When rehearsing, whether for a concert, an opera, or a recording, he’s exacting and organized, and speaks directly to the musical point, without indulging in extraneous philosophizing. He expects everyone else to be fully prepared, at least the second time a piece is played through. He once dismissed an inattentive percussionist during a rehearsal of “Lulu.” One musician who has played under his direction told me, “Jeffrey couldn’t get on with all orchestras. His perfectionism can even bring on a slight sense of stress. Perhaps for this reason I feel that his performances occasionally lack a certain dimension of relaxation, especially in quiet passages. But, all told, it’s a great pleasure to make music with him; he rehearses in such depth that one feels one has experienced the whole piece.”



AS an opera conductor, Tate has a special affinity with Mozart, Wagner, and Strauss. He feels less at ease with the Italian repertoire, although in recent years he has gradually come closer to Verdi. Hugues Gall, the director of Geneva’s Grand Théâtre, remembers Tate’s début there, in 1983, when he conducted “The Marriage of Figaro,” produced by Sir Peter Hall. “Peter and I had heard good things about Tate and decided to give him a chance,” he told me. “From the first rehearsal he surpassed our expectations and proved himself to be a true Mozartian. Some conductors just conduct, take their money, and leave—and some of these are nevertheless fine musicians. But, more rarely, others, like Tate, take an interest in all aspects of the production—the dramatic side as well as the musical."

"You can't just sit in the pit and conduct," Tate says. "Opera is total theatre, and the conductor is part of that. You're fortunate if you work with understanding directors, who are respectful of the music. But some don't understand—or willfully misunderstand. This can be intensely frustrating, and you have a struggle on your hands."

Tate is at odds with the extremist trend among opera directors to interpret Mozart "in terms of our age" while neglecting to interpret him in terms of his own age. Historical perception does not decrease human relevance. The plot of "The Marriage of Figaro," for instance, plays against the social conditions and the sensibilities of the eighteenth century; the relationships are largely divested of tension if the portrayal of the Count is not sufficiently aristocratic. When I brought this point up with Tate, he agreed wholeheartedly. "Tito Gobbi was one of the few singers who understood this," he said excitedly. "When he played the Count, one felt that the man's social station gave him permission to kill. When he went, sword in hand, to see if anyone was hiding in the Countess's closet, you really believed he would run through any man he found there.

"I never cease to be amazed at the scope of Mozart's imagination. Throughout 'Figaro' he reveals his profound understanding of ordinary human beings. In 'Don Giovanni' he presents us with a wholly different world, in which southern passions are let loose to an extraordinary degree. In 'Così Fan Tutte' he combines irony with deep compassion. This work is often mistreated either as a farce or as cold, inhuman symmetry. Actually, in 'Così' one begins to cry more than one laughs. For me Mozart is the ultimate romantic dramatist. The world of sound he created for 'The Magic Flute' is more imaginative and fantastic than in almost any other opera ever written."

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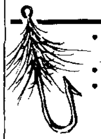

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enter into this stream, and insure that the continuity of meaning remains unbroken as it evolves through an entire work. An audience must never be left with notes that are mere patterns of sound, bereft of spirit. "I remember Karajan rehearsing 'Tosca,'" Tate told me. "In a quiet passage—a psychological moment, having to do with the evil character of Scarpia—he asked the strings to make an instantaneous contrast between a warm and a 'glacial' sound. Every response from the orchestra had to be relevant to the drama."

Opera conducting poses a number of special problems that are not found in symphonic conducting. "It's hard for the orchestra in the pit to hear the singers—and the singers, being at a distance from the orchestra, tend to respond late," Tate said. "The conductor is supposed to be the intermediary between orchestra and singer, but sometimes his presence is more harmful than helpful. If the singers are confronted with a continual barrage of sound, they can never sing softer than mezzo forte, and half their range of expression is sacrificed. You have to develop the orchestra's sensitivity. In rehearsal, Karajan would sometimes stop conducting while the orchestra continued playing, and say, 'Please, just listen to the singers.'

"Balance is usually thought of in terms of dynamics, but it's also a question of opacity. I ask the players to think of the music not as harmony but as counterpoint, to tend to their own lines with care, and to enjoy listening to the other parts in the orchestra. This sort of transparency is particularly difficult to attain in 'Tristan' and 'The Ring.' But if you achieve it Wagner's operas can be sung as lyrically as Bellini's—which is what Wagner wanted. That's the orchestral key to Wagner.

"Then comes the crucial question of tempo. Reginald Goodall stressed two principles that may seem to contradict each other: first, that you must actually give enough time to hear all the notes; second, that you don't conduct the music, you conduct the text. The text is where the drama lies. To complicate matters, Wagner sometimes gives us meanings on more than one level, as in 'Das Rheingold,' where he depicts comic irony together with an underlying tragic irony. The challenge—and it's a great challenge—is to find the tempo *juste:* to conduct the text at its real pace while allowing time for the music to speak fully. Verdi is no less problematic. You have to have a knife-edge sense of pause, tension, comma, and breathing point in relation to the drama to weld an entire act together. Pace is everything. That's why I won't conduct translations. I'm a partisan of supertitles, projected above the proscenium, which allow the audience to follow the text without disturbing the relationship of the words to the music.

"Opera conducting is a difficult business. It's rare when all the musical and dramatic considerations come together. Out of every three opera productions you do, one will be satisfying, the second will be acceptable, the third could well be disastrous. It's only one in twelve that will be a triumph."

IN the summer of 1987, Alan Fluck reappeared in Tate's musical life. Fluck was organizing performances of Britten's "War Requiem" to be given in both East and West Berlin in celebration of the seven-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the city's founding. Fluck explains, "These concerts were more than a political gesture; they were a human gesture. Three hundred youngsters—including the Boys Choir of Harlem—came from all over the world to assemble in the world's most divided city. We wanted Jeffrey to conduct, so we moved heaven and earth for him to be able to do it. That meant flying him several times in and out of Salzburg. After the first performance, which was a tremendously moving experience for all concerned, when Jeffrey and I were finally free of the crowds of people we just looked at one another and burst into tears. When Jeffrey left Farnham, I had thought he'd be doing medicine. Farewell, Jeffrey, see you around sometime. I never dreamed he'd be doing the 'War Requiem' with me over a quarter of a century later." Tate says that had he never conducted anything other than those two performances all his efforts in music would have been justified.

NOT surprisingly, Tate has acquired an antipathy to going to see doctors. Klaus Kuhlemann says, "Jeffrey has accepted a certain level of pain, especially in his lower back, and if he mentions it at all one knows that it's severe. He is most uncomfortable when he's in a confined space: sitting in a chair—he has learned to shift back and forth—or lying down. Travel can be problematic. If the mattress is too soft, he must change hotels."

There have been difficult moments on the podium. "Sometimes in the earlier years of my conducting I'd find that toward the end of a great climax I wasn't able to breathe," Tate told me. "On one occasion I felt as though I might keel over. The harpist, not having anything to do at that moment, realized that I had gone terribly white; she thought that I was going to expire on the podium. In fact, I got offstage and came back to conduct for an hour and a half longer. In Munich, in the summer of 1987, I actually did collapse during the dress rehearsal of 'Salomé,' but I managed to recover and go on. The doctors examined me and concluded that it was a case of complete physical exhaustion. I cancelled some performances at Covent Garden and gave myself a true vacation for the first time in years."

Tate's mother had become increasingly concerned that, although her son was getting more and more tired, he seemed unwilling to let go of any part of his musical life. "I read Jeffrey the riot act," she says. "I told him, 'If they want you to conduct, they'll wait for you.' Jeffrey finally did take notice, and began to slow his pace. Recently, he's become more serene, more settled in himself. He used to worry about reviews, about his career. Now all that matters to him is whether he himself is happy with a performance. Given his nomadic kind of existence, it means something to him to come out to the countryside and be at home with his family and friends."

"There was a time when Jeffrey used to go a little over the top," one of his friends told me. "A touch of the Maestro would slip in. He'd be a bit flip and scratchy, and a little unhappy if the attention wasn't on him. This isn't uncommon among conductors. But that period has passed. It's nice to see a good friend back again and to know that Jeffrey as a human being is still very much there." Tate seems never to forget anyone. He can pick up with someone exactly where he left off, even if years have gone by. His friends are legion. When you walk through London with him, big as the city is, wherever you go people hail him in the street.

Tate and Klaus Kuhlemann live in London, in a Camden Town mews

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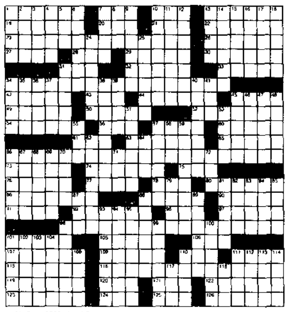
21 Juan's aunt
22 Neither vegetable nor mineral
23 "THE KING OF HEARTS — —"
26 Kind of TV control
27 Nevada city
28 Headlight setting
29 Hampshire, for short
30 "THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT" AUTHOR
31 Whole extent
32 "On land — or foam"
33 Hail
34 "THE CURFEW TOLLS —" GRAY
42 Port- — (French cheese)
43 Belg., Ger., etc.
44 "So what — new?"
45 Actress Gardner et al
49 Japanese porcelain
50 Sam of golf
52 BRITISH DIPLOMAT 1881-195?
54 "THE —" WILDER'S OSCAR FILM
56 Scottish uncle
57 Lessen
60 Island of Western Samoa
61 Choose
63 Key, e.g.
65 Hurry, in Eisenach
66 "... MOUTH IS PRESSED AGAINST THE — —". KILMER
73 River mouth
74 Chilean poet Pablo, 1971 Nobelist
75 Bohea
76 Inventor Howe
77 Fast planes
78 Suffix meaning somewhat
80 KUBRICK FILM: 1960
86 RUNNYMEDE DOCUMENT 1215
88 Thin mud
90 Painter Frederick Church's Hudson River home
91 Tropical Asian tree
92 Farthest
96 Johnson or Heflin
97 Camel's delight
98 READE NOVEL, WITH "THE"
101 Shipworm
105 Reproductive body
106 Hawaiian hawks
107 White poplars
109 Vinegar bottle
110 L-P connection
111 A few
115 Cincinnati player
116 "— HOW MUCH YOU CARE, AND WILL GIVE YOUR — —" KIPLING
119 Possessions
120 Affirmative vote
121 Altar words
122 Shed
123 Ogled
124 The Ukraine, e.g.
125 Allow
126 Rye fungi

DOWN
1 Step
2 Spoken
3 Kind of maid or shake
4 Horseman's game
5 Carbohydrate suffix
6 Interfere in
7 Name for Esau
8 Debussy's "La —"
9 "But the — — the just is as the shining light" Prov. 4:18
10 Sieve or grater, e.g.
11 Certain kittens'
17 Woodworker's device
18 Winter precipitation
24 French daughters
25 — on (persisted in talking)
31 U.S. poet David —
34 Rolled tea
35 Virginia waterway: Abbr.
36 Film actor Jack
37 Honshu port
38 Semicircular windows
39 Utah city
40 Branch off
55 Digit
57 Lament
58 Black cuckoo
59 Chayefsky play, with "The"
62 Thought, in Pisa
64 Pea holder
66 Swelling disease
67 French word of regret
68 Irish county
69 Smelled to high heaven
70 "Taffy — Welshman"
71 Cargo: Abbr.
72 Kind of relief
79 Hindu god
89 Finale
93 Violinist Elman and actor Auer
94 Large diving birds
95 Less slim
98 Produce
99 Not wholesale
100 Play a flute
101 Biblical tower
102 Overweight
103 French income
104 He wrote "Pomp and Circumstance"
108 Luge
110 Debatable
111 Kind of party
112 Wine: Prefix



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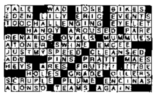
Answer to puzzle 429.



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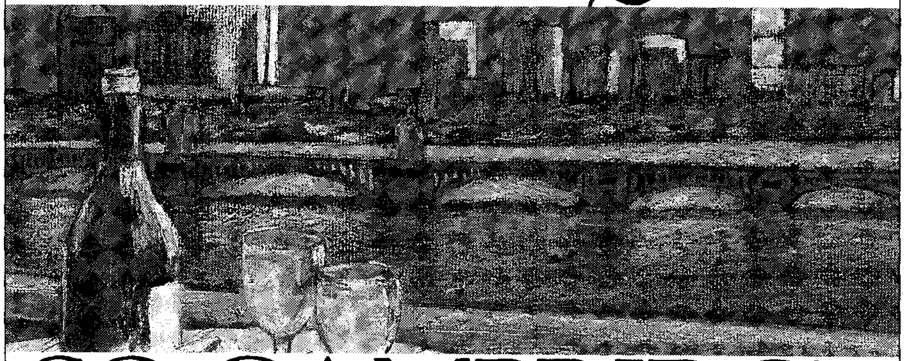

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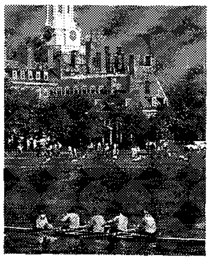

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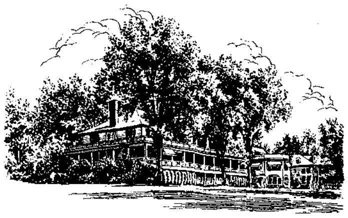

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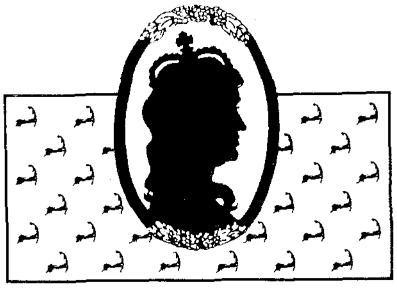

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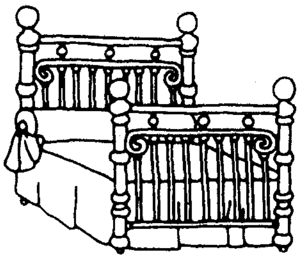

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house converted from an early-Victorian stable. They have designed the interior themselves and have created a place of order and tranquillity which serves Tate as a refuge. Entering their home is rather like walking into a Vermeer painting. The house is tiny but uncluttered, and kept to the essentials. Each object, including the flower arrangements, seems to occupy its rightful place, and contributes to the beauty. Their most prized treasure is a collection of early Meissen porcelain. "It's our mania—a dangerously expensive mania," Tate told me.

"Every piece is irreplaceable," Kuhlemann added. "Our cleaning lady is terrified."

Since his days in the Kentish household, cooking has been one of Tate's favorite pastimes. He specializes in French cuisine, and appoints himself official chef for complicated dinner parties. Tate and Kuhlemann served me a "modest" lunch consisting of smoked-mackerel pâté, vegetable salad, taramosalata (a Greek salad made from cod roe), prosciutto, Stilton cheese, a baguette of French bread, and vintage champagne. Tate owns a Porsche; he cannot drive, but with Kuhlemann at the wheel he likes to speed around the countryside. They once drove from Aix-en-Provence to Salzburg in a single day, mostly on side roads. "Jeffrey has a wonderful trait," Kuhlemann says. "He enjoys everything—whatever it may be—at the time he does it."

"Jeffrey has had material success, and he's the first one to value that," Sir John Pritchard told me. "I've known of no one other than myself who's so much a bon vivant. But you must never forget what a really hard life a conductor has. It's the other side of the coin from the very pleasant material advantages. You can never, never go onstage and conduct without placing yourself before judgment one more time."

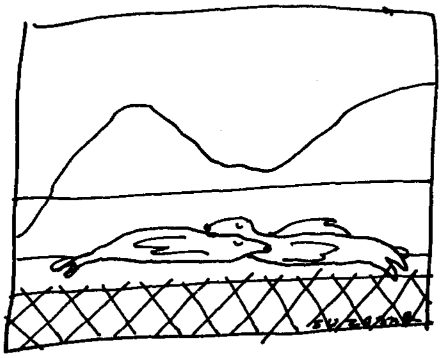
Tate's achievements have elicited a warm response from disabled people. He is now a board member of three organizations concerned with the handicapped, including the Association for Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus, of which he is president. He feels rather guilty about not having more time to give to these institutions, but his musical work is, in itself, doing much to change the way handicapped people are perceived.

One day when Tate was in Italy, a man came up to him, said, "*Scusi, per favore*," and touched him on the curvature of his back. "The gesture was meant to bring good luck or fertility," Tate told me. "Abnormal objects are supposed to ward off malignant influences. I tried to dissociate myself from what was going on, yet I couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. I knew that I was being used as some sort of totem. That's all well and fine, but when you're on the receiving end—totem or not—you're also *you*. Once when I was visiting Crete, a woman made the evil-eye sign when she saw me. I still suffer slightly when children turn around in the street to look at me. Inevitably, there is a sense of anger involved with disability. I'd be lying if I said it wasn't so. I feel that to repress such things would be very foolish of me, so I try to be aware of these elements in myself and to use them somehow creatively. I try not to direct the anger toward other people. There are, of course, exceptions. Once, at the Frankfurt airport, an attendant refused to help me carry my heavy case of orchestral scores. As bureaucracy would have it, I was planted in a wheelchair. I felt perfectly humiliated; my self-esteem was involved.

"Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to live inside a healthy body. My body being flawed and my mind being—thank God—relatively able, I can, in a rather Cartesian way, occasionally shift outside my body for a while. It belongs to me, and yet it doesn't belong to me. I can look at myself in the mirror and be somewhat depressed at what I see, yet I know at the same time that I have the ability to stand outside myself while I make that judgment. I'm rather ferociously aware of my own faults. It's part of what I suppose is an urge to see oneself as completely as possible—to see the negative as well as the positive side of my achievement. If you're aware of these polarizing and opposing elements within you, you gain a certain objectivity. You're not pushed into one corner, believing that there's only one truth."

Tate's mother, a devout Christian, says, "I often think of Jeffrey's disability and ask, If there is a God, why has He allowed this? A local vicar once told me, 'You know, if your faith were strong enough Jeffrey would be made whole.' I never forgot that; I didn't go back to that church for years. I wish I knew the answer. But, then, Thy will be done; I'm sure it will all be revealed one day. Nowadays they can test for spina bifida in the first part of pregnancy. Would I accept the risk of having a deformed, or even a mentally retarded, child? I'm thankful that I wasn't called upon to make that decision. The important thing is that Jeffrey has made so much of his life, and he's not sorry for himself—not in any way."

Tate himself says, "I can conceive of the possibility that forces exist in the universe which dictate in some broad way how things behave. However, I don't believe in a deity which, in accordance with Judeo-Christian tradition, is God the Father, with all those human attributes, and which thinks in human terms. I understand and admire many people who do believe this, and I'm grateful for the marvellous works of art that have come into being as a result. But I cannot see that my disability was dictated by God, any more than my gifts were dictated by God. It was caused by a gene mutation, which could have happened to anyone. Every person is different, just as every tree is different. Some people who claim a religious calling have told me that I've been given a good mind because I have this disability—as though God distributed his gifts like Santa Claus. The fact is that you are as you are. I can't think of a time when I haven't been fascinated by all that's around me, and whether I would have been that way without the disability I can't really tell. I would say, however, that *if* you have been given a fairly keen sensibility the disability can sharpen that—if you want to use it that way. With it, I've tended to see the world in a more quirky way, with more open eyes. The disability can act on one's mind as a kind of refiner's fire."



In the fall of 1991, Tate will become the music director of the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra. He chose this position over a more lucrative one, offered by another major European orchestra, because of his respect for the Rotterdam players and because of the favorable artistic conditions in which he'll be able to work—five rehearsals for every concert. "I have many plans for the future," Tate says. "I want to divide my time about equally between opera and symphony concerts—I hope without a lot of frenetic travel. When I'm conducting opera, I want to work with people who can define the dramatic content. I'm not interested in revolution for revolution's sake, but I do want to wipe off the false layers of varnish that have accumulated on certain masterworks. I'll confess a secret ambition: I've long nursed a desire to direct a film—a film noir like Clouzot's 'Les Diaboliques.' My greatest dream, which doesn't need to have a time put on it, is to conduct 'The Ring' and 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth."

Tate still reads avidly. He can hardly enter a bookstore without carrying away a dozen books. He enjoys biographies (early-twentieth-century, Bloomsbury), history (Roman, Byzantine, and medieval), and, on performance days, thrillers. But the book that has continued to haunt his imagination since adolescence is that strange, captivating, almost mythological tale "Le Grand Meaulnes."

"On the surface, Alain-Fournier's work is fragile and elusive, but it has powerful undercurrents," Tate says. Faced with the harsh and unpromising reality that surrounds them, the crippled boy François and his friend Meaulnes follow an irresistible inner calling to pursue their mysterious quest. As François grows into manhood, he begins to participate actively in the unfolding of his destiny. Two-thirds of the way through the story, he manages—by perseverance helped along by chance—to discover the whereabouts of the lost domain he and his friend have so long sought.

> And I knew that, with Meaulnes far away, and all hope abandoned, it was I who had before me, like some familiar well-trodden pathway, the road which led to the domain for which we had no name. I who had always been a dreamy, reserved, unhappy sort of boy turned overnight into what was known among us as a "decided character" when I saw that the opening of a new chapter in this important adventure depended on me.
>
> And it is from that evening, I believe, that my knee stopped hurting for good.

—DAVID BLUM

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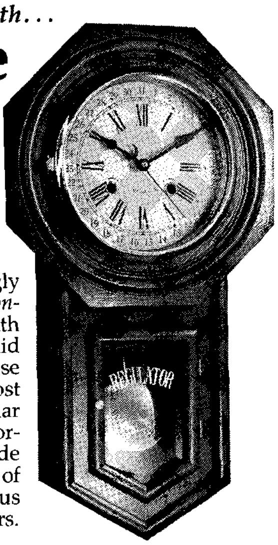

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# THE THEATRE

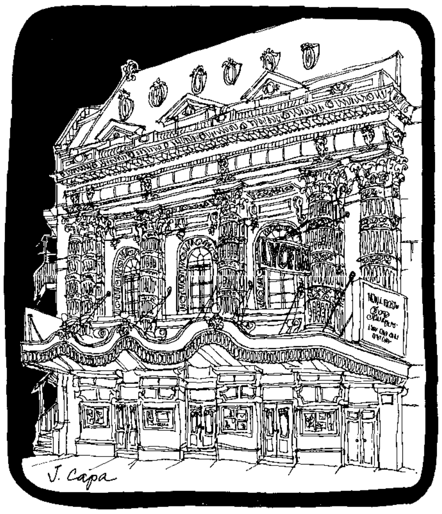
## *Travelling Man and Hesitating Woman*

THE interior of the newly restored and rechristened Walter Kerr Theatre (it was formerly the Ritz), where August Wilson's "The Piano Lesson" opened last week, is truly exquisite. I have an idea that parts of Wilson's play must be exquisite, too. Unfortunately, I found it difficult to see past the head of the extremely tall man sitting in front of me. Offhand, I can think of no playwright whose work is harder to appreciate in such a situation. Wilson is unusual among contemporary playwrights in that he writes for the proscenium stage. His plays tend to present two juxtaposed areas—the adjoining rooms of a recording studio, or the world within someone's back yard and the world outside it, or a boarding house where people stay briefly and the city of roads and bridges that carry them away—and you have to be able to view the whole stage to get the full effect of what is happening there.

In the case of "The Piano Lesson," which takes place in the house of a black family in Pittsburgh in 1936, the stage is divided into two rooms (evoked by E. David Cosier, Jr.): a living room, where the piano in question sits, and where the person who wants to sell it does most of his talking; and a kitchen, where people mostly talk about why it couldn't or shouldn't or won't be sold. There are some spellbinding scenes in "The Piano Lesson"—like the one in which a man sits in the living room talking about his hands while in the kitchen a woman goes through the elaborate process of taming her little girl's hair with a hot comb and grease. What the man is talking about—working to produce something that white men will own—goes back to slavery. What the woman is doing—using her hands to make her daughter conform to white fashion—looks toward the future. Because of where the actors were placed in this sequence, something of its meaning came across to me. But most of the important scenes in Act I—like the one in which a room comes alive with the movement of men singing a work song, and the one in which we hear the history of the piano—take place on the right side of the stage, the side that this very tall man and I were sitting on. I would have gone back the next night, but I quailed at the prospect of sitting through Charles S. Dutton's performance again.

Dutton is the central character, Boy Willie, whose arrival and departure frame the play, and Dutton's performance, which could all too easily win him a Tony Award (it seems calculated to), and which has already won the actor praise, is, I think, terribly damaging to the delicate structure of Wilson's play. Like the performances that Lloyd Richards—who directed "The Piano Lesson"—elicited from James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney Vance, and Frankie Faison in Wilson's "Fences," it is essentially a bid for attention. It's not so much stagy as self-conscious; indeed, self-consciousness is virtually its only quality. Stagy acting is what Maggie Smith does so well in "Lettice & Lovage"—projecting the mannerisms of someone who doesn't behave the way real people behave. What Dutton is doing is stagy only in the sense that you know (because something in the actor's bearing or timing or intonation tells you) when a big line is coming up; for the rest, it's projected realism: the simulation of a feeling—anxiety, say, or indignation—at such a pitch that the audience is constantly aware of watching the performance of an actor in a play.

What impresses people about this sort of acting may be its effortfulness. In Mr. Dutton's case, effort means speed. Dutton bursts onto the stage at the beginning of the play acting at such a level of hysteria that his performance has nowhere to go; his character talks incessantly, compulsively, and Dutton delivers practically every speech with the unvarying, frenzied purposefulness of a crazed auctioneer. He induces a sort of delirium, so that by the end of the evening it's impossible to focus on anything Boy Willie is saying.



To be fair, it's hard to know how else an actor could approach the role. "The Piano Lesson" is a play that desperately wants cutting, and Boy Willie has most of the long speeches. Yet Dutton's performance isn't about subtlety, and all the rest of the performances are, as is the play. With the exception of "Fences," all Wilson's plays are subtle: they explore complex ideas by constructing around some aspect of the experience of black Americans an intricate system of theme and imagery. If "Fences" was Wilson at his least interesting, that's because it was linear: its eponymous image meant basically the same thing to all the characters. The central object in this play—the piano, a beautifully carved upright, decorated with faces and scenes—means something different to everyone. To Boy Willie, who wants to use money from the sale of the piano to buy the land his family worked as slaves and sharecroppers, the piano means the future and his spiritual emancipation. To his widowed sister Berniece (S. Epatha Merkerson), whose father died stealing it from the man who owned it, the piano means a heritage of grief, bitterness, and women without men. To Berniece's would-be suitor, Avery (Tommy Hollis), the piano represents the baggage of sorrow he wants her to relinquish. For Berniece and Boy Willie's uncle, Wining Boy (Lou Myers), a former recording artist, the piano was once a living and is now a burden, and to Boy Willie's friend Lymon (Rocky Carroll), an interloper, it's just a good story. To Doaker (Carl Gordon), the head of the household, whose grandfather carved pictures of his wife and son on the piano for the slave owner who sold the wife and son in order to buy it, the piano embodies the family's history—symbolically and in concrete terms.

If a man carves pictures of his wife and son on a piano, to whom do the pictures belong: the artist or the man who owns the piano and once owned the wife and son? Which is more important, the future or the past? How do you measure the abstract value that one person puts on an object against the practical use to which another person can put it? And what is the best way of making your way in a world in which whatever you make with your hands belongs to someone else? Wilson never answers any of these questions. Instead, he tacks on an ending that takes refuge in mysticism and melodramatic event—a tendency of his. Like the stages for which he writes them, all Wilson's plays are divided in two—between earth, represented by women and home, and mysticism, embodied in the men who travel around in a world no part of which, they feel, can ever really be theirs. And mysticism always wins out. Usually, though, some marriage between the two forces has been effected in the audience's mind by means of music. "O Lord Berta Berta O Lord gal well, go 'head marry don't you wait on me," sing the men in the kitchen. "I am a rambling gambling man," sings Wining Boy, pounding the piano. "I've travelled all around this world." And later he sings, "It takes a hesitating woman wanna sing the blues," while Doaker makes up a song out of the names of the towns on the Katy line. All the music in "The Piano Lesson" is about travelling man and hesitating woman—except for the prayer that Berniece improvises to resolve the conflict and bring the play to a close.

I suspect that at one time Wilson had it in mind to include in the play an actual piano lesson. Wilson said in a recent *Times* interview that the play was inspired by a painting of "a young girl at the piano, with a woman standing behind her who seems to be admonishing her to learn her scales." I think this image got translated into that wonderful hair-fixing scene, in which Berniece stands behind her daughter, Maretha (Apryl R. Foster), who is seated. At one point, the child tries to play the Papa Haydn piece out of the Thompson piano primer; in disgust, Wining Boy pushes her away and launches into some boogie-woogie. But there isn't a piano lesson in the literal, down-to-earth sense. It's clear that by the time Boy Willie departs Wilson wants us to feel that the piano has taught him something—or that he's learned something about it—but the precise message of Wilson's mystical ending is obscure to me.

—Mimi Kramer

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Sacred Simplicity*

ARVO PÄRT'S "Passio Domini Nostri Iesu Christi Secundum Ioannem," a St. John Passion, had its first New York performance this month, in Alice Tully Hall. A church setting with warmer acoustics would have been more appropriate, but Lincoln Center, in whose Great Performers series the concert was given, has not yet taken any of the churches nearby into its ambit. The hall was full. "Passio" is a strange, severe work, lasting about seventy minutes, in which a handful of small, careful ideas rotate in harmonic stasis, in a modal A minor. The narrative is related by a solo quartet; as in Schütz's St. John Passion, Christ is a baritone, Pilate is a tenor, and the *turba*, the crowd, is a small four-part chorus. The work was composed in 1981 with organ accompaniment, but lines for an oboe, a bassoon, a violin, and a cello have since been added. Some find "Passio" inspired and beautiful, and others find it boring. Both responses are easily understood.

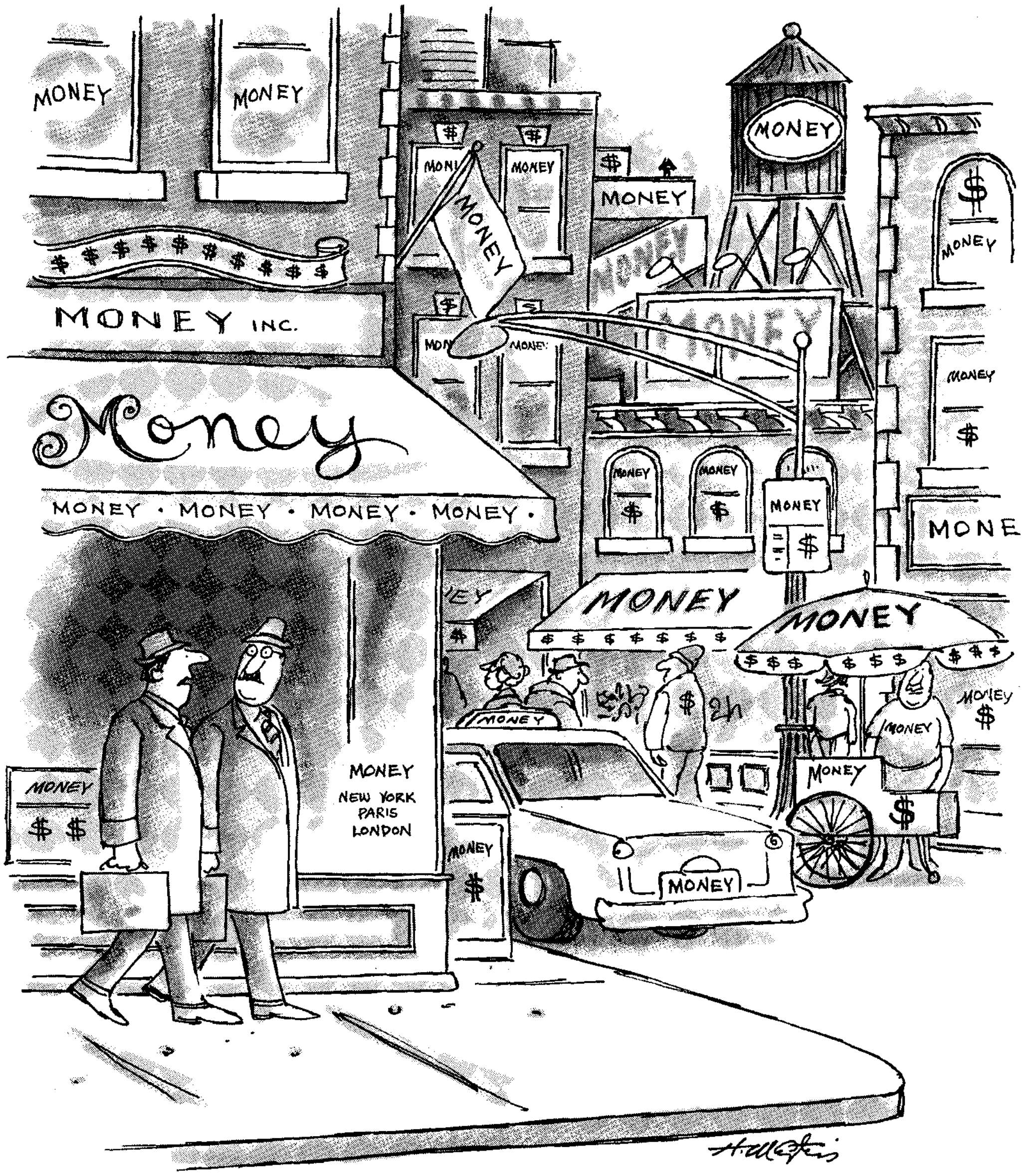
"Passio" was recorded two years ago, for ECM, by the Hilliard Ensemble and the Western Wind Chamber Choir (an English chorus, not the homonymous New York ensemble), conducted by Paul Hillier, with the composer in attendance. The recording was made in a London church, Lutyens's St. Jude on the Hill, and the sound is at once immediate and spacious. The result was hailed by eminent American critics as "mystically compelling," "unforgettable," "spellbinding," "radiantly sung." The Tully performance, again conducted by Mr. Hillier, was given by the Hilliard Ensemble (with two changes of singer), the excellent Choir of Corpus Christi Church, and four leading players from the Chicago Symphony: Ruben Gonzales (violin), Loren Brown (cello), Ray Still (oboe), and Willard Elliot (bassoon). It was of superlative quality: impeccably tuned and balanced, sensitively phrased, sober yet shining in its timbres. Into the title role Gerald Finley poured a bass-baritone of uncommon beauty. The Pilate, John Potter (as on the record), was clear and firm. The quartet was Mary Seers, David James, Rogers Covey-Crump, and Gordon Jones. Mr. James and Mr. Covey-Crump are core members of the Hilliard; the four singers, who have performed "Passio" together often, brought to the evangelist role the mutual finesse of a string quartet. The sound of the Tully organ suited the work better than the riper sound of the St. Jude instrument (Christopher Bowers-Broadbent was the player of both); on the other hand, the Chicago instrumentalists were more vibrant, less "straight" and tangy, than those on the record.

And the work? Like most of Pärt's later music (which is amply represented on ECM), it fills me with mingled impatience and admiration. Pärt was born in Estonia in 1935. After a flamboyant start (which can be explored in Bis recordings of early symphonies and a cello concerto), he was born again, about twenty years ago, into his new simplicity:

> I have discovered that it is enough when a single note is beautifully played. This one note, or a silent beat, or a moment of silence, comforts me. I work with very few elements, with one voice, with two voices. I build with the most primitive materials—with the triad, with one specific tonality.

To an interviewer he says:

> Do you know how they cook soup in a monastery? Each time the cook-



*"Remember a few years ago when everything was sex, sex, sex?"*

ing is complemented by a prayer and they add holy water to the soup. That makes a totally different soup. You don't believe that if you haven't tried it. The difference has nothing to do with taste.

Piety is reverend, and even those whose inclination in matters saintly or musical is toward Augustinian subtlety, argument, and strife rather than Franciscan simplicity can—for a while, at least—respond to, find comfort and repose in, and admire this music of unaffected conviction. The method of "Passio" builds upon that of Pärt's twelve-minute "Missa Sillabica" (1977). The soprano and the tenor of the solo quartet sing nothing but notes of the A-minor triad, while against and through the triads the alto and the bass sing short chantlike phrases, starting each clause on A and moving off, mainly by step, in contrary directions. The strings and the winds do likewise, and so, for the most part, do the organist's right and left hands. The sopranos and tenors of the chorus, however, sing nothing but notes of the E-major triad (the G-sharps are the only notes in the score not "white"), while the altos and the basses have the chantlike phrases. The work moves deliberately, in quarter, half, three-quarter, and whole notes, a note to a syllable, without melismas, and it is homophonic: all parts move together, in rhythmic unison. Such variety as there is is provided by the changes of vocal texture and of phrase lengths, by the touches of instrumental color, and by block or solo declamation sensitive to the text, with the length of each syllable and the articulation of each chanted clause carefully notated. The final phrase of narrative is pronounced by the evangelist quartet united on A, and there is a ten-bar coda, a D-major choral crescendo ("Qui passus es pro nobis, miserere nobis. Amen") over a slow D-major scale on the organ pedals.

Pärt's "minimal" music is of finer grain than that of most Minimalists. It is "handmade," not mechanical, and calls for small, keen nuances of execution. It has roots deep in ancient chant. The simplistic formulas that govern its making are tempered by a spontaneous, phrase-by-phrase, text-determined handling of the free elements. The composer's ear for the primeval language of consonance, discord, and resolution is precise. But he does go on, rather. The Kronos Quartet at its March recital in Tully played a string-quartet arrangement of the repetitious, nine-minute "Fratres" as one of its encores; the piece seemed interminable.

ON Good Friday, in Carnegie Hall, the Classical Band and the Classical Band Chorus, conducted by Trevor Pinnock, performed the Mozart-Süssmayr Requiem, preceded by Mozart's G-minor Symphony K. 550 and the motet "Ave Verum Corpus." The band, led by Benjamin Hudson, as concertmaster, has improved since its unhappy début last year: it plays more nearly in tune, and its tone has become more agreeable. But Mr. Pinnock—who at a harpsichord, with his English Concert players around him, has made some excellent records of Baroque music—has still to prove himself as an orchestra conductor and as a convincing Classical interpreter. His Carnegie performances were hardly more than bland, unexceptionable, rather dull renderings of familiar works. "Unexceptionable" may be too mild a word: I thought he took the first movement of the symphony somewhat too slowly, the second and the third movements distinctly too slowly, and the finale faster than the band could decently play it. Personal judgments are concerned, of course; in the matter of Mozart tempi they always are. A mixture of the listener's preconceptions and the interpreter's cogency comes into play: Albert Coates, Beecham, or Furtwängler could give stirring, persuasive performances at tempi that from Christopher Hogwood, Roger Norrington, or Mr. Pinnock one might be tempted to deride. The particular players, the hall they play in, the instruments they play, and perhaps even the year of the performance (since fashions in execution and modes of listening both change swiftly) have a part.

Jean-Pierre Marty's fascinating book "The Tempo Indications of Mozart" (Yale, 1988) starts by citing Mozart's declaration that tempo is "the most necessary, the hardest, and the main thing in music." Mr. Marty then essays a codification and a consideration of Mozart's many different tempo instructions. He began the study while preparing to conduct "Così Fan Tutte." He builds on, and acknowledges, work that Rudolf Steglich, Eva and Paul Badura-Skoda, Max Rudolf, Neal Zaslaw, and others have done in the field; he extends it until every single tempo indication that Mozart set down—on a score, in a sketch, or in

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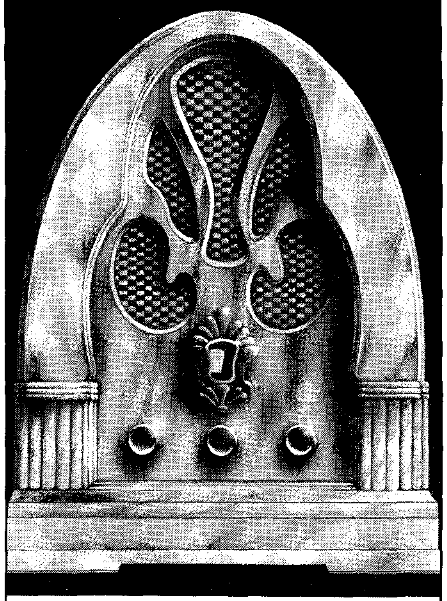

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his thematic catalogue—has been examined, classified, and compared or contrasted with its fellows. Mr. Marty's commentary is colored, inevitably and rightly, by personal feeling. He has been chided for being prescriptive and for asserting rather than suggesting; but the assertions in the text and the numerous metronome markings abruptly assigned are but a shorthand way of indicating details that are governed by his general propositions. The book, he says, is "in the end . . . nothing else than a guide offered by one musician to his fellow musicians." He is not schematic but gives due weight to context, which may lead to differing tempi for passages bearing identical marks. He distinguishes between tempo and apparent speed. The book is something for interpreters and listeners to consult and ponder as Lincoln Center, starting next year, brings every work of Mozart's to New York performance, in its bicentenary celebrations.

The first movement of the G-minor Symphony, in 2/2, is marked *molto allegro*. (Originally, it was *allegro assai;* Mozart changed it.) It shares time signature and tempo indication with Leporello's agitated "Ah signor . . . per carità," in the "Don Giovanni" finale, which has a similar gait. Mr. Pinnock's tempo seemed too easeful, but perhaps a lack of intensity in the phrasing, rather than the actual clock speed, accounted for the sense of slowness. The "slow" movement is *andante*, 6/8: the marking of Susanna's "Deh vieni" and of Pamina's "Ach, ich fühl's"—two arias that are commonly sung too slowly. (Complaints about dragging "Ach, ich fühl's" began as early as 1815.) Mr. Marty calls *andante* "Mozart's most controversial indication." Whatever one makes of it, it must surely yield a sense of "moving along." The minuet, *allegretto*, was held to the old-style lumbering pace, which set brakes on the new-style limber period band. The finale is 2/2 *allegro assai*—a rare Mozart marking. (The finale of the A-major Piano Concerto K. 488 also carries it.) Fast is right—but not faster than the notes can be cleanly sounded.

Mozart composed "Ave Verum Corpus" in June, 1791, for his friend Anton Stoll to perform in the parish church of Baden, where Constanze was taking the waters. The following year, Süssmayr composed an "Ave Verum Corpus" for Stoll. It would have been adventurous and instructive to perform Süssmayr's setting after Mozart's at the Carnegie concert: "Mozart's Requiem" is a work partly by Mozart and partly by Süssmayr, and speculation about the authorship of its movements has been bedevilled by uncertainty about how good a composer Süssmayr was. The Carnegie program note repeated received opinion of long ago: that the Introit and Kyrie, at least, are wholly by, were fully orchestrated by, Mozart. For a quarter of a century, that has been questioned, increasingly: the Kyrie, it seems, is scored in a hand not Mozart's, not Süssmayr's, and not that of Joseph Eybler, who did some work on the Requiem completion before Süssmayr took over. (A new facsimile publication of Mozart's autograph enables any amateur to see that the doubts are well founded.) In 1961, Friedrich Blume published in the *Musical Quarterly* a famous article entitled "Requiem but No Peace." Nearly thirty years later, there is still no peace. In the latest *Journal of the Royal Musical Association* Paul Moseley can declare that "on many issues of great importance" Mozart scholars from Otto Jahn to Alfred Schnerich, Blume, and Leopold Nowak (the editor of the Requiem in the New Mozart Edition) "speculated rather wildly, while other questions seem never to have been raised at all." He raises some new questions and refines some answers to the old questions. In the same issue of the *Journal* Barry Cooper, the composer of "Beethoven's Tenth Symphony," reviews Richard Maunder's revision and completion of the "Mozart Requiem," which I wrote about last year.

If Mr. Pinnock and his Classical Band had, after careful consideration, settled for Mozart-Süssmayr as being a coherently eighteenth-century score—and on that count, at least, preferable to any of the twentieth-century attempts at bettering Süssmayr—they should have said so boldly. The case can be made: this is the score that was delivered to Count Walsegg, who commissioned the Requiem from Mozart. Mozart, Eybler, Süssmayr, and the mysterious newfound participant were contemporaries. But it does need arguing: from the Requiem's first appearance in print, in 1800, the scoring

—the scoring to which Mr. Pinnock and his Classical Band adhered—has been deemed unworthy. In our day, Benjamin Britten, Franz Beyer, Mr. Maunder, and others have sought to make it more Mozartian.

The choir, prepared by Judith Clurman, was good. (A dozen of the singers had also taken part in "Passio.") So were the soloists. Dawn Upshaw, the soprano, sang Latin as if she understood what it meant, in pure, fervent tones. The phrases of the tenor, Richard Croft, were striking; he is another singer who makes one listen. Catherine Robbin, the alto, was steady. Jan Opalach, the bass, declaimed "Tuba mirum" grandly, if a shade strenuously. The text was pronounced in Italianate, not German, fashion. I agree with Mr. Maunder:

> In any performance with serious pretensions to "authenticity" . . . it is just as important for the singers to use the correct pronunciation as it is for the orchestral parts to be played on "period" instruments. This is not simply a matter of pedantic historical accuracy, for the difference between German and Italian sounds, especially consonants at the start of syllables, can have a very marked effect on the articulation of the music, closely similar to that of different styles of tonguing on wind instruments.

A Requiem footnote: The Abbé Stadler—who ordered and catalogued Mozart's legacy for Constanze, was a key figure in the early disputes about the Requiem, and annotated the autograph with assignments of authorship—declared in 1826 that "Mozart used a Handel oratorio for the Kyrie theme." This borrowing has commonly been identified as from "And with his stripes," in "Messiah." Mr. Moseley, I think, is the first to point to the final chorus of "Joseph and His Brethren" (which is also the final chorus of the Dettingen Anthem), where both the Kyrie theme and its countersubject appear. —ANDREW PORTER

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[*From Seniors Today, a newspaper in Westchester County*]

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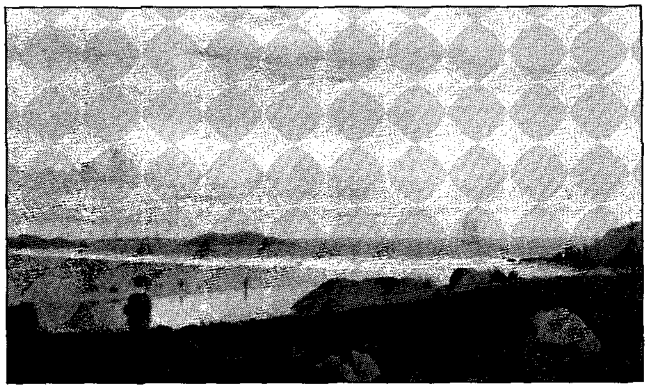

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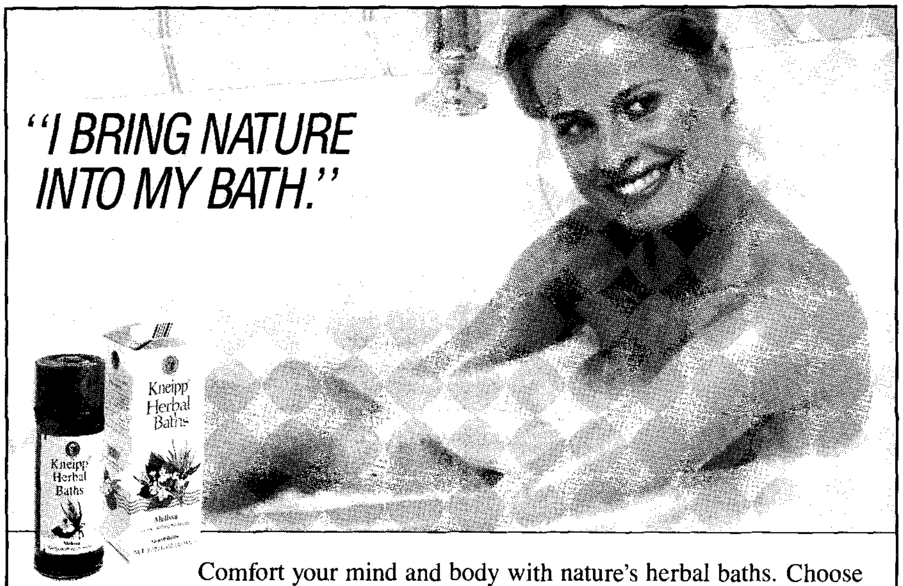

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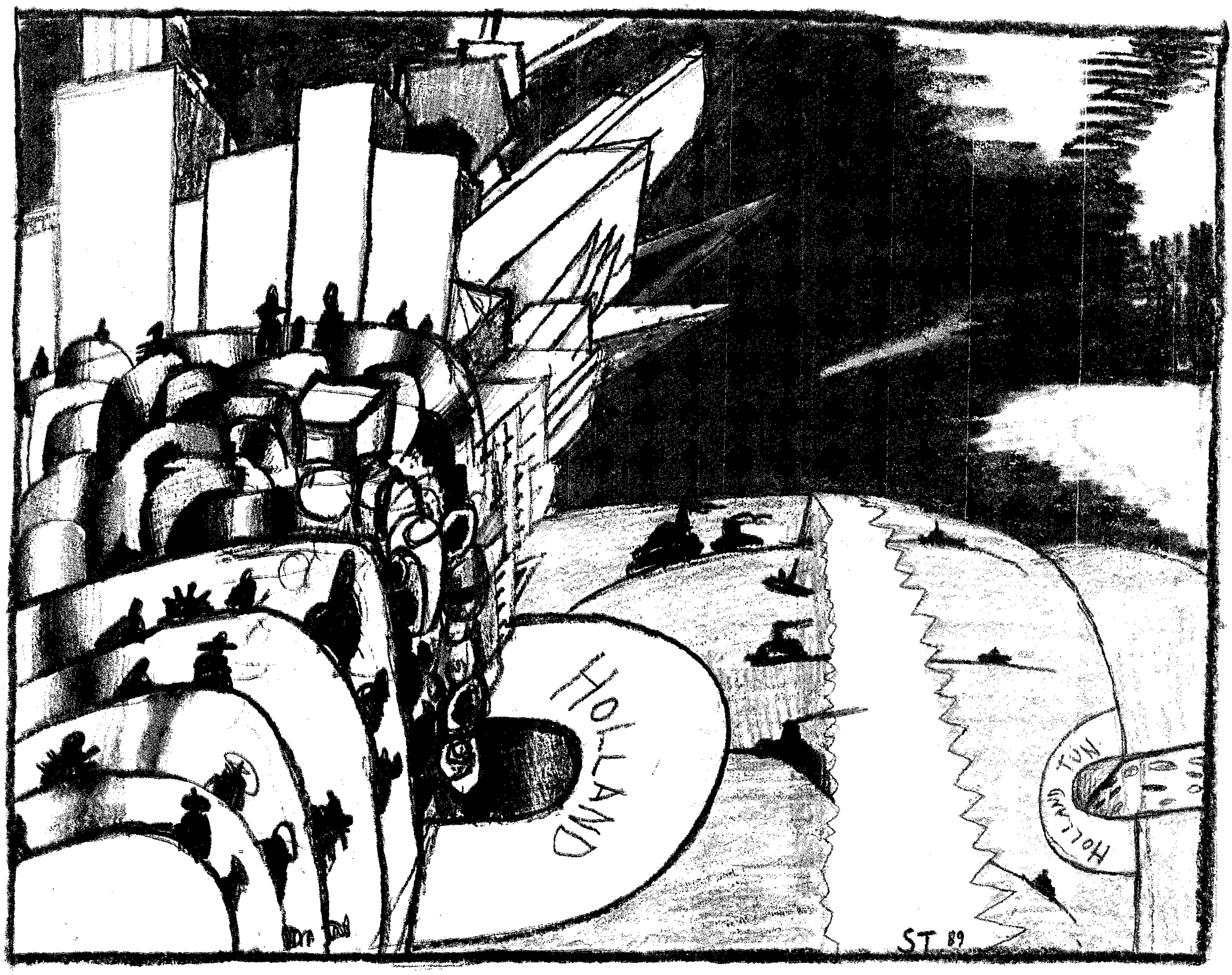
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## CANAL STREET



Canal Street, in lower Manhattan, is the shortest route from an East River crossing to a Hudson River crossing on the island. To the east, Canal Street leads across the Manhattan Bridge, to Brooklyn; to the west, it leads into the Holland Tunnel, to New Jersey. Canal Street is actually an extension of Brooklyn's Flatbush Avenue and of any number of roads in New Jersey laid through the crooked alleys of downtown. The traffic on Canal Street never stops. It is a high-energy current jumping constantly between the poles of Brooklyn and New Jersey. It hates to have its flow pinched in the density of Manhattan, hates to stop at intersections. Along Canal Street, it moans and screams. Worn brake shoes of semi trucks go "Ooohhhh nooohhhh" at stoplights, and the sound echoes in the canyons of warehouses and Chinatown tenements. People lean on their horns from one end of Canal Street to the other. They'll honk non-stop for minutes at a time, until the horns get tired and out of breath. They'll try different combinations: shave-and-a-haircut, long-long-long, short-short-short-long. Some people have musical car horns; a person purchasing a musical car horn seems to be limited to a choice of four tunes—"La Cucaracha," "Theme from 'The Godfather,' " "Dixie," and "Hava Nagila." Eventually, the flow of traffic knocks over everything upright along its route—mailboxes, fire hydrants, light poles, signs. Litter, fruit, rats, pigeons, and hats it flattens and pulverizes. Smaller pieces of metal it presses into the asphalt and makes two-dimensional. House keys, safety pins, gaskets, pop tops, bottle caps, watch gears, buckles, umbrella ribs, alligator clips, and oil-paint tubes (many artists have studios nearby) shine dully in the pavement. When the traffic lets up a little—on the weekends, in the early morning—men working on the street with jackhammers erect barricades and break up the asphalt and throw it and its collection of lost objects into dumpsters and cart it away.

At either end of Canal Street, billboards on the sides of buildings take a last shot at the traffic before it gets by. Canal Street is a gantlet of billboards and signs; Courvoisier, Pearl Paint, Bally's Grand Hotel, Salem Cigarettes, Lincoln Savings Bank, McDonald's, and signs in Chinese impend on the traffic, which is covered with signs and graffiti itself. A white panel truck with "Lust" graffitied on its side in black cuts off a Floors by Palumbo van and gets a horn blast in the back. Perk Up, Inc., of Tarrytown, gives a blast to Budget Rent-A-Truck; Taglianetti's Furniture Delivery Service blasts Palmieri Truckmen of Brooklyn; Firebird Freight stops inches from Basic Leasing Corp. ("We Lease Dishwashers and Ice Makers") and emits a bellow of rage. A yellow moving truck with the motto "On the Move Since 1873" stalls in an intersection through several changes of the light as horn blasts bounce off its side. Weekly, the billboards flicker and change. Signs painted on buildings cover each other, fade, fall in flakes, reappear. Billboards shed strips of paper. One night, the car-burglar-alarm store near the corner of Canal and Thompson began to burn when Tony, the guy who sleeps in the store, apparently set fire by accident to a dish of rubbing alcohol in which he was soaking his earring studs, and suddenly flames were all around him, and he dived out under the security gate, which he could get only half open, and soon flames were shooting clear across the sidewalk, and the Fire Department came, and Tony was shivering on the street in a Black Sabbath T-shirt among the hoses saying, "I know I'm fired. I've already accepted that," and I brought from my apartment an old down vest and gave it to him, and he said, "Hey, this is comfortable. How much do you want for it?" and we stood and watched as the flames reached the big letters "Auto Alarms" on the top of the store, and they began to burn smokily, and the firemen on the roof knocked them off with axes, and they fell to the sidewalk and burned themselves in scrambled order into the chalk-white cement.

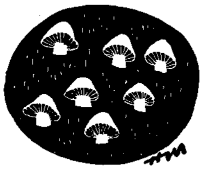
I lived two doors down, in a loft above an Army-Navy-surplus store. The next night, burglars came through the burned-out building, climbed our back fire escape, got into a second-floor storeroom, and stole several boxes of boots—all left feet, as it turned out. When my landlord, the proprietor of the Army-Navy-surplus store, learned this last fact, he was almost happier than if he hadn't been robbed in the first place. The landlord is from Romania. His first name is Hugo, but he calls himself Gary; once I asked him where he got that name, and he said, "A chick gave it to me." Gary is Jewish, but he has an alternative set of business cards printed with an Arabic-sounding alias to give to people who might not like Jews. The surplus American Army shirts he wears at work generally have a name like "McCoy" or "Seagraves" over the breast pocket. When people he doesn't want to talk to come into his store looking for the owner, he tells them, "The owner is in Africa."

The unit of exchange on Canal Street is the dallah. Dallahs are dollars crossbred with dinars, pesos, yen, dirhams, zlotys, rubles, piastres. Salesmen in storefronts and sidewalk venders who know almost no other English yell "Fifty dallah!" and "T'ree dallah!" and "Ten dallah!" up and down the street. Dollars often exist only on paper or video-display terminals; dallahs are always real. Dallahs are green, of small denomination, faded, crumpled, marked with ink and duck sauce and fingerprints and smears of blood. Dollars are carried in a bankbook or a wallet; the proper way to carry dallahs is in the right-front pants pocket in a folded wad with a red rubber band around it. When I ask Gary to lend me forty, he says, "Take sixty." He pulls his wad from his pocket and peels off three twenties. Then he stands looking at me with his eyebrows raised and his thumb poised above the bills, in case I might want more. He says, "All you got to do is ask." He says now if he gets robbed that's sixty he won't lose. Dallahs suggest robbery. To defend against it, Gary takes elaborate measures, which include surrounding himself with Doberman pinschers named Prince and Contessa and a Rottweiler named Spirit. Prince is Gary's favorite. One day, Gary and Prince chased a suspected shoplifter from his store into a deli, where I was standing in the checkout line. Prince was hanging from the guy's sleeve, and Gary was beating the guy's head with a varnished brown billy club. The expression on Gary's face looked like one you might make to frighten a child. He was screaming from down in his throat. Shortly afterward, Prince was stolen. A photograph of Gary with tears in his eyes holding up a reward check for a thousand dollars for the return of his dog appeared on page 4 of the *Post*. The next day, Prince was returned by a man who took the precaution of arriving with a police escort. Gary asked how much he wanted, and he said he'd take five hundred. Gary wrote him a check.

Canal Street, which jury-rigs Brooklyn to New Jersey, is the place to go if you want to jury-rig something. Stores on Canal Street sell a lot of duct tape, extension cords, plastic sheeting to put over your windows in the winter, stapling guns, twine, plastic wood, miracle glues, quick-drying epoxy resins, and multi-plug connectors. The street carpenters all kinds of shaky combinations. In hot weather, the passing traffic with its windows down blasts from many speakers a mixture of songs, like a radio dial being spun. Near the corner of Canal and Broadway is a store that used to sell luggage, jewelry, and takeout Chinese food but now just sells luggage. Another store sells plastic sheeting and imitation classical statues made of fibreglass. The nymphs and dryads and goddesses are displayed out front, chained to a security grate with bicycle locks around their necks. At Christmas, an automotive store at Canal and Hudson used to run a string of Christmas lights through the coils of razor wire above the fence surrounding its collection of old tires. Gary is not big on Christmas decorations. One year at Christmas he hung a white dove above the cash register from a strip of flypaper. Gary's store used to be as hodgepodge as any on Canal Street, with bins of gay and straight porno books, Statue of Liberty paperweights, needle-nosed pliers, and underwater wrist compasses for skin divers. Now he sells mainly Army-Navy surplus and survival gear. Among his most popular items are defused Second World War hand grenades. He sells two kinds—good and rusty. Sometimes I could hear him calling on the loudspeaker to an assistant in the storeroom beneath me, "Danny. Bring me two *good* hand grenades, and two *rusty* hand grenades."

Some of what I know about Gary: he

is forty-three years old; he lost relatives in the Holocaust; he spent a happy childhood in Israel, with a car, girls, trips to the beach; he lived for a time on a youth kibbutz, where boys occasionally swam naked with American girls; he moved without his family from Israel to New York to Canada; he once had a job in Toronto making the molds for three different sizes of Tek plastic toothbrush handles; he is handy with locks; he moved back to New York after his family moved there from Israel; he likes living in Forest Hills, Queens, because every morning on his lawn he sees ("Danny, what are those things I see in my yard, that I like?") squirrels; he has two brothers, one who manufactures corrugated-cardboard boxes and one who has been a caretaker-cashier in an S & M club; he works six or seven days a week, from ten in the morning to seven at night; he smokes cigars so strong that I could smell him coming up the stairs; he wears a little gold hand grenade on a chain around his neck; he likes to eat yellow rice from the Cuban restaurant, and it leaves a mustache; he has no real laugh, just a loud bark of sarcasm, triumph, or joy; his father was a scrap-iron dealer named Leo. I got to know Gary a first-day-of-the-month at a time, as I brought him my rent. One April 1st or October 1st, he said to me, "I should get married—it's time." He began to subscribe to a publication called *Jewish Singles*, which he received at our building. One night, a friend who was visiting me saw *Jewish Singles* by the mail slot as he was leaving, took it home, and then called me to read me excerpts. I made him bring it back. At a dance, Gary met an American girl some years younger than he, and they were married. They named their first son Leo, after Gary's late father. Leo is now nine. Gary says, "When I bring him to Canal Street, I want to attach him to me by handcuffs."



On sunny weekends, Gary's store is so crowded that you have to turn your shoulders sidewise and sidle through. Gary's men Danny, Ezra, Mark, Kabul, Jeff, Eric, Walter, and Abbas watch the crowds. Customers Gary especially mistrusts do their shopping surrounded by his men, more or less in custody. From a raised step behind the cash register, Gary says to me, "See those bleck guys—they're t'ieves. If you ever see those guys around here, call the police. Danny. Abbas. Will you help these gentlemen, please? That white guy, with the earring, he's a junkie. He beats that girlfriend with the sexy T-shirt. He wanted me to sell him some Mace, I said, 'I'll sell Mace to her, not to you.' The Japanese kid there—A No. 1. Japanese A No. 1 people in the *world*. He will spend a hundred and fifty dallah, at least. Japanese, I kiss their foot. That guy with the hat, he's a lawyer, a Chassidim. He's a rich guy, he don't want to share, always wants me to give him some kind of deal. He's hungry, like a typhoon. That other guy's a lawyer, too. He's sharp, are you kidding me? He's English, like the Beatles. (Yes, Zippo lighter, best lighter you can buy, it will burn for twenty years. Don't forget your brochure. Thank you.) That big guy? With the big hands, like baseball gloves? He's Russian, came over to Brighton Beach ten years ago, now he's the toughest landlord, the best landlord, in New York. Compared to him, I'm like a baby sheep. When the tenants don't pay the rent—POW!—he smacks them in the head. Russians don't play, you know. See those two guys? Out on the street? They'll come in in a minute. They're Arabs—P.L.O. They speak Yiddish ten times better than me. They buy a lot of stuff here—clothes, equipment—but no knives or nothin'. I know they would probably kill me, but then business is business."

Although the people Gary is talking about are only a few feet away, they don't hear him. Gary not only speaks several languages—Romanian, English, Yiddish, Hebrew, Greek, some Turkish, some Arabic, some Spanish—but also speaks in several frequencies. He has different channels for conversations with suppliers, customers, employees, and members of his family. In situations where he does not want to use words at all, he resorts to an ultra-high frequency consisting of eye gestures, winks, and headshakes. These signs might mean Yes, No, Shut up, Look out, or I'll explain later. One day, some atmospheric scientists down in Delaware were performing cloud-seeding experiments on a thunderstorm and perhaps the storm got away from them because one came up the coast and

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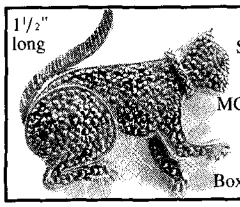

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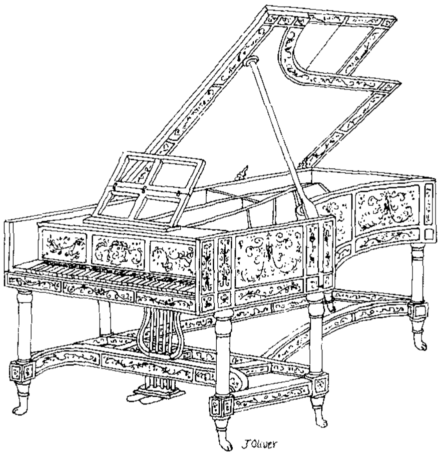
hit New York City at about eight in the morning and dropped more rain than had ever fallen on the city on that date in the history of weather reporting. I was lying on my bed looking out my back door at the fire-hose stream coming from the broken drainpipe of the neighboring building and listening to the rain on the fire escape when suddenly I realized that some of the falling-water sound was coming from inside my apartment. I got up and saw water coming through my ceiling everywhere. I was on the third floor, with two floors above me. I ran to the roof, which is flat and bordered by a waist-high wall, and found it knee-deep in water. I ran down and got Gary, and we waded back onto the roof, and he reached his arm into a drain up to the shoulder and fished some trash out of the filter, and the water formed a big whirlpool and roared down the drain. A few moments later, we heard small cries from the street. The storm drain in the building's basement, unable to take such a volume of water, had instantly backed up, and two guys working in a little room down there had almost drowned in the flood. Thousands of dollars' worth of stuff Gary had stored in the basement was ruined. The tenant on the fifth floor, a costume designer, lost a lot of property, including several life-size frontal male-nude portraits, which he valued at some thousands of dollars each. The costume designer asked Gary to pay for the damage. Gary called his insurance man, who came by and took a tour of the costume designer's apartment with an expressionless face. Back on the street, he said to Gary, "Did you get a load of those naked guys!" and he began to laugh. The insurance company supposedly refused to pay for all the damage. Gary offered the costume designer a smaller amount than he had asked for. The costume designer refused it, and sued Gary. Gary sued him back. Gary offered him money to leave, and he also refused that. One afternoon, someone broke into the costume designer's apartment and slashed up what remained of his stuff. The costume designer said he was sure Gary was responsible, and I said I could see how he might think that. Gary called me into his store and said, "How could you *say* such a thing, I would never *do* such a thing." I said, well, O.K., but now I was worried about my apartment. How did I know a break-in like that wouldn't happen to me? With the tiniest of gestures, just between me and him—a slight downturning of the corners of the mouth, a hooding of the eyes, a shake of the head—Gary indicated that it wouldn't.

BEFORE Gary bought the building, in 1976, it was the Knickerbocker Candy factory. Some of its pipes ran caramel, and there were gobs of crystallized caramel on the walls. When I moved in, my floor still had hundred-pound sacks of imitation coconut flakes lying around, no john, and no door. Back then the rent was three hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Strangers used to walk in and ask me how much rent I was paying, and when I told them they would laugh in my face. Now a rent that low in this neighborhood would be unheard of. I had to hire a dumpster to get rid of all the candy-factory relics in my place. At first, I used the john at the Mobil station across the street. Then I hired a guy named Larry to install a bathroom. Larry was from Brooklyn, and he said he remembered visiting this building on a field trip when it was a candy factory and he was a kid in elementary school. He charged me eight hundred dollars, which I asked my mother for. She said she would be glad to help, and when I said how much I needed, her mouth dropped open. But afterward she gave me a check, enclosed in a greeting card. For a few years, I had just a bathroom and a bed and a phone—no kitchen, no TV or stereo. In the blackout of '77, I hunted all over the floor in the dark for the ringing phone, and when I found it, it was my mother calling to be sure I was all right. Eventually, I put in a new floor, so that it was possible to walk without shoes on, and a kitchen, and walls around the bathroom. The neighborhood, meanwhile, was getting tonier and tonier, and rents were climbing, and I could see Gary calculating. I had a five-year lease, but after three years I told Gary that I could afford to pay more. I said that from then on I would pay a hundred and fifty dollars a month more. Gary's eyes softened with wonder and love. To this day, he says, "Sandy, you don't know what you did to me. You touched me here"—with a finger to his sternum, next to the nametag that says "McCoy."



At the time, people told me I was crazy to raise my own rent. But it turned out to be one of the smartest things I've ever done. After the flood, the building entered a long period of feuds, suits, and countersuits, which I was able to stay out of. The feud between Gary and the costume designer went on for years. The guy on the fourth floor—below the costume designer, above me—also sued Gary over the water damage, and Gary alleged in a countersuit that the trash that had clogged the roof drain and created the whole problem had been left there by that guy in the first place, when he used to lie on the roof and sunbathe. Because just a single layer of boards constituted both my ceiling and that guy's floor, I knew him well, although we rarely spoke. I could hear when his cat jumped off his kitchen counter. The fights the guy had with women no amount of pillows on my head could drown out. Sometimes he and the women threw crockery at each other, and shards rained down on me through holes in my ceiling. The guy was a technician for a television studio when he moved in, but later he became possibly a drug dealer, possibly some other kind of criminal. His telephone rang non-stop. Once, it rang so long it made me fret and start to pace around. I decided to time it, and the continuous rings went on for twenty minutes, thirty minutes, forty. I was now breathing hard and talking to myself. I stood up on a ladder and looked through a hole in the floor. By standing on tiptoes I could just make out his phone, ringing away on the wall. I happened to have a long section of half-inch copper pipe, which the plumber had left, and experimentally I pushed it through the hole, past his chair, past his kitchen counter, past his dish drainer. The pipe was just long enough to reach the bottom of the phone receiver. I lined everything up

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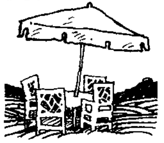

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as if this were a long pool shot. With a little tap, I knocked the phone off the hook, and it swung and dangled from its cord. The silence was sweet. Then I began to feel guilty. I wrote the guy a note explaining what I had done, and left it on his door. I heard him come home at about three in the morning, I heard him unfold the note, I heard him laugh. A few minutes later, a note slid under my door. The guy was a fan of Pauline Kael, and she had heavily influenced his prose style. He said he imagined the building's plumbing in "a macabre, twilight zoney revolt of anthropomorphic metals." I couldn't think of anything to respond, and did my best to avoid him for the next several years.

WALKING east on Canal Street from Gary's building, you might have passed an electronics store with a pile of computers in the trash out front and a man picking through the pile, yanking out panels of circuitry like honeycombs from a hive; a onetime nice diner now taken over by heaps of VCRs and clock radios and radar detectors in cardboard boxes sold at cut rates by a family of Moroccan Jews who wear headphones outside their knit caps and park illegally during rush hour and litter the sidewalk with packing material and call their store "Big Zubby," which means something dirty in Arabic; the 3 Roses Bar, which changed the color of its crêpe-paper decorations for each holiday, and which used to be filled with black working people and then began to attract young white people and then moved to 311 Church Street; a flea market in the parking lot next to the post office with gilt picture frames priced at five dollars each accidentally framing the Day-Glo graffiti on the wall behind them; Uncle Steve, a TV-and-stereo store where the owner did his own radio commercials, which ended "I *lo-o-o-o-ve* you"; Ollie (Something), a tall West Indian man in a leather skullcap who sold old record albums and old copies of *Playboy;* the intersection of Canal and Broadway, a famous intersection, which has appeared on television, in movies, and in a realistically detailed sculpture by Red Grooms now on display at the Cleveland Museum of Art. In the next block, Chinatown begins. The Excellent Dumpling House, near the corner of Canal and Lafayette, announces it with the ozone smell of oil heating in a wok. If the time is between October and New Year's, Christmas carols in Chinese are playing from the leather-goods, makeup, jewelry, and videotape store by the Lexington Avenue I.R.T. subway entrance. Carp show the red of their gills as they gasp in the milky water of a big metal tank in a seafood store at the corner. One carp swims upside down.

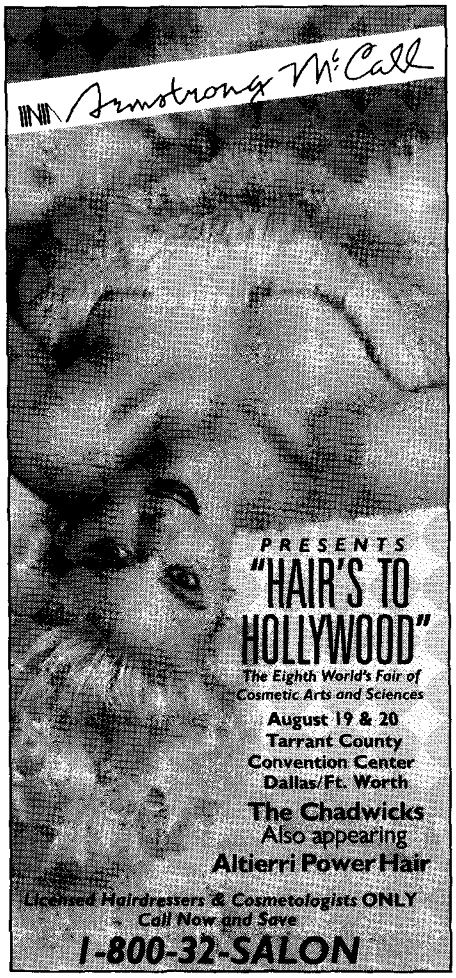
Farther on, you might have seen Chinese-vegetable stands, with their crates of non-supermarket produce—lotus root, and white carrots, and green carrots, and Chinese chives, and water chestnuts, and wrinkled bitter melons—which the people who work there are sick of telling tourists the names of; a store that sells mostly shellfish, and has a wooden counter full of sea-colored lobsters writhing in very slow motion beneath a sign saying "$6.50 LB. NO PICTURES"; sidewalk venders selling live crabs and assorted mushrooms and pieces of dried shark stomach; a sign advertising the House of Watch; lots of jewelry stores, with clerks in the windows arranging necklaces on velvet stands shaped like headless necks; black security guards in front of the jewelry stores flirting with women wearing gold charms in the shape of the Dominican Republic; a shopping arcade where (according to the *Times*) young ethnic-Chinese refugees from Vietnam hang out between errands of extortion against local businesses, which they perform for the Chinatown gangs. Police think some of the refugees belong to a gang that killed two members of another gang in 1988 near 269 Canal. If the time is between Memorial Day and the Fourth of July, Chinese kids and Italian kids wearing white shorts, sneakers, no shirts, and towels around their necks try to sell you fireworks. The sidewalk here is narrow and polished smooth by feet. Some days, the crowds are so thick that people come to a complete stop and stand and wait.

Just beyond the intersection of Canal and the Bowery, across an asphalt expanse of traffic lanes and concrete dividers and yellow stripes painted on the pavement, is the arch at the entrance to the Manhattan Bridge. Traffic going to and coming from the bridge drives on ramps around long, columned wings extending from either side of the arch. Depending on the time of day, traffic going one direction or the other drives under the arch itself. The arch is maybe forty feet high, embellished with goddesses of victory, shields, fasces, tridents, spears, flags, helmets, winged lion heads. Across the top of the arch, in bas-relief, is a frieze of Indians on horseback hunting buffalo. The Indians draw their bows all the way back among a galloping herd of adults and calves. One horse prances on its hind legs. At the keystone of the arch, a buffalo head looks down on the tops of passing trucks. An afterthought of twin steel cables stretched from one leg of the arch to the other holds yellow traffic-signal boxes. Along the wings of the arch, in between the columns, people with no place to live store folded-up cardboard cartons, plastic bags of clothes, a laundry cart, sneakers, a broom. Sometimes sanitation men come along and clean this out, and then all that is left, on a ledge at the base of a column, is a single plastic vial of those scented oils people sell in the subway. Windrows of trash pile up on one side of the traffic dividers that route the cars coming off the bridge. As you approach, pigeons leap from the trash like flames.

Actually, Canal Street does not stop at the bridge but angles off to the east for eight blocks. Here it is not an artery but just a Lower East Side street. Guys lie in it to work on their cars. The gutter holds blue safety glass from a shattered car window, birdseed, a squashed gherkin, puddles of fluorescent-green radiator coolant. Nobody yells at trucks that double-park. A Chinese man standing at the back of a truck loads garments that come to him down a long cord strung directly from the truck to a window on the top floor of a nearby building. Pastel sports shirts on hangers descend one after another in five-story swoops. On this part of Canal Street, Chinese businesses mix with kosher delis, locksmiths, upholstery stores, and Chassidic hardware stores, which are closed on Saturday. Just below Canal is a network of narrow streets centuries older than the bridge roaring above them. It is Chinatown, but not the part where conventioneers come to eat Chinese food. Some of the side streets are so narrow they barely have curbs, much less sidewalks. Flatiron buildings almost small enough to put your arms around occupy tiny wedge-shaped lots. Gentrification has left this place untouched; rents here are probably about the same as they were in Carthage, or Nineveh, or Peking under the Tangs. Shoes have worn shallow depressions in the stone of apartment-house steps; hands have polished the paint off railings. Ancient paint on door lintels is cracked and ridged like alligator hide. This is the basic city that people have always lived in, of which the rest of New York is only the twentieth century's approximation. Market Street, which runs parallel to the bridge just south of it, angles down to the blue of the East River like a lane in a seacoast town.

In the Sun Sing Theatre, on East Broadway directly under the bridge, in the middle of the day, two dozen Chinese men in white short-sleeved shirts are watching a movie about the adventures of a fisherman from mainland China who comes to visit his more sophisticated relatives in Hong Kong. Outside, little kids with backpacks and with the hoods of their jackets drawn tight around their faces run to meet their mothers. Some teen-age kids walk by singing a song about you've tried the rest, now try the best. Big yellow Chinese characters painted on the sidewalk translate as "Seriously no park car." In a store on Henry Street filled with small, bright birds in wooden cages, two men unroll and discuss an illuminated Chinese scroll. Sparrows on a fire escape across the street answer the birds singing through the open door. A few doors down, guys in red smocks are laughing in a printing store that sells mainly Chinese-restaurant menus. A boy goes by wheeling a long-haired white cat in a wheelbarrow. At the corner, a woman cobbler has set up her bench. She bends over and saws at the heel of a burgundy leather boot while its wearer holds on to a street sign for balance. A mounted Norman Rockwell print of a red-cheeked cobbler leans against the wall nearby.

WALKING west on Canal, away from Chinatown, toward the Hudson River, you can understand why people who drive this street become so upset. In the course of its half mile or so, they are going a long way—from the Old World to the New, or vice versa. If the eastern end of Canal Street is Nineveh, its western end is Brasília. When you head in this direction, each intersection seems a little less ethnic than the one before it, and there is a scent of the American continent up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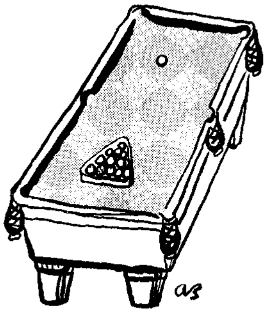
ahead. At certain times of year, the red sun sets right at the end of the street. Westward, the buildings get bigger and farther apart, with growing vistas of sky between. The light and the space probably tempt drivers to think they are about to soar onto one of those empty skyways of the car commercials, when in fact they're not. At the river, just beyond the cars speeding by on the West Side Highway, the island ends like a piece of paper on a table. A plaza at the foot of Canal is empty except for some cars and a collection of snowplow attachments the city has lined up in rows. Fewer horns honk here. On the opposite bank, you can see the lights of Jersey City and Hoboken and farther upstream. The water is unoccupied, the sky as big as any in Manhattan. Eighty years ago, right at the river's edge is where the worst traffic jam was, as cars, trucks, and horse-drawn wagons waited to get on the several ferries across. The sky and the water here used to be almost invisible for the piers and shipping warehouses. Now a few splintery pilings are about all that remains. As the sun goes down, the sky becomes a darker blue, and you can make out the lights of airplanes at different altitudes above Newark Airport.

Westbound traffic on Canal Street does not soar but instead descends slowly three blocks from the river into the entrance to the Holland Tunnel. Few tunnel-bound cars have any passengers besides the driver. Guys prop the *Post* on the steering wheel and read as they wait to roll the next few feet. Traffic reports on the radio sometimes predict delays of over an hour. Weighted yellow cylinders hanging from a cable just before the tunnel entrance bump the top of any truck taller than twelve feet six inches, and an electric eye sets warning bells ringing, and brings a cop running from a little booth. A sign above the entrance says “12′6″ We Mean It!” In fact, clearance in the tunnel is thirteen-six, but the tunnel authorities leave themselves an extra foot in case a broken vehicle needs to be jacked up for repairs. Trucks roar and creak their way into the tunnel, and give off enough exhaust to make the air here some of the most heavily polluted in the city. Set back in a niche at the tunnel entrance, like a man eternally waiting to cross, is a bronze bust of Clifford Milburn Holland, the engineer who designed the tunnel and worked himself to death building it.

Clifford Holland was born in 1883, in Somerset, Massachusetts. Among his ancestors were Puritan ministers who came to New England in the sixteen-hundreds. Holland graduated from the Cambridge Latin School in 1902, worked his way through Harvard, got a degree there in civil engineering in 1906, and came to New York to work on tunnels. As tunnel engineer with the Public Service Commission, he built four double-tube subway tunnels under the East River that the B.M.T. trains run through. In 1919, partly to relieve traffic congestion downtown, a new agency called the New York and New Jersey Vehicular Tunnel Commission decided to build a tunnel under the Hudson River, from Canal Street to Twelfth Street in Jersey City. They hired Holland as chief engineer to design and build it. At the time, Holland was probably the country's leading expert in the shield method of tunnel construction. This method uses a steel-plate cylinder, or shield, which is driven into the earth by powerful jacks at its back edge while men remove the rock and the dirt in the middle. As the shield advances, a tunnel wall of iron rings is set in place behind. One benefit of the method is that the shield can be divided into sealed compartments, and filled with compressed air to counteract the pressure of water; that allows subaqueous tunnelling through wet substances like silt. The bottom of the Hudson is many feet deep in tiny particles of granite, sand, and basalt eroded from the rocks along its banks—“plain, black mud,” as Holland described it. Holland's plan called for two parallel tunnels, one for eastbound traffic and one for westbound. In October of 1922, the first shield began digging toward New Jersey from the intersection of Canal and West Streets. The joint tunnel commission had budgeted twelve million dollars for the project, and paid Holland a starting salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

The Holland Tunnel was the first tunnel in the world designed for motor traffic. Holland and his staff spent a lot of time finding a way to get combustion gases out of the tunnel, and finally devised a system using ventilating shafts, giant blowers, and ducts below the roadway and in the ceiling for outgoing and incoming air. Like many of the automobile drivers in the Canal Street traffic jam today, Holland was a commuter. He belonged to the first generation of men who drove to work from the suburbs in cars. Holland lived in Flatbush, in a three-story house with a yard and a driveway, at 2416 Avenue J. He had a wife, Anna, and four daughters—Anne, Clarissa, Venita, and Lydia. Lydia was only a year old when digging on the tunnel began. Today, Holland's old neighborhood is occupied mostly by Hispanics and Orthodox Jews. Crowds of strollers with clear-plastic covers fill the crosswalks at eleven in the morning, and the only trash among the well-trimmed hedges is an empty bottle of a vitamin that claims to improve fertility. Nothing about 2416 distinguishes it from hundreds of other brick-and-stucco houses extending for miles along Avenue J.

There is no reason to expect that a man who built a famous tunnel should be remembered, or that the house his body was brought back to should have a plaque in the yard. The urge to tunnel is partly an urge to disappear, and its product, no matter how monumental, is visible only from the inside. People have written scores of books on the Brooklyn Bridge and its engineers, the Roeblings; the only book on the Holland Tunnel is a sixty-eight-page volume put out by the company that built the tunnel's ventilating fans. One of the authors of that book visited Clifford Holland inside the tunnel, and described him joking and relaxing in the pressurized air of the shield's forward compartment while work went on around him. In photographs aboveground, Holland appears as an inconspicuous business-suited man of less than average height with a bullet-shaped head, sloping shoulders, and rimless spectacles. His body angles slightly away from the camera; he seems to blink in the light. It is hard to avoid the observation that he looks like a mole. "Head Mole" was how the newspapers sometimes referred to him. Tunnel workers liked him. Construction bosses said that Holland could persuade them to efforts that no one else could.



Digging tunnels is so difficult and dangerous and unlike other kinds of work that it amounts to a vocation. The laborers who do it call themselves sandhogs. Because of the physical demands of the job, and because the sandhogs often worked in the shield's forward compartment under air pressure up to fifty pounds per square inch, they had to pass regular physical exams. They were not supposed to be over thirty-nine, but many were. Working in pressurized air is enervating, and the sandhogs' union would not allow shifts of more than four hours; as the pressure went up, the shifts became shorter and the pay greater. The highest-paid sandhogs earned eight dollars and fifty cents a day. Under the river, beneath bare light bulbs in the advancing shields, with the smoke of blasting hanging permanently in the gloom, and the racket of pneumatic grouting machines echoing off metal walls, the sandhogs picked and shovelled at the slaty gray bedrock. In this intense, pressurized atmosphere, a cigarette burned down to a butt in three puffs, and it was impossible to whistle. Entering or leaving pressurized air, the sandhogs had to pass through an air lock to accustom their bodies to the change. A sandhog who became impatient to go home and left the air lock too soon was liable to get the bends, a painful and occasionally fatal condition produced by bubbles of nitrogen in the blood, which could make him stagger as if drunk, fall down, and lose consciousness. Sandhogs wore medical ID bracelets around their wrists in case they should be overcome by the bends away from the job.

Sandhogs are a tribe, with their own rituals, myths, and hero tales. Many sandhogs are related to one another. Sitting in the air lock, or showering after their shift, or drinking in a sandhogs' bar, they tell stories. The favorite sandhog hero tales are about men who have been in blowouts and survived. A blowout is a catastrophic event in tunnel construction which occurs when the pressure of air inside the shield suddenly becomes greater than the water pressure in the material the shield is tunnelling through. If the

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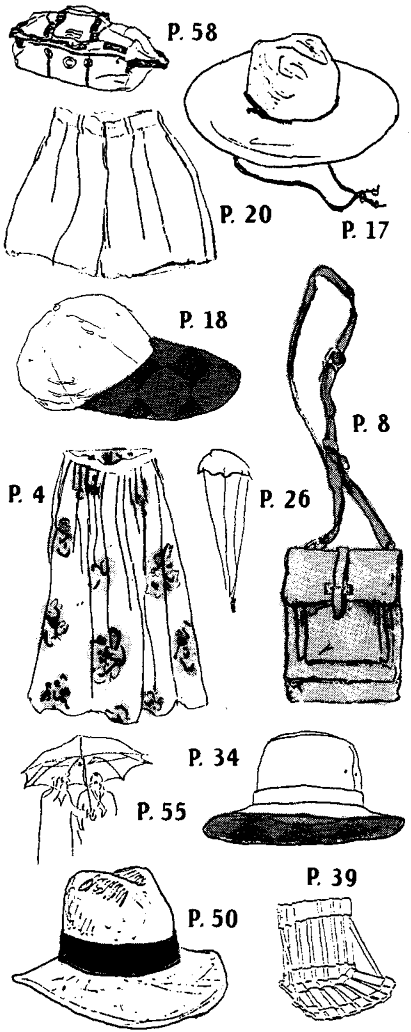

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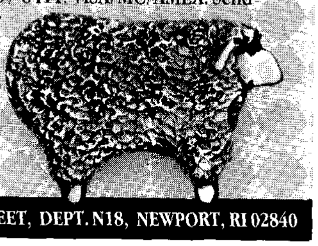

shield happens to hit a seam or a bubble or a weak spot underground, the pressurized air in the shield will sometimes blow right up through the river bottom, through the river, and into the sky in a tall geyser, taking men and equipment with it. Among the most famous sandhog heroes was a man named Marshall Mabey, who survived a blowout that shot him through yards of river bottom and onto the top of a geyser twenty-five feet above the East River during the construction of the I.R.T. subway tube to Brooklyn in 1916.

When the Holland Tunnel was built, it was the longest subaqueous tunnel in the world. New York and New Jersey both ended up spending more money on it than they had ever spent on a local work before. The tunnel used a hundred and seventeen thousand tons of cast iron from mills in Pennsylvania, hundreds of miles of steel reinforcing rods, eight hundred thousand ten-pound bolts, a billion five hundred million board feet of lumber from Georgia and Oregon, steel-and-concrete caissons made in Staten Island, granite paving from New England, and concrete from Cementon, New York. It employed seventeen hundred men (including the undaunted Marshall Mabey). At the height of construction, six shields were digging the tunnel and its approaches—two shields heading west from Manhattan, two heading east from New Jersey to meet them, and two more digging land entrances in Jersey City. Work went on seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. After spending all day at the site, Holland often came back in the evening to see how work was progressing.

In Manhattan, the work went slowly. The two shields—the second one began digging from the corner of Spring and West Streets in April of 1923—took many months to go the few hundred feet from their starting points to the edge of the island. The problem was that their routes underground led not through natural mud or rock but through all kinds of miscellaneous landfill and rubbish that Manhattanites had been dumping along the edge of the island to enlarge it for over two hundred years. There were no records of when this land was filled or what it was made of, so Holland did not know what to expect. Mostly, the fill consisted of waterlogged cribs of immense rough-hewn planks enclosing piled-up heaps of granite in chunks. In the high air pressure needed to hold back the sand and the ooze, sandhogs sawed the wood and blasted the rocks. A canal that had been dug in 1805 to drain a pond where Foley Square is now—the canal that gave Canal Street its name—apparently also washed a lot of rock and brick and ancient refuse to the river's edge. Before or after the canal was covered over, in 1820, it was lined with bricks, to make the largest storm drain in the city. Holland had to reinforce these old bricks with iron plates as he tunnelled carefully past. He also came within five feet of a cofferdam at a sewage-treatment plant at West Street, and almost as close to several gas lines, water mains, and electric cables. Some days, the shields moved forward only a few inches, or not at all. Holland said that every foot of tunnel progress in Manhattan was a new story.

On the New Jersey side, where sedimentary mud was hundreds of feet deep, Holland expected progress to be much more rapid. But there his biggest problems turned out to be aboveground, in the form of the New Jersey Interstate Bridge and Tunnel Commission. This group was half of the New York and New Jersey Vehicular Tunnel Commission. A nine-member commission from New York made up the other half. The two halves did not get along. The chairman of the New Jersey commission was a man named T. Albeus Adams. He praised the project with a speech to the effect that this tunnel would be like Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves, but even before digging had begun he was accusing the New York commissioners of denying him adequate desk space in the offices the commissions shared, on Centre Street. This dispute continued for some time, until an acceptable desk was installed. A more serious argument had to do with the tunnel entrance in Jersey City. The New Jersey commissioners thought its design insultingly small; they wanted a big plaza, and widened streets leading to it. The New Yorkers thought the Jerseyites were trying to improve their city unnecessarily at the tunnel's expense. Whenever the subject of street widening came up at joint commission meetings, people shouted and stalked out. Neither side would yield. New York prepared to sue New Jersey in federal court; New Jersey said that the governors should step in. Holland and a consulting engineer on the New Jersey commission devised a compromise plan for the plaza, which both sides seemed to accept. Then the commissioners disagreed about the construction in the plaza of a ten-thousand-dollar stone-and-bronze monument honoring both commissions, which New Jersey said was New York's idea and New York said was not. The delay continued. Finally, Holland and a small crew secretly went out to Jersey City just before dark one evening and broke ground for the tunnel themselves. One of the Jersey commissioners referred to this as a "contemptible, mean trick" seven times at a commission meeting. Later, when workmen tried to do further tunnel construction on the Jersey side, the Jersey City police stopped them for not having the proper permit. Eventually, months behind schedule, work in New Jersey did begin. The joint tunnel commission had long planned an elaborate formal groundbreaking there, with ten thousand guests and President Harding to attend. When the time came, the two sides of the river were so fed up with each other that the celebration was cancelled.

RECIPES
Judith Shahn

After tunnelling through Manhattan landfill all winter, the shield that had started from the intersection of Canal and West Streets entered the silt at the bottom of the Hudson River. Here progress went five times as fast. When the shield was well out under the river, eleven hundred and thirteen feet from its starting point, it encountered a wall of rock extending in front of it for eight hundred feet. This rock was Manhattan schist, part of a formation that extends to the Jersey Palisades

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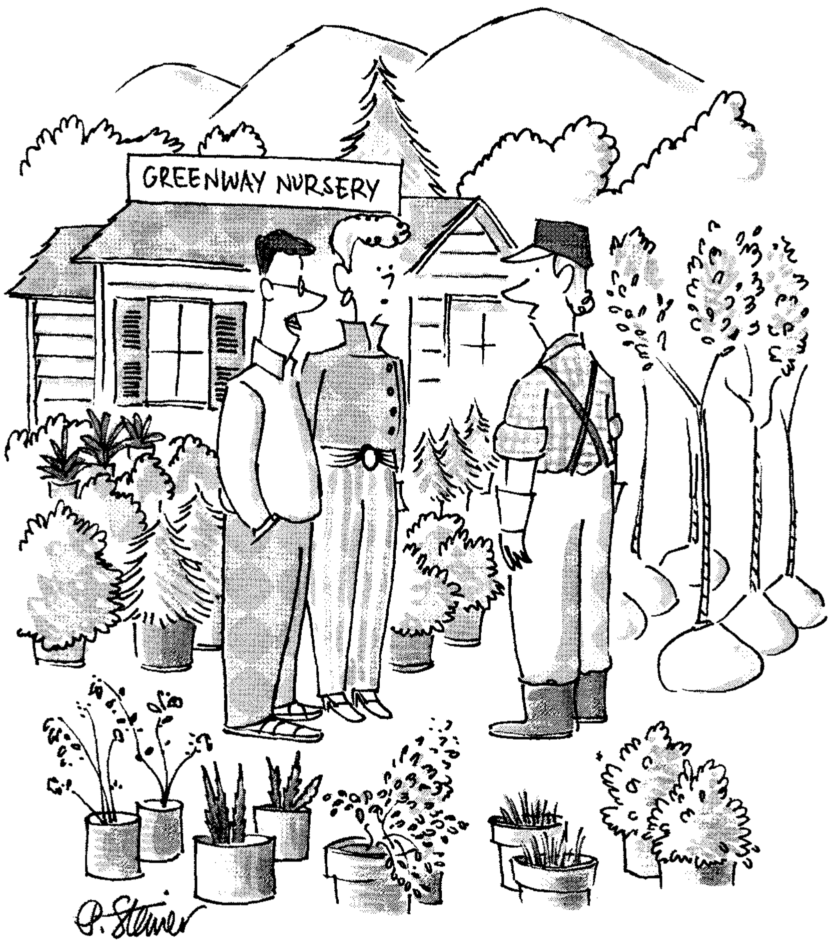
upstream. Progress again slowed, from twelve and a half feet a day to less than a foot. The shield digging the parallel tube west from Spring Street hit the same rock a month or so later. Because the rock face did not extend all the way to the ceiling of the tunnel, Holland had to be especially careful in gauging the force of the dynamite charges he used. The blasts had to be strong enough to break the rock without damaging the shield or disturbing the silt at the ceiling. Despite precautions, at 7:45 A.M. on April 3, 1924, water began streaming through a hole in the two feet of silt at the ceiling of the Canal Street tube. Sandhogs tried to stop the hole with bales of hay, but, in a sudden hiss of escaping air, it grew into a tear twenty feet long. As water gushed into the shield, a foreman, David Brown, shouted, "Run for your lives, men!" Thirty-five sandhogs scrambled through the shield's escape hatch and up the tunnel with the incoming river at their heels. Meanwhile, a fifty-foot geyser of compressed air shot through the hole and into the sky over the Hudson, nearly capsizing a cement barge. The sandhogs made it up the slope of the tunnel before the water, and no one was injured. Additional air pressure drove the water from the tube, and the hole in the river bottom was plugged with two bargeloads of clay.



*"I think we're ready for a tree."*

• •

In addition to solving engineering problems never before encountered in tunnel construction—such as anchoring a ten-thousand-ton caisson for the west ventilating shaft to bedrock through two hundred and fifty feet of riverbed muck, and designing metal joints so the tunnel could move fractions of an inch with changes of temperature and the action of the tides—Holland continually had to explain things. He had to explain why a concrete tunnel, championed by T. Albeus Adams, would probably float, and why two smaller tunnels were better than one big one, and how the money spent on the New Jersey entrance plaza was actually more than that spent on the Manhattan plaza, and why work was going so slowly in Manhattan, and why it made more sense to hire an experienced tunnel-construction firm rather than an inexperienced one championed by T. Albeus Adams, and why the tunnel was going to cost sixteen million dollars more than the original estimate (it eventually cost a total of forty-eight million dollars), and why he refused to allow an engineer hired at the urging of a New Jersey commissioner to leave work for a week to get out the vote for the Hudson County Democratic organization. Over and over, he explained to people worried about carbon-monoxide poisoning how the tunnel's ventilation system would work; when a traffic jam in a tunnel in Pittsburgh ended with hundreds in the hospital, he explained why that couldn't happen here. As the tunnels reached midstream, construction sometimes delayed the departures of cruise liners, to the annoyance of society swells on board. In detail, Holland explained the routes through the construction that cruise ships could take, and why the mounds of clay on the river bottom that they had to avoid were necessary to protect the workmen below.

By the late summer of 1924, the shields tunnelling west from Manhattan were within a few hundred feet of the shields coming east from New Jersey. Everyone awaited the "holing through"—the moment when east and west shields would meet and the first tube would finally go all the way from one end to the other. Newspapers said that the tunnel was approaching its zero hour, and that the engineers were lying awake nights worrying that the meeting would not be exact. Tunnelling simultaneously from both sides of the river, Holland was like a person drilling holes through opposite sides of a block of wood; if the holes didn't meet, the project would be ruined. Each shield had an instrument man who kept track of the shield's position inch by inch. Holland stayed in close touch with the instrument men to hold the shields exactly to line and grade. Once the hole was made, there could be no correction. Holland hoped for a margin of error of less than an inch. Despite a weak heart, which he had had since youth, he went in and out of pressurized chambers many times a day. His wife saw that the work was a

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strain on his health. "If I had known that it was sapping his strength so much, I would have urged him to be more careful," she said later, "but he was so completely wrapped up in his work that I really do not know if my pleadings would have had any effect." On September 27th, the two shields digging the northern tube were within a hundred and sixty-five feet of each other. A meeting was expected within a month. The first week in October, Holland had a nervous breakdown. The joint tunnel commission adopted a resolution giving him a month off with pay, and a second month if he needed it; uncharacteristically, no one dissented. Holland went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, in Michigan. His friend Robert Ridgway, the chief engineer for the New York Board of Transportation, went to visit him a few weeks later, and Holland stayed up late talking about how much he wanted to finish the tunnel. Sad not to be returning himself, Holland saw Ridgway off at the train station. That night, Holland had a heart attack and died.

Two days later, the tunnel's northern tube was holed through. Again, the tunnel commissions had planned a celebration: the President (now Coolidge) would press a gold-and-platinum telegraph key in the White House library, which would touch off a blast removing the last eight feet of rock between the two halves of the tube; radio station WOR would broadcast the sound of the blast to the tri-state area; a band would play "The Star-Spangled Banner"; governors and senators would observe. Out of respect for Holland, no celebration was held. All the workers decided to treat the event as part of an ordinary day. A few minutes after the blast, when the debris and the smoke had cleared, the New York superintendent of the work crawled through a small hole in the wall and shook hands with his counterpart from the Jersey side. The sandhogs did not cheer. When the remaining rock and mud were cleared away, it was found that the two borings diverged from each other by three-quarters of an inch.

Holland's body was brought back from Michigan to 2416 Avenue J, Flatbush, and after a memorial service in Brooklyn he was buried in Somerset, Massachusetts. In a letter to Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, Theodore D. Pratt, the general manager of the Motor Truck Association of America, suggested that the new tunnel be named the Holland Tunnel. Soon afterward, the joint tunnel commission agreed to this idea, and the Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel (as it had been called) became the Holland Tunnel. The southern tube was holed through a month after the northern tube. Anna Holland and her four daughters moved from Flatbush to Cambridge, Massachusetts. The tunnel's twin tubes were lined with concrete, ventilated, paved, tiled, lit, and opened for traffic at one minute after midnight on November 13, 1927.

When the tunnel commission hired Holland as engineer, in 1919, he had insisted that several men who had worked closely with him in the past be hired also. Milton Freeman, his second-in-command, who took over for Holland at his death, knew Holland's plans and methods so well that the work continued with no interruption. Freeman's dedication was at least as great as Holland's. "Mr. Freeman practically slept in the tunnel," Anna Holland recalled. On March 24, 1925, five months after becoming chief engineer, Milton Freeman died of acute pneumonia. The tunnel commission honored him by naming the Manhattan entrance plaza Freeman Square; today, that name has been forgotten. Holland's third-in-command, a man named Ole Singstad, took over from Freeman, and survived to the end of the project. Besides Holland and Freeman, thirteen sandhogs died building the Holland Tunnel. The *Times* gave their names as Philip Healey, Steve Rolzek, Christopher Kelly, John Hues, Joseph Richard, G. J. Slade, Dennis Sullivan, John Taggart, Sezoy Palischick, Feodor Tarashicp, August Nevola, Charles Svenson, and James G. Godfrey. Other newspapers printed the same thirteen names but disagreed on some of the spellings. When the first shield began to tunnel west from Canal Street, Holland described the men "rejoicing as if we were giving a battleship its first spin." The men who built the tunnel had a rallying cry: "Ten minutes to New Jersey by wheel!"

AS if Clifford Holland's profession, diffidence, and short life weren't enough, his name itself was the final guarantee of his anonymity. At the time the tunnel was named for him, editorial writers worried that people would think that the name had something to do with Holland the country. In later years, that happened. Today, almost no one knows who Clifford Holland was. When I asked where the name of the Holland Tunnel came from at Tunnel Discount Stationers, near the corner of Canal and Broadway, a guy behind the counter with a blue knit short-sleeved shirt and a mustache said, "I really couldn't tell you. Library'd be your best shot." When I asked at Tunnel Machinery Exchange, Canal and Wooster, a tall guy with a pockmarked face and a mustache said, "The name of the Holland Tunnel comes from the Dutch— No, you stumped me." When I asked at Tunnel Garage, Thompson and Broome Streets, a guy with a gray-and-black knit shirt and a mustache said, "Ask at the tunnel. For us, it is a little difficult." A traffic cop at the intersection of Canal and Sixth said, "I couldn't tell you that one, pal. I sure couldn't." A fireman by the firehouse at Canal and Allen said, "I have no idea. I imagine from somewhere over in the Netherlands." A woman in a blue jacket and black slacks at Lee Nam Sneaker, 316 Canal, said, "Don't know. Sorry." A gray-haired woman in a gray sweater at the cash register at Canal Deli Grocery, Canal and Greenwich, said, "I never even t'ought about it, frankly." When I asked Gary in his store one afternoon, he didn't know, and he repeated the question to the shoppers at large. A tall Japanese tourist with white hair at his temples who was comparing pairs of American and Israeli military goggles said, "It was named for engineer."

A plaque beneath the bust of Clifford Holland at the westbound entrance describes the tunnel as "the underground highway which joins a continent to a city." Gary has been through the tunnel only a few times; he is of the city. When I moved to New York from Ohio, in 1974, I thought of myself as a person from the continent. I made a point of how "American" I was, and spoke in a down-home accent that surprised my friends from the suburb I grew up in when they came to visit. I moved into Gary's building in the summer of '76, while the Bicentennial celebration was going on. From my front fire escape I could see all the way down Canal to a tall, thin slot of scenery at its end—a rectangle of Hud-

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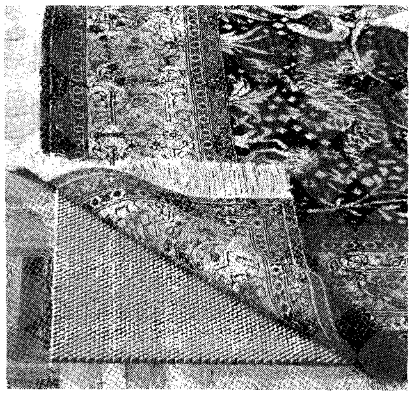

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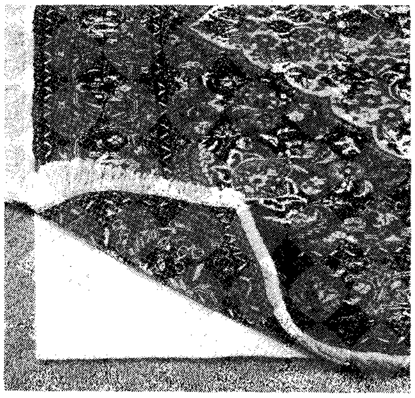

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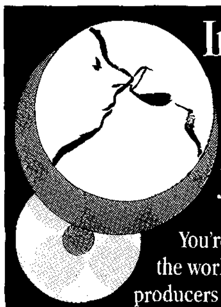

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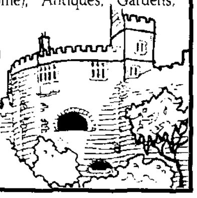

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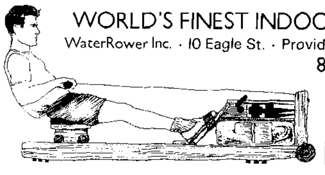

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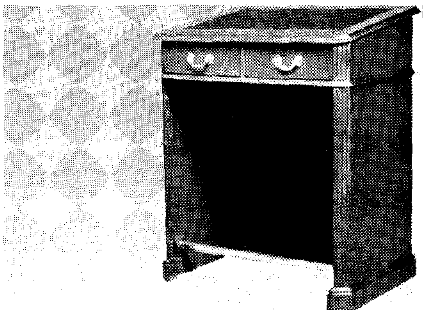

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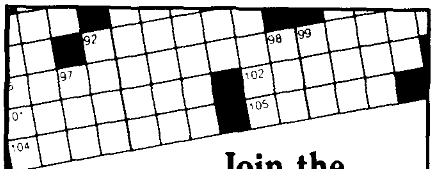

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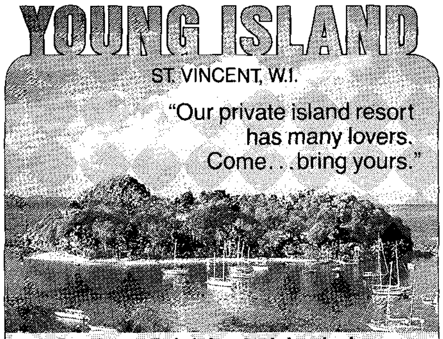

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son River, a stripe of New Jersey, a column of sky. When the Tall Ships parade went by, each mass of sails seemed to cross this view in an instant, like a tiger sneaking from one tree to another in a cartoon. Back then, my fire escape was the only part of the apartment that did not need work, and I spent a lot of time out there staring westward. The sight of a truck from Storm Lake, Iowa, or Cape Girardeau, Missouri, heading down Canal to the tunnel was enough to make me happy. By concentrating on the sun on a peaked roof of a building downtown, I could imagine the sun on the roof of a boathouse in Michigan or a picnic kiosk in Nebraska—places I believed I would rather be.

The farthest west Gary has ever been is Caesars Pocono Palace Resort, in Pennsylvania, ten miles off Interstate 80 and just across the New Jersey state line. He spent thirty-six hours there with his wife some years ago—the only vacation I have ever known him to take. In the opinion of boosters of Pennsylvania who have put up a billboard that says "Pennsylvania—America Starts Here" next to the interstate where it leaves New Jersey, Gary can say that he has been to America. His knowledge of its geography, however, is vague. The first time I told him I grew up in Ohio, he said, "Ohio, Michigan?" A large part of his America falls into an area known as Upstate. (Me): "I just came back from New Haven." (Him): "Oh—upstate?" In fact, his map of the country could be divided into thirds—Florida, California, and Upstate. When I sublet my place to my sister, in 1982, and moved to Montana for three years, that name suddenly appeared on Gary's map—alone and remote at the end of a long causeway, and occupied only by me. He pronounced it "Mon-*tah*-na." Since I returned, he has forgotten that name. Now he calls it "the place you went to."

In Gary's mind, America beyond New York is a land of no headaches: no traffic jams, no eight-and-a-quarter sales tax, no public-transportation tax, no water bills, no fire inspectors, no building inspectors, no lawsuits, no burglar alarms ringing in the middle of the night. He probably thinks of it as a giant slumbering baby: he often tells me it is my country, not his, and he often tells me I am a baby. "Sandy, Sandy, you sit up in a room writing, you like a baby, you don't know"—about the things people do to each other, about the Holocaust, about people paying off insurance adjusters, about how to make women behave, about black people on welfare laughing at me, about what the Palestinians would do to Israel if they had a chance, about how the rest of the world is waiting to come over here and take everything I've got. He says, "You an American, so you straight. But the world is not straight, it's crooked."

While I stand talking to Gary—which I still do, often—people come in and ask for rattraps, martial-arts equipment, gold braid, Mussolini youth medals, Civil War forage caps, earplugs, gas masks, white mosquito netting, wires to keep pants cuffs straight, camouflage paint, police whistles, flare guns, handcuffs, and holsters for guns of every description. One guy wanted to bring his Uzi machine gun from the car to see if the holster would fit. Another guy wanted to talk flashlights. He told Gary he would give his right arm for a certain model of flashlight. Then he went on about different kinds of batteries, bulbs, buttons, cases, and techniques of manufacturing flashlight reflectors. After the guy left, I asked Gary if he had any idea what the guy was talking about. He said, "If I did, would I be here?"

Recently, a developer offered Gary two and a half million dollars for his building. This offer did not delight Gary, despite the fact that he paid sixty thousand for the building originally. He said he would need two and a half million to buy a new building on Canal, so what was the difference? I told Gary he should take the money. I asked, "Don't you have a dream of something you'd like to do?"

"I'll tell you my dream—you'll probably laugh. I'd like to go to the place you went to."

"Montana?"

"Mon-*tah*-na. Yes. I'd go there, in the trees, with peace and quiet and no headaches. Give me ten million, not two, I'll go to Mon-*tah*-na, you'll never hear of Gary again."

—Ian Frazier

# IN FASHION

## *Landscapes with Figures*

PARIS

THE street-cleaners here are dressed in bright-green jumpsuits that match the long green brooms they use to sweep the gutters, and the green motorbikes on which they patrol the sidewalks, vacuuming up what the dogs have left behind. On café terraces, the cane chairs and small round tables are arranged in rows, like boxes at the opera, all turned to face the passersby. Everything, right down to the dirty ashtrays on the tables, is unmistakably French. Franco Moschino, the Italian designer, says that the dirt in Rome is real but the dirt in Paris is theatrical dirt.

Among people who work in the fashion business and travel the circuit—Milan, London, Paris, New York—the standard assumption is that these four cities now constitute one great big community: that New Yorkers wear clothes by Giorgio Armani, and Parisians shop for shoes at Manolo Blahnik, in London, and the Milanese carry Hermès bags, and Londoners wear Levi's. There is supposedly no longer any such thing as national style; there is only the international style, a kind of fashion Esperanto. And yet anyone who travels and takes along clothes that at home seem perfectly appropriate, or even fashionably elegant, knows what it's like to wear those same clothes in Paris—or, for that matter, in any other city—and to seem out of place, clearly identifiable as a foreigner.

The visitor to Paris feels at times like the answer to a "What's wrong with this picture?" puzzle. There is an astounding consistency to the French style—a consensus of color and texture and shape within any given period which makes for a kind of seamlessness in the surroundings. A pants suit by Giorgio Armani, stylish and "international" as it may be, looks slouchy and even sloppy in Paris—at odds with the aesthetic that built the Palais-Royal and laid out the Avenue de l'Opéra and furnished the Grand Véfour. At a time when more and more of the world is being colonized by Hyatt hotels and McDonald's restaurants and Benetton boutiques that are all interchangeable, and in the midst of endless speculation about a united Europe in 1992, it's reassuring to find that local distinctions still exist.

The notion of the elegant Parisienne, born with style in her bones, is not, as one might suspect, an American invention, an outgrowth of our national inferiority complex: the French played a big part in creating the idea, and when it had grown into a legend they subscribed to it themselves. Colette extolled the "little working girls" in the gardens. "For the most part their hair is immaculately done, with a sense of modesty and dignity that restrains them from anything over-elaborate, from outlandish ornament, even from artificial coloring," she wrote. "They have slim figures. They wear starched white collars, blouses with the cuffs turned meticulously back at the wrist. They display a wise distrust of plaids and stripes, and their plain skirts would age them a trifle if they did not wear them a little short: because they have shapely legs and impoverish themselves buying stockings." Valerie Steele, in her recent book "Paris Fashion: A Cultural History," quotes Louis Octave Uzanne, a Frenchman and the author of "La Femme à Paris," published in 1894. "In every class of society, a woman is *plus femme* in Paris than in any other city in the universe," he declared. These observations have with time become clichés, but a mystique of sorts still surrounds Frenchwomen, and anyone with an interest in human nature can't help wanting to take that mystique apart in order to find out what it's made of and how it works. Riding on buses, sitting in cafés, walking down the street here, I study the way people dress. Suppose you took that

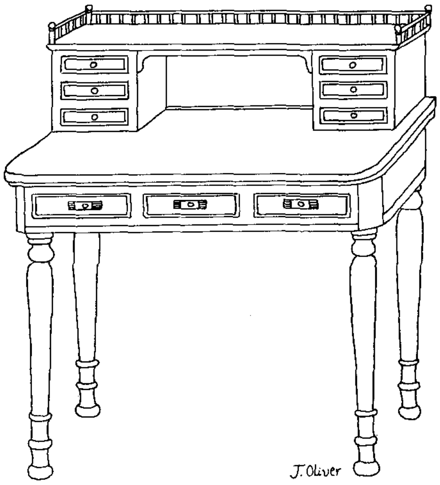
woman there, in the leggings and the jacket, or the one in the tweed suit, and set her down in New York City: what is it about her that would identify her as French? It is probably foolhardy to try to talk in general terms about fashion in a country that is home to designers as artistically far apart as Hubert de Givenchy and Jean Paul Gaultier. But the gulf between Givenchy and Gaultier is in many ways not nearly as great as the distance between the attitudes they share and the attitudes that back home we take for granted. It is these differences that occur to an American in Paris several times a day, and they strike me as more interesting than the similarities.

FOR one thing, the French respect fashion as a profession, as a diversion, as a topic for serious discussion in ways that Americans generally don't. Philosophers like Roland Barthes have delivered themselves of lengthy disquisitions on the subject; Pierre Bourdieu, one of France's leading sociologists, has undertaken an exhaustive investigation into matters of taste as they relate to social class; the semiologist Jean Baudrillard has examined the premises of seduction. One tries in vain to imagine an American market for a book like Gilles Lipovetsky's "L'Empire de l'Éphémère," a hefty treatise on "*la logique de l'inconstance, les grandes mutations organisationnelles et esthêtiques de la mode*" (no pictures), or even for a handy reference volume like "Les Mouvements de Mode: Expliqués aux Parents."

Much of this discourse at the highest levels of thought is in fact buoyed by hot air—by an often exasperatingly pedantic elaboration of what seems as if it ought to be self-evident. At other times, the ideas and the statistics mustered to support them are a source of idle fascination. In Bourdieu's "Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste," for example, we read the results of a 1976 survey in which Frenchwomen, grouped according to the occupation of the head of the household, were asked to rate their own features. The women in the "Farmworker" category rated their skin and their noses the highest; women under the "Clerical, Junior Exec" heading liked their hands best; and women in the "Executive, Industrialist, Professions" division were the most satisfied with their hair, faces, eyes, teeth, and bodies. Even when the theory or the information is useless to someone trying to make some larger sense of the French tradition in fashion, the mere fact of this discourse is telling.

David McFadden, who was the curator of "L'Art de Vivre," last year's exhibition of the French decorative arts at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, in New York, says of France, "The surface is understood better than in other countries, because it's meaningful information—what people see in your house, in your dress, is who you are. The philosophy is that you are what you create around you." The information encoded in the surface of things here goes beyond the usual socioeconomic particulars that help people to know something about one another before they've exchanged a word; French objects and furniture and clothes also contain instructions for their use. In an essay in the book published in conjunction with the "Art de Vivre" exhibition, the art historian Suzanne Tise quotes from a 1925 luxury-goods catalogue describing French curios: "They contain our souls, they assume the most exquisite form of our thoughts. It is the virtue of the curio that it secretly influences our ways of feeling, and perhaps acting." An object's function is for us its reason for being, and its design is something extra; for the French, good design, even at its most decorative, is not a luxury. Even their everyday objects encapsulate a lesson in civilization. A Louis XIV *bergère* reminds us to sit up straight; a narrow suit by Yves Saint Laurent teaches us to make our movements small and close to the body.

In New York, people are often described, if not defined, according to the designers they ally themselves with, and even to the untrained eye the labels are fairly easy to identify: "She's tall, blond—a real Ralph Lauren type," or "Who was that woman across the table, the one in Lacroix?" Here in Paris, the labels are more often illegible. Women tend not to dress right down to their shoes in clothes by a single designer. Yet snobbery is alive and well. McFadden says, "In France, if something is mass-produced—truly mass-produced—it loses its popularity, because it doesn't have that cachet of being special. The French want pieces made by hand of fine materials, with beautiful workmanship. But the French artists working in small studios, the craftspeople, have a difficult time of it, because the average buyer wants an *objet de luxe* by a firm that has a name. You don't go to some unknown artist's studio to buy handmade glass, you don't go to Saint Gobain and buy mass-produced glass —you do go to Baccarat and buy cut glass. The objects the French want fall right in the middle, between craft and industry."



Yvonne Brunhammer, the chief curator of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris and a consultant for "L'Art de Vivre," says that France is a terribly conservative country, and that its conservatism is the climate necessary for the growth of an avant-garde. If the course of French fashion is, as Brunhammer defines the course of the French decorative arts, "a constant dialogue between tradition and innovation," then the course of American fashion seems to be a constant dialogue between fashion and non-fashion. In a nation of immigrants, eager to fit in, fashion is the local game that newcomers play to get accepted, with the result that people who follow fashion come under suspicion for being conformist, and fashion itself is seen as pernicious, coercing people to look alike. So the cult of the individual in America is, when it comes to clothes, the cult of non-fashion, and this rejection of all the things that fashion stands for gets played out, ironically, in the mainstream of American fashion, with designers devising clothes that manage to be both fashion (fancy fabrics, famous name on the label) and non-fashion (functional articles from sporting-goods and other "legitimate" realms).

The French find our love-hate relationship with fashion mystifying—it's the "hate" part that they don't understand. Their ability to recognize innovation presumes a certain familiarity with what has gone before. The French, convinced that fashion is not only something they do better than anyone else but something they invented, feel collectively obliged to follow its progress, the way an American who isn't a baseball fan might watch the World Series. Among the people here who have asked me for an eyewitness account of events on the runways were a taxi-driver and a professor at the Sorbonne. During the semiannual rounds of fashion shows in Paris, highlights of the day's collections are shown each evening on the TV news.

An American here is struck by how strong the herd instinct is among the French when it comes to fashion. Frenchwomen of a certain age habitually dress in suits by or after Saint Laurent. Young Frenchwomen express their solidarity in trends—a sudden rash of black lace stockings or knitted shawls bordered with a ribbed ruffle—that usually last no more than a season or two and rarely make their way abroad. The latest discoveries are telegraphed on the street, and the air is charged with the exchange of fashion information.

And yet Frenchwomen, even when they're wearing the same skirt or carrying the same handbag, somehow succeed in looking one of a kind, usually by virtue of some small detail. Living in Paris, one comes to realize that there are an infinite number of ways to tie a scarf or comb one's hair. These little flourishes remind me of tales of the Paris Opéra Ballet a century ago, when every dancer in the corps went out of her way to distinguish herself from every other dancer in the corps, for the benefit of the members of the Jockey Club in the audience, who often selected their mistresses from the stage. Writing half a century later, Edwin Denby imagined "a Paris fan's dismay at the sight of our clean-washed girls, looking each one as like all the others as possible, instead of (as in Paris) as *un*like," and he added, "As for the Americans, when they see a huge gifted company on the vast stage in Paris, they wonder that the Opéra public likes its dance pleasure of so small a kind, inspected as though through an opera glass, a limb or a waist at a time." As attention-getting devices go, the ones deployed by Frenchwomen are remarkably subtle, drawing the viewer in, requiring closer study. This is an art not of first impressions but of lasting ones.

THE institution of the demimonde is, of course, defunct, but the attitudes that gave rise to it live on. The *grandes horizontales* had an enormous influence on fashion in their day, and that tradition survives, unreconstructed, in clothes designed by Emanuel Ungaro. To our minds, sex is, on the one hand, something furtive and naughty (there has always been a place in American culture for designated "bad girls"—sex symbols like Marilyn Monroe and Madonna), and, on the other hand, something organic and good for your health. To the French, sex is something exquisite, to be led up to and orchestrated—an aesthetic experience that takes place amid ruffles in a tufted-satin setting, like the inside of a candy box. This idea is, in its way, curiously sentimental, leaving no room for heavy breathing, no room for sweat—and it seems a far cry from America, where the sexiest genre in fashion these days is exercise clothing.

If the way a society keeps sexual behavior under control is one of its organizing principles, then fashion, being the language in which sexuality (among other things) is expressed, is a key to something basic. The clothes Frenchwomen wear are nearly always fitted, if not tight and sometimes downright constricting. (A suit by Saint Laurent indicates the body underneath it more precisely than, say, a suit by Bill Blass.) Perhaps because they seem to be "held" by their clothes, Frenchwomen walk and sit and carry themselves as if they thought they were sexy. (My friend Lucie, an Englishwoman living in Paris and a thoughtful observer of the local landscape, has a related theory: that Frenchwomen feel sexy because they still wear such elaborate underwear—an idea corroborated by the fact that there are nearly as many lingerie boutiques in Paris as there are bakeries.) When Frenchwomen dress in something big and loose, it is more often than not a man's sweater or sports coat borrowed from a boyfriend's closet and worn as a trophy. An American in Paris eventually arrives at the conclusion that the

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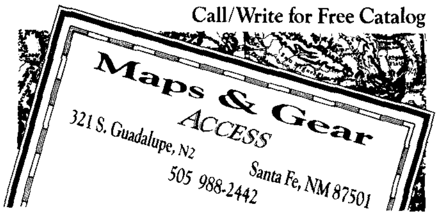

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differences in the way the French and the Americans dress—or, more accurately, between the way Parisians and New Yorkers dress—come down to differences in the relations between men and women in Paris and in New York.

Surely the most glaring of these is that American women still feel conflicted about being regarded as sex objects, whereas if Frenchwomen aren't regarded as sex objects they're insulted. American men rarely compliment a woman on her looks, for fear of activating her suspicions about their motives; Frenchmen compliment women routinely. (Lucie says that in twenty years in England the highest compliment she ever received from a man was "You're looking well this evening"—a remark ambiguous enough to be interpreted as a comment on the state of her health.) We American women want to be loved for ourselves, for who we are, and if it so happens that we're pretty, that's a bonus. This attitude may have its origins in our Puritan heritage, but the feminist movement has recently given it a big boost by reinforcing our conviction that it's wrong for a woman to trade on her appearance. Also, the worship of beauty doesn't sit well with the tenet that good looks constitute an unfair advantage in a society in which all women are supposed to be created equal.

The French are astonishingly free of any such qualms. Soon after the film festival last year in Cannes, the magazine *Télé 7 Jours* devoted its cover to Josiane Balasko, one of the stars of Bertrand Blier's "Trop Belle pour Toi," in which Gérard Depardieu, though he is married to the beautiful, young, refined Carole Bouquet, falls in love with Balasko, his dumpy middle-aged secretary. Alongside a closeup portrait of the pudding-faced actress, the cover line proclaimed that Balasko seduces Depardieu despite her "*physique banal.*"

If Frenchwomen, by the clothes they wear, seem to endear themselves to men in ways that would make an American woman uncomfortable, their style of dress is often contradicted by their extraordinary self-possession and by their manner, which can seem remote by our standards. Depending on the circumstances, a Frenchwoman may pout or sulk or stalk out, but she does it in clothes that declare her willingness to please a man on his own terms. Frenchwomen would seem to be more aware of what Valerie Steele in her book calls their "erotic responsibilities."

THERE is an everyday formality, a routine decorum, to life in Paris which permeates the clothes people wear. It is, as Aldous Huxley once wrote, simply another form of democracy: "In America the cowhand addresses his millionaire boss as Joe or Charlie. In France the fourteenth Duke addresses his concierge as *Madame.*" In America, one dresses down; in Paris, one dresses up, and that is not the same as overdressing.

The vanity threshold is higher here, for men and women alike. No woman would think of going to the grocery store on Saturday morning without first putting on her makeup and maybe high heels. Almost consistently, Frenchwomen present themselves as if they found themselves attractive, regardless of their attributes, and almost consistently the presentation is convincing. Maybe the French criteria for beauty are more elastic than ours, capable of encompassing what in America would be a nose too large or lips too thin. At any rate, Frenchwomen seem to regard beauty both as something they were born with and as something to be achieved. "As for the women of the dominant class they derive a double assurance from their bodies," Bourdieu writes. "Believing, like petit-bourgeois women, in the value of beauty and the value of the effort to be beautiful, and so associating aesthetic value and moral value, they feel superior both in the intrinsic, natural beauty of their bodies and in the art of self-embellishment and everything they call *tenue*, a moral and aesthetic virtue which defines 'nature' negatively as sloppiness. Beauty can thus be simultaneously a gift of nature and a conquest of merit."

Honesty is not nearly so highly prized here as it is at home, but that is not to say that the French are dishonest; it's just that for them artifice is a means of expression. I would be willing to bet that honesty is not very high on the list of what French men and women are looking for in each other: reality, to their way of thinking, is not an aphrodisiac. Nor is "natural" beauty considered a virtue, even when it comes to nature—the French plant the trees in their gardens in a matrix and coax their shrubs into poodle-like topiary. It is not uncommon in Paris for a Frenchman to compliment a woman on her makeup—the kind of comment that horrifies most women who have just arrived from the States, where makeup, if it's well applied, is supposed to be imperceptible, and where most men instinctively know to pretend that it is. There is something fully realized about the way Frenchwomen look, as if they had envisioned a certain image of themselves and had taken the necessary steps to arrive at it. By comparison, American women look like works in progress, if only because we can't admit to having done anything to improve on our appearance. The glamour we see in a self-righteously drab actress like Jessica Lange is beyond the French, who prefer a woman to look more "finished," as Catherine Deneuve and Isabelle Adjani do. Most American women figure that sooner or later a man is going to have to see their face naked anyway, and that when that day comes the makeup will be recognized for what it is—a mask. (The irony of this, of course, is that American women wear as much makeup as Frenchwomen, if not more.) The appeal of the straightforward, clean-scrubbed look, unfalsified by "paint," is essentially moral: we admire a woman for the courage to show herself to the world as she is, and in the end it's the courage we find attractive.

For their part, the French are comfortable when they know that what they're wearing is appropriate. The notion of comfort, the cornerstone of American style, is not alien to the French (despite their frequently ridiculous attempts to look casual), but theirs is essentially a cerebral comfort, not a physical one. Women in New York walk to work in their suits and running shoes, for the sake of their feet, and change into their "real" shoes when they get to the office. In New York, one has the sense that on the street one is not only anonymous but invisible.

Stephen de Pietri, who died in February, and who had been the director of exhibitions for Yves Saint Laurent and a resident of Paris for five years, used to lament the effects of this notion that comfort comes first—a notion that has taken hold in the decades since America freed itself from the supposed tyranny of Paris designers. He said once, "In many ways, you could say it's hostile, or, anyway, antisocial, this independence from fashion—that it becomes an aggression, to say that you don't care about clothing, because, really, dressing well is a social grace, and something you do for someone else."

SOME of the most important designers in the history of French fashion have, of course, been foreigners who settled in Paris: Charles Frederick Worth, an Englishman; Cristobal Balenciaga, a Spaniard; Elsa Schiaparelli, an Italian. In the end, their styles were all seen as French, and so was their success. In recent seasons, some of the liveliest ideas advanced on the runways here have been proposed by designers who aren't French: Martin Margiela, a Belgian; Katherine Hamnett and John Galliano, from London; Romeo Gigli, from Milan; Issey Miyake, Rei Kawakubo, and Yohji Yamamoto, who with a dozen or so other Japanese designers now account for the first two days of the fashion-week schedule.

The current debate here is about the state of French fashion and its fate in a world dominated by business conglomerates, with giant corporations having bought up a number of the most famous haute-couture houses in the hope of following Chanel's example and building a successful empire on the name of a dead founder. When the word got out last year that the new management at Dior was looking for a designer to replace Marc Bohan, who had directed the house since Yves Saint Laurent's departure, in 1960, rumor had it that the short list included two Italians—one of whom, Angelo Tarlazzi, was living and working in Paris—and only one French designer, Claude Montana. In the end, Tarlazzi—whom the French now claim as their own—went to design the haute couture for Guy Laroche, Montana went to do the same for Lanvin, and the job of the Dior ready-to-wear and haute couture was given to the other Italian, Gianfranco Ferre, who is based in Milan. If at first some French fashion enthusiasts found it galling that the house of Dior, the cradle of the New Look, had passed into the hands of an Italian, their misgivings were allayed by Ferre's first couture collection—a resounding success, for which the French press awarded him the Golden Thimble. The reed-thin tailleurs, the frothy blouses, and even the evening gowns

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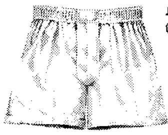

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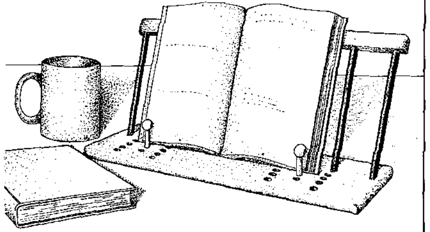

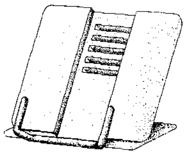

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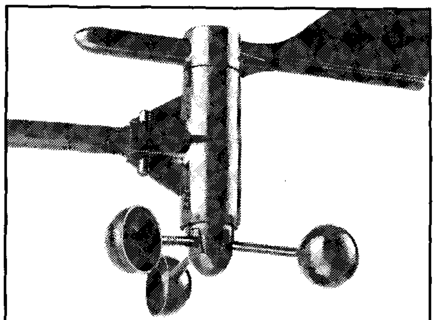
looked like the Ferre we know from his collections under his own name, but the focus was somehow sharper: the shapes were less exuberant; the materials were more restrained; the sexiness was not quite so forthright. The overall effect was more disciplined than what we had come to expect from Ferre, and that in itself seemed to indicate that he had arrived at some deep and sympathetic understanding of a creative tradition that is indigenously French.

Whether or not you accept the theory that the French, having grown up surrounded by beautiful objects, are incapable of bad taste (a theory that any recent Thierry Mugler collection would go a long way to refute), it is at least safe to say that the French are probably more sensitive than anyone else to the panorama in which they're seen. In Paris, where the city itself jealously commands so much attention, where conversations and trains of thought are continually interrupted by the sight of some rooftop or passageway or window, a human being is a mere figure in the landscape. From time to time, at dinner parties and on the street, one sees American expatriates who persist in dressing exactly as they did back home, completely oblivious of the fashion going on around them. This is the sartorial equivalent of never learning the language.

Five years ago, a man I know, an American who was living out West at the time, made a trip to Paris. Walking one afternoon along the Esplanade des Invalides, with the Grand Palais at his back, he saw coming toward him an impeccably dressed Frenchman, who looked as if he'd stepped right out of Charvet's windows; on his arm was a sleek, impeccable woman. The American, who had never given much thought to his or anyone else's clothes, was turned out in a ragged lumberjack-plaid flannel shirt, grease-stained khaki pants (the ones he always wore when he worked on his car), and scuffed-up hiking boots. He felt the Frenchman's gaze steadily on him, taking in every fraying edge, every splotch of oil, and as the distance between them narrowed it seemed to him that he was entering a force field of disapproval. Finally, from a few feet away, the Frenchman looked him in the eye, shook his head, and, without breaking his stride, said, simply but firmly, "*Non.*"

—HOLLY BRUBACH



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# BOOKS

## *Glass Forest*

BIG but retiring, Paul Mariani's "Dream Song: The Life of John Berryman" (Morrow; $29.95) is difficult either to embrace or to censure. It is rich in sympathy, scant in revelation; broad of heart, narrow of vision; long on journalistic detail, short on critical penetration. The poet whose life it chronicles, by contrast, remains a man difficult not to embrace and censure simultaneously. In Mariani's portrait, as in his own art, Berryman comes across as brilliant, charming, funny, and ferociously industrious, and also pretentious, selfish, crabby, and increasingly vainglorious.

One morning in January of 1972, Berryman left his home in Minneapolis for the University of Minnesota campus, where he had been teaching for nearly twenty years, made his way to a bridge over the Mississippi River, climbed the railing, and plummeted some hundred feet to the icy shore below. He was fifty-seven. Suicide had been lurking in his mind for decades, and in the thump of his body's impact one hears an echo of the pistol shot by which—forty-six years before, and also in the morning—the poet's father killed himself. John Berryman seems to have attempted suicide for the first time at the age of sixteen, in response to some schoolboy bullying, but he had threatened it on at least one prior occasion. Surveying the harrowing circumstances of his life—his heavy indulgence in alcohol, cigarettes, and drugs, his multiple breakdowns and blackouts, his frequent confessions that death held for him a charged, almost erotic allure—you marvel that he endured life for as many years as he did.

Along with Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Bishop, Randall Jarrell, Delmore Schwartz, and Theodore Roethke, Berryman belonged to what is sometimes called the Tragic Generation. It's a melodramatic classification—one can imagine how the poets themselves would have bridled at it—and one trusts that posterity will find a designation that properly focusses on the triumph of the work rather than the trials of the life; but there is no gainsaying that "tragic" fits a group so ravaged by suicide, domestic violence, psychoses, fugue states, alcoholism, drug dependencies, failed marriages, incarceration. Yet even among such surpassingly troubled people Berryman stands out as an anguished soul. If his "lows" were no lower than what the others weathered, he apparently suffered such periods more often and with fewer respites. The lament he wrote to his mother on his thirtieth birthday—"my talent lost, like my hair, sex crumbling like my scalp . . . Every day I wish to die"—was both heartfelt and typical. By my lights, he had the grimmest life of the lot, and my reluctance to face his suicide—with thirty pages to go in this five-hundred-page biography, I set the book down and did not lift it for two weeks—will probably be shared by many readers.

Given the immediacy of his poems, the social role Berryman played while composing them seems surprisingly distant. His generation was notable as well for inhabiting a milieu that appeared not only to expect but to welcome outrageous behavior from its poets. They might have taken their cues from Dylan Thomas (predictably, a friend of Berryman's), who, in his

Folk o' the Wee
Queen o' the Sidhe
King o' the Hill
Will o' the Wisp
Pick o' the Litter
John o' the Glen
Hair o' the Dog
Pride o' the Yankees
Sign o' the Times
Shanahan

notorious tours of American campuses, was counted on to tell filthy stories in mixed company, start fights, pinch the dean's wife on the bottom, relieve himself on the floor, and so forth. One is struck in "Dream Song" by the routine forgiveness Berryman received after writing a letter to his absent girlfriend to inform her that he'd taken a new lover merely as protection against fainting spells brought on by sexual abstinence, or making spurned advances to a friend's girlfriend and then claiming she was the instigator, or spreading false reports that a woman who had rejected him had syphilis, or hitting a young man over the head with a Scotch bottle when he objected to Berryman's running a hand under his fiancée's skirt. This is the poet at large in a pre-feminist world. One is similarly struck by the clemency with which organizers of various colloquiums and lecture series dealt with his lurching drunkenness.

Since so much good poetry flowered in this free-for-all atmosphere, one hesitates to condemn such outlandishness on aesthetic grounds, but on the personal level the effect was unmistakably malign. Berryman constantly felt himself prodded toward just those patterns of excess which turned him, in time, into an alcoholic, an amphetamine abuser, an absentee father, a wayward employee, and an impossible husband in three marriages alike remarkable for the forbearance of his wives.

Not that he needed much prodding. For most of his life, Berryman instinctively endorsed the demons that undid him. It was unlikely that he would abandon what he called his "forest of bottles"—and the transparent humiliations of the falling-down drunk—so long as he saw in alcohol a means, as Mariani reports, to "recover his creativity." Indeed, he was unlikely to alleviate his own or his family's suffering while espousing the credo he put forth in an interview a year before his death: "The artist is extremely lucky who is presented with the worst possible ordeal which will not actually kill him." To the outside observer the lives of others in the Tragic Generation retrospectively reveal self-destructive promptings, but these are generally of an inchoate, unrecognized nature. Berryman was perhaps alone in forthrightly equating catastrophe and good fortune, in explicitly welcoming what might be called the boon of affliction.

As Mariani makes clear, only at the close of Berryman's life did he begin to acquire a healthier outlook. His involvement with Alcoholics Anonymous encouraged a reënvisioning of himself and his society. He was greatly affected by the sight of people from all stations of life partnered in a desperate need to emancipate themselves from an addiction, and the duties he undertook with membership (writing sympathetic letters to those who had "slipped," visiting prisons to discuss alcoholism) were a corrective and a blessing. Religion permeated his last years, a preoccupation reflected in the final section of poems—"Eleven Addresses to the Lord"—of "Love & Fame," which was published in 1970, and in most of "Delusions, Etc.," which arrived in 1972, some months after his death. If, as these poems show, Berryman's journey toward God was a solitary affair, he probably came as close as he ever could to feelings of universal brotherhood in his A.A. meetings. In a painful irony—and most of the ironies in his life were of the painful sort—Berryman finally did win out over alcohol: with a minor lapse or two, he was on the wagon for the last year of his life. This period was both emotionally excruciating and creatively tepid. It was as though his forebodings had come true—as though, all along, drink had been the combustible fluid that fuelled him, that kept his artistry firing. In his eyes, no doubt, his victory over booze—like most of his other triumphs, in a career garnished by honors and awards to an extent matched by only a handful of American poets in this century—came to look hollow.

A GIFTED, mature reader of literature by the time he graduated from Columbia, in 1936, Berryman the critic was far in advance of Berryman the poet, as is rendered newly apparent with the publication of "Collected Poems: 1937-1971" (edited by Charles Thornbury; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25). Berryman was prolific through most of his career, and various errant verses and fragments will probably turn up with time, but this fully outfitted collection—which, with its introduction, chronology, appendices, and index, runs to four hundred pages—should satisfy even his most avid devotees. The only significant omission is "The Dream Songs," which is available in a separate volume.

For all the intelligence, beguilingly harsh music, and mastery of form in Berryman's early poems, they are a strikingly uninviting lot. The opening lines of "Fare Well," taken from "The Dispossessed," are characteristic:

> Motions of waking trouble winter air,
> I wonder, and his face as it were forms
> Solemn, canorous, under the howled alarms,—
> The eyes shadowed and shut.

"The Dispossessed," Berryman's first full-length collection, came out in 1948, but it was actually preceded by a singular project, a sequence of more than a hundred sonnets, written in the summer of 1947. These were not released until twenty years later, under the title "Berryman's Sonnets." The delay in publication was a gesture of discretion: the sequence is addressed to a woman with whom he had a passionate but short-lived adulterous affair. (She was called Lise when the sonnets first appeared, but in the "Collected Poems"—the need for discretion having perhaps buckled under the weight of so many subsequent improprieties—the sequence is renamed "Sonnets to Chris.") These poems are dense to the point of murkiness in places, and oddly bloodless throughout. Maybe because they feel so deliberately worked—the outcome of so effortful a grapple with language—they fail to convey what no successful sequence of love sonnets lacks: an outward-flowing passion. Too much of the energy is channelled inward. As Berryman contends with Berryman (the emerging poet of the freewheeling "Dream Songs" tussling with the receding poet of the straitened "Dispossessed"), his beloved Lise/Chris gets nudged aside.

What Berryman was laboring toward in the sonnets was a living language of dislocation, a freshening of discourse by means of a wholesale dismantling and reconstruction. He succeeded sufficiently, in any event, so that we accept as all of a piece his archaisms and old-fashioned inversions, his grammatical irregularities and punctuational quirks, his British spellings and recherché diction. As was true for Ransom and Hopkins, two sonneteers he profoundly admired, he found that continual, programmatic rule-breaking allowed him a liquid ease with rhyme, and, like them, he naturally gravitated toward the stringent rhyming requirements of the Petrarchan sonnet rather than the less taxing Shakespearean form. His rhymes are clean; he rarely needed to stretch for an off rhyme. From a prosodic standpoint Berryman's sonnets are a curious feat: surely our language's longest Petrarchan sonnet sequence whose rhymes do not feel forced.

His sonnets embody a dual struggle—to shuck the guilty turmoil of an illicit affair and to unlock a language at once freer and stronger than what he already possessed. In time, Berryman triumphed on both counts. As for romance, woman followed woman in his life; in addition to his three wives, there were dozens and dozens of lovers, and though many of those relationships brought him heartbreak he does not appear to have brooded overmuch about affairs that were decently behind him. As for language, the sonnets gave way, in 1953, to his first long poem, "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet"—an immense advance, even if a work so rigidly forbidding as to be easier to commend than to love—and "Mistress Bradstreet" gave way, after eleven years, to "77 Dream Songs," the first installment of what would be his masterpiece.

If Berryman began his career with a line too stiff in its diction and metre to offer entrance to his queer humor and jazzy volatility, he concluded it with a line gone too slack in its music to support the burden of his titanic sorrows and yearnings. In his final years, he turned chattily anecdotal, and was at times both trivial in the tale and listless in the telling. While reminiscing over college days in "Love & Fame," he demonstrated (in a passage that stands for me as his artistic nadir) that, though often blind to his own transgressions, he was capable of nursing a grievance over a lifetime:

> I must further explain: I needed a B,
> I didn't need an A, as in my other six courses,
>
> but the extra credits accruing from those A's
> would fail to accrue if I'd any mark under B.
> The bastard knew this,
> as indeed my predicament was well known
>
> through both my major Departments.

In the quarter century between "The Dispossessed" and "Love & Fame" lay an exciting interval during which Berryman the lyric poet sometimes managed to get things exactly right. This was the period of the liminal rhyme music of "Note to Wang Wei," some hauntingly hopeless fragments about the Holocaust ("Lift them an elegy, poor you and I, Fair & strengthless as seafoam Under a deserted sky"), and, on the occasion of the birth of his son, what is surely his finest short poem, "A Sympathy, a Welcome," here set out in its entirety:

> Feel for your bad fall how could I fail,
> poor Paul, who had it so good.
> I can offer you only: this world like a knife.
> Yet you'll get to know your mother
> and humourless as you do look you will laugh
> and all the others
> will NOT be fierce to you, and loverhood
> will swing your soul like a broken bell
> deep in a forsaken wood, poor Paul,
> whose wild bad father loves you well.

Stylistically, this is Berryman operating where Berryman is best—on the edge of excess. In a remarkable number of ways, given the brevity of the poem, he is always courting collapse: in the immediate, uncushioned clamor of its pararhymes (feel/ fall/ fail), the near-thing silliness of "loverhood," the hint-but-no-more of roguish self-congratulation in "wild bad father," the whimsically exclamatory capitalization of "NOT." (If the poem calls for such walloping emphasis, wouldn't you expect the stress to land on "all" instead?) What serves not merely to redeem the poem but to ennoble and glorify it is its overflow of something rare in Berryman's verse: a tenderness so capacious that, for a moment, Berryman the man—with all his tensions and griefs, his constant, unprofitable musings—stands small beside it.

"A Sympathy, a Welcome" leaves the reader wondering what sorts of lyric poems Berryman might have produced if at mid-career he had thrown himself into their creation. But when this little verse was written, in 1957, he had already embarked on "The Dream Songs," a project so encompassing that he never quite got extricated from it. He had found his stanzaic form at last—a process that, by Berryman's own figuring, took about two decades. Most of these Songs are self-contained poems

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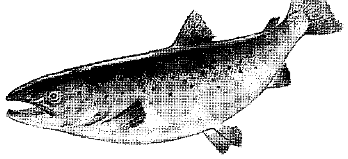

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of eighteen lines, composed of three six-line stanzas. In prototype—from which Berryman deviates frequently, and often broadly—the metre is iambic, with each stanza conforming to a 5-5-3-5-5-3 stress configuration. Three such stanzas add up to a poem of a hundred and fifty-six syllables—very near the hundred and forty syllables of the archetypal sonnet—and many of the Songs carry a sonnet-size packet of information, and, in their individual stanzas, evoke the tone and flow of a Petrarchan sestet.

But in the form's diverse freedoms—its license to rhyme or not, its extensible and reducible line lengths, and (perhaps most important for a poet given to echoing his forebears) its structural novelty—Berryman's imagination found a deliverance that the sonnet could probably never have provided. Only in the Songs was Berryman able to illustrate how potent was his special gift for juxtaposing incongruities. He was forever paring from his verse the bridging phrase, the mediating observation. The Songs document the chiefly internal life of a man named Henry, who—in the most startling of these juxtapositions, at least initially—may be referred to in the first person in one line and in the second or third person in the next. (Henry is "not the poet, not me," Berryman protested in an author's note, but Henry and his creator share so much—wife, children, friends, travels, injuries—that a reader understandably has trouble keeping them separate.) With similar abruptness, Berryman places baby talk beside theological musings, etymological puns beside vaudevillian blackface, prayer beside obscenity, sweeping political punditry beside minor physical complaints. The effect often looked like nothing that anybody had ever done before:

> At Henry's bier let some thing fall
>   out well:
> enter there none who somewhat has
>   to sell,
> the music ancient & gradual,
> the voices solemn but the grief sub-
>   dued,
> no hairy jokes but everybody's mood
> subdued, subdued.

What is possibly most winning about "The Dream Songs" is how true to themselves, to their self-set mode of evolution and disclosures, they remain. Berryman was originally tempted to work with and refine traditional models, and traces of this impulse are found in the finished poem; the "Op. posth." lyrics of Section IV, for instance, in which Henry briefly dies, recall the journey to the Underworld which the epic hero customarily embarks upon. But by and large Berryman let his poem design itself. One is reminded of a contemporaneous sequence, Roethke's "Lost Son" poems, which also trafficked in nursery rhyme and baby talk, and also stubbornly refused to take shape from, as it were, above. In both sequences, the structure was meant to come from below, from the depths of consciousness, and both trailed off rather than risk the falseness of some tidied culmination. If inconclusion is where the mind generally winds up in its driftings from dream to waking, from anxiety to exultation, from memory to anticipation, from childhood to maturity, then nothing conclusive ought to be offered the reader in the end. (The two poets also shared a supernatural or mystical link, each forming so intense an affinity with Yeats as to meet his ghost in a sort of waking visitation.)

Although Berryman had a strong, at times hectoring, streak of didacticism in him, perhaps the most instructive lesson of these Songs is never explicitly stated. They show us that writers who seek a voice closer to everyday speech needn't necessarily move closer to everyday speech. Berryman in "The Dream Songs" fulfilled every poet's ambition: he managed to import something authentic and untapped from the language of his time into his nation's verse. And he accomplished this through consummate artificiality. No one talks the way Berryman, in his different personae, talks. Children don't babble as artfully as he babbles in his child mode ("Henry is weft on his own"); blacks don't speak like Henry when he speaks in blackface ("Maybe you both, like most of we"); scholars don't declaim as Henry has them declaim. But the music springing from this motley chorus is our music; Berryman glides and skids, boasts and blusters to cadences that are indubitably American.

WHAT is it about "The Dream Songs," then, that touches one with an unexpected regret? I doubt whether I am alone in finding them in some regards more compelling as symbol than as experience. Theirs is the special poignancy that attends an op-

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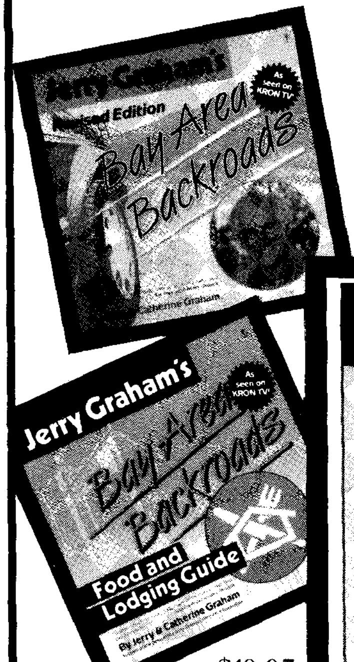
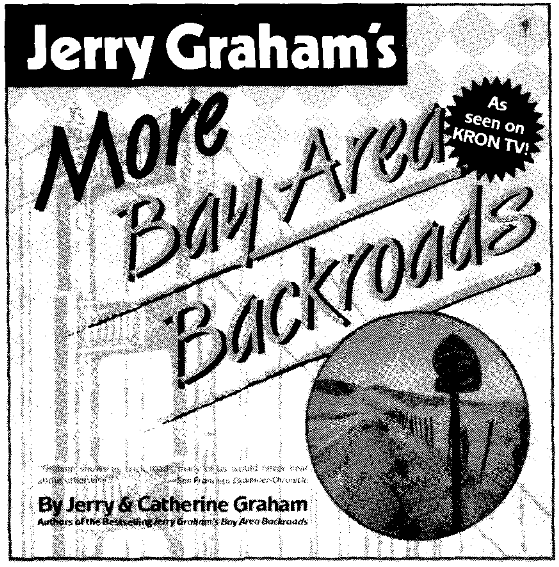
portunity lost or misbegotten. For they are only superb, merely wonderful—and they might have been a good deal more than that. Are they one of the few significant long poems our country has produced in this century? Certainly. But it seems equally certain that they are not what their keenest supporters would have them be—a monument destined to hold a place in the second half of the century comparable with what "The Waste Land" and "Four Quartets" command in the first.

One is left to consider what might have been—the poem that, in some altered world, could have been constructed by a poet wielding Berryman's awesome energy and originality but liberated from his psychological occlusions. As a creation, this one-man-chorus Henry—a.k.a. Mr. Bones and Henry Pussycat and Henry House and Henry Hankovitch—has the good, haunting stuff of greatness in him. But, to begin with, the poem is much too long. Berryman initially envisioned a group of thirty poems, but over the years, in his obsessive industry, he extended the work beyond all reckoned boundaries. ("The Dream Songs" contains three hundred and eighty-five poems, and there are reported to be hundreds of other Songs he chose to leave unpublished.) And because the poem is, like most of what Berryman wrote, candidly self-absorbed, it gradually gives birth to a paradox: the larger it grows—the farther one reads—the more confining and claustrophobic it feels. Although Henry is followed all over the globe—to Japan, India, Spain, New York—none of these places have any visual or tactile sharpness. There is no Nature even in the nature poems. Nothing is real but Henry's fragile sensibility. (Although Eliot also dealt with mental dissolution, he was always capable of etching, with darkly biting acids, a street, a ship, a room.)

One becomes weary of Henry. Even his humor, which often turns on mordant reversals of cheery clichés ("trying to hit the head on the nail"), begins to seem a too restricted set of variations on the theme of self-pity. To be fair to Berryman, Henry at his best can engage us even on the subject of his self-centeredness. Dream Song 207 beautifully captures that state of advanced sorrow and distraction in which, amid the little demands of the daily social round, the welter of your

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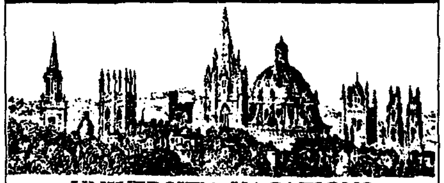

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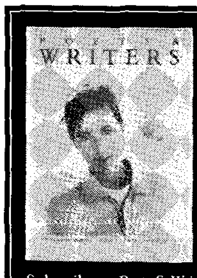

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consciousness threatens to engulf you, just as the poem itself is all but swallowed up by its parentheses:

> —How are you?—Fine, fine. (I have tears unshed.
> There is here near the bottom of my chest
> a loop of cold, on the right.
> A thing hurts somewhere up left in my head.
> I have a gang of old sins unconfessed.
> I shovel out of sight
>
> a-many ills else, I might mention too,
> such as her leaving and my hopeless book.
> No more of that, my friend.
> It's good of you to ask and) How are you?
> (Music comes painful as a happy look
> to a system nearing an end
>
> or an empty question slides to a standstill
> while the drums increase inside an empty skull
> and the whole matter breaks down
> or would it would, had Henry left his will
> but that went sideways sprawling, collapsed & dull.)
> How are you, I say with a frown.

No poet, however generous of spirit, hopes to enrich posterity by living out a cautionary tale, but this seems John Berryman's fate. His career, particularly in its final years, presents a bleak illustration of the bankrupting effects of having the self serve as one's exclusive subject. The writer who does not hear what others are saying may contrive, provided he is a brilliant enough monologuist, to flourish all the same, but he imposes a sizable burden upon himself—and additional burdens were the last thing Berryman needed.

Actually, given the scope of his illness and his difficulties, it may be unrealistic to speak as though Berryman in his art consciously chose to sever ties with the world. What "Love & Fame" and "Delusions, Etc." suggest—more strongly with each reading—is a psyche in which crucial distinctions between self and society were perilously eroded. Berryman grieved over the abrasive critical reception accorded "Love & Fame," and, in a somewhat shrill rejoinder, he treated the book's first poem, "Her & It," to close scrutiny, hoping thereby to demonstrate how obtuse his critics had been. This performance was not merely embarrassingly heavy-footed (" 'Gash' is sexual slang, of course") but disquieting. His grandiose conclusions—"and we have pathetic before us an existential man, wishing to be (twice—cf. title) what is impossible to quick-silver (Luther's word for man's heart) Man. Our affect: recognition and pity for his unhappiness"—diverged so dramatically from anything a dispassionate reader might draw from the poem that one could only conclude that he had utterly lost sight of how he and his work might reasonably be perceived. From the outset of his career, he had been an intimate poet, quick to volunteer personal details, but the later work hinted at a blurring of the line separating the privately held from the publicly known. There was in this perhaps more than a touch of megalomania —as there was in his repeated, ostensibly arch references to his growing fame.

Berryman at times portrayed himself as a person whose happy childhood was abruptly, irreparably shattered by a single blast of his father's pistol. As Mariani re-creates it, though, the poet's childhood was rent by trauma long before this event. And Berryman's first wife, the writer and psychotherapist Eileen Simpson, a few years ago published a memoir, "Poets in Their Youth," which argued convincingly that, devastating as his father's suicide had been, still more grievous injuries were inflicted over the years by his mother, an eccentric woman, at once forceful and wistful, who on occasion passed herself off as her son's sister, and who was possibly a bigamist.

Berryman's own vision of his early life may have been groundless, but it does help to explain his penchant for childish voices and baby talk—his mode of discourse before what he called his "fall." Even in moments of thick poetic obscurity, when he can sound like a hugely erudite but incomprehensible drunk, a child's bewilderment sometimes starkly emerges. Deep in a dark forest of bottles, a solitary boy is lost and in tears. —BRAD LEITHAUSER

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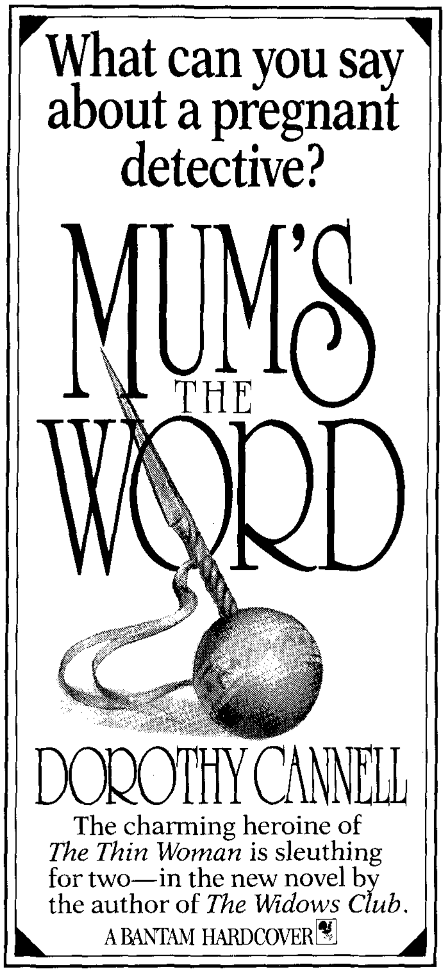
The pace of rapprochement between East and West Germany has accelerated in recent weeks, and East German Premier Hans Modrow appealed Tuesday for immediate reunification talks under the so-called "two plus four" formula worked out with the allied victors of World War II—the Soviet Union, United States, France and Germany.—*Taipei (Taiwan) China Post.*

Let's not forget Japan.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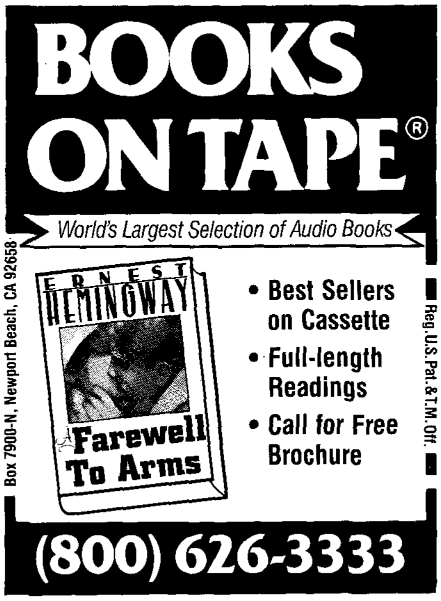
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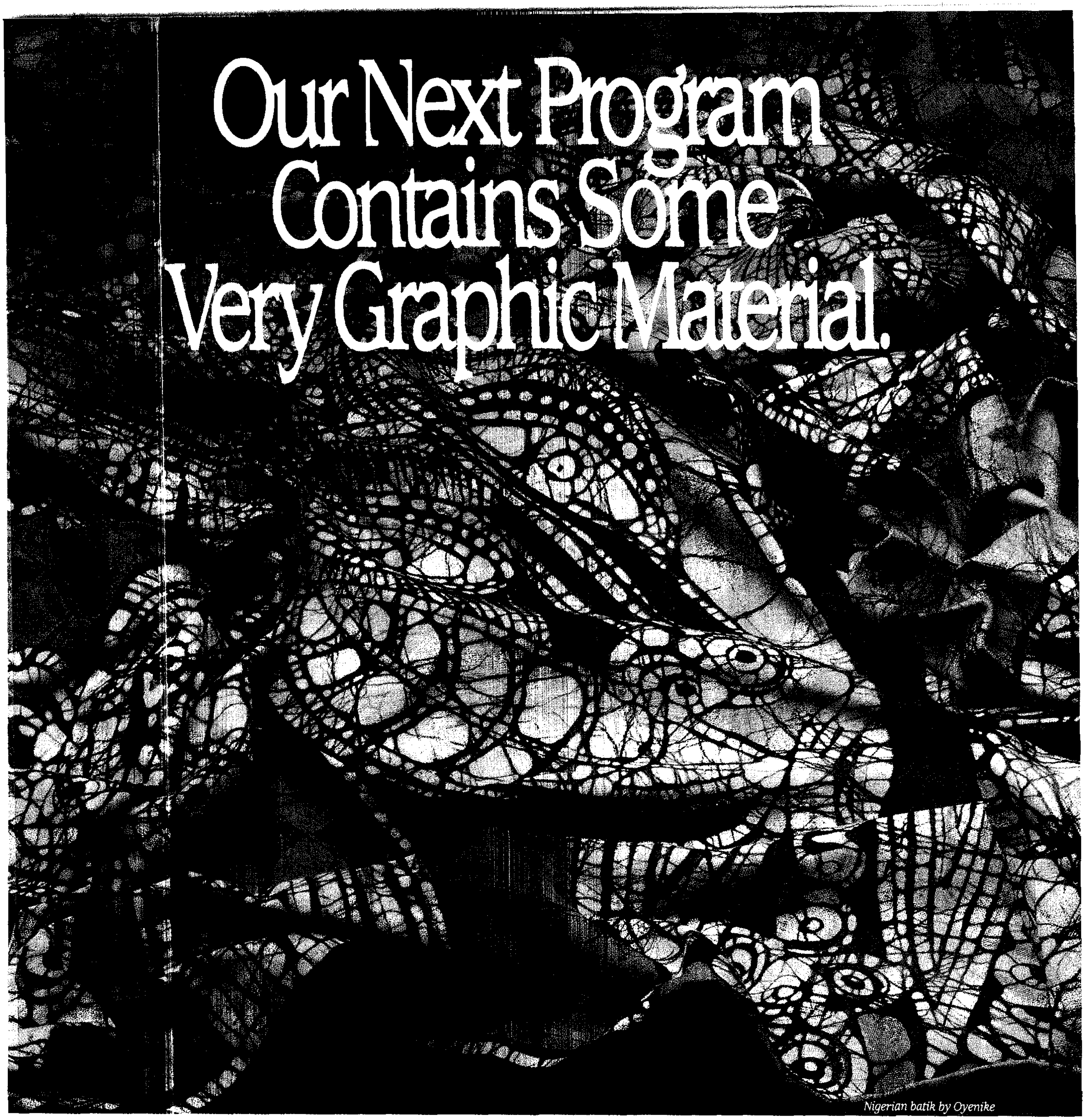
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